Oct.16,1965

THE NEW YORKER

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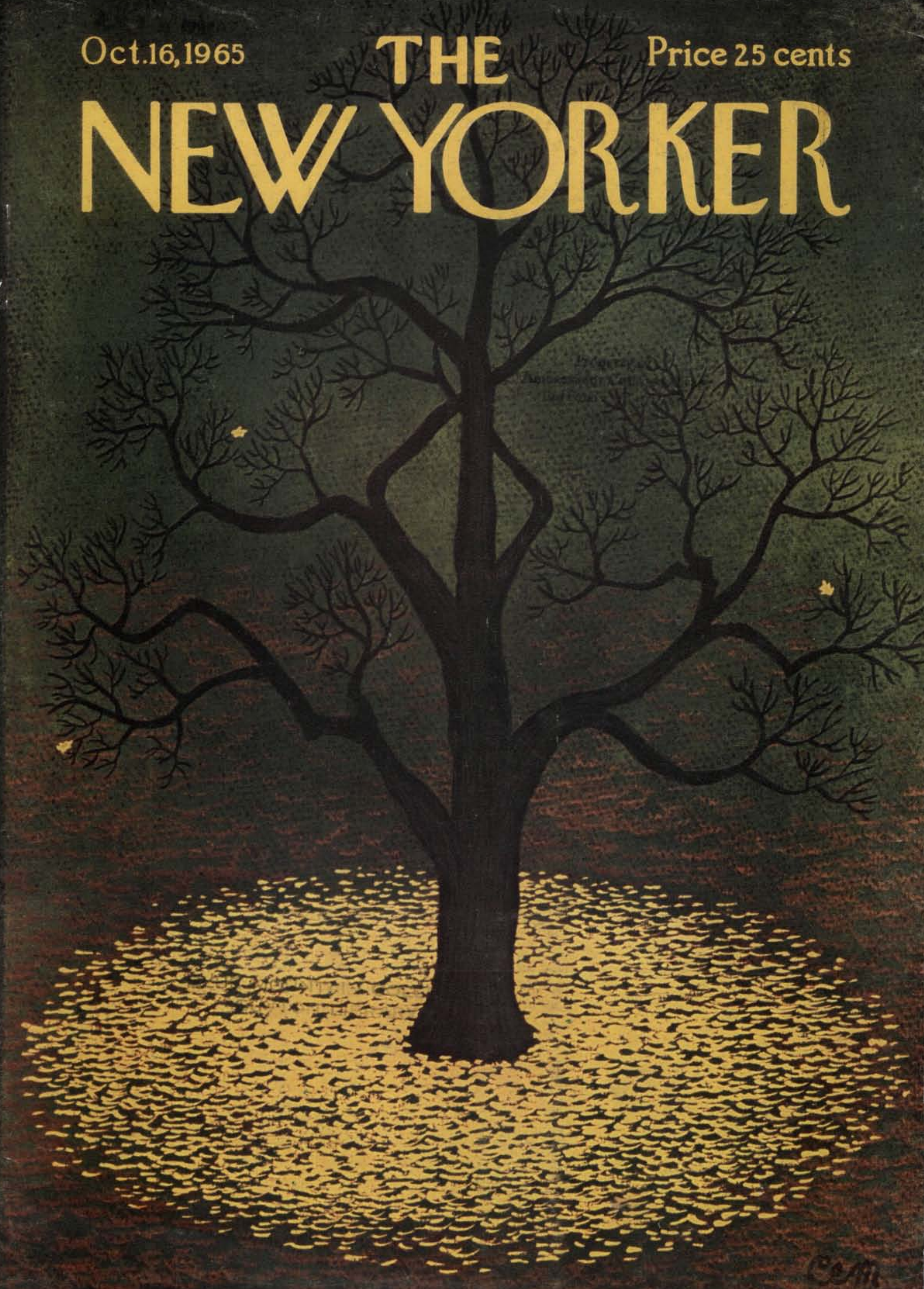

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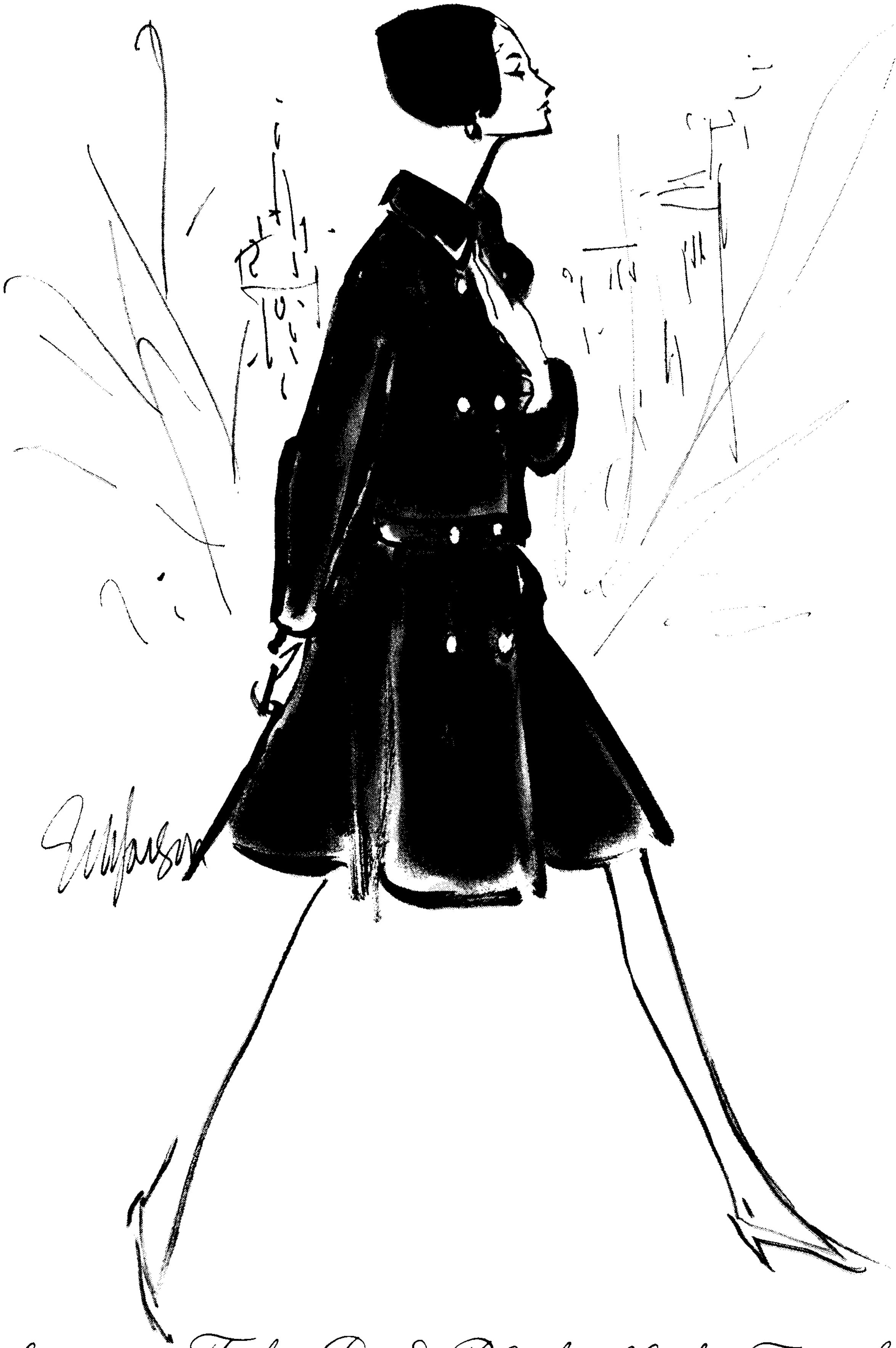

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Generation—William Goodhart's rather tiresome description of the struggle that takes place in a lower East Side loft between a beatnik and his civilized father-in-law from Chicago. Henry Fonda is excellent as the father-in-law, but Richard Jordan as the beatnik is hard to take. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mrs. Dally—Arlene Francis as a woman of sensibility (she's crazy about John Donne and Sigmund Freud) has a terrible time with her uncouth lover and her boorish husband. William Hanley developed this drama from a one-act play he wrote a couple of years ago. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's comedy concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment is by long odds the funniest thing around. Mike Nichols directed it. (Plymouth, 45th St., W CI 6-0156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

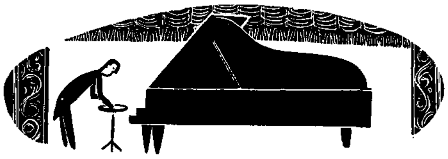
A Very Rich Woman—A wealthy seventy-two-year-old Boston matron out to prove there's life in the old girl yet, against the wishes of her heirs. Not very substantial, but Ruth Gordon, Ethel Griffies, Madge Kennedy, Ernest Truex, and Raymond Walburn make it a fairly pleasant old-fashioned business. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** A comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with a girl being kept in style in an executive suite. Barbara Cook is the girl, and the cast also includes Rosemary Murphy and George Gaynes. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. Beverlee McKinsey and Anthony Roberts are among those involved. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **LUV:** Larry Blyden, Anne Jackson, and Gabriel Dell all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT:** A pedantic would-be author (Alan Alda) meets up with a distrustful prostitute (Diana Sands). (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Drat! The Cat!—A musical with book and lyrics by Ira Levin, music by Milton Schafer, and a cast headed by Lesley Ann Warren and Elliott Gould. Directed by Joe Layton. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A London import by Joe Orton, with Sheila Hancock, Lee Montague, Dudley Sutton, and George Turner. Alan Schneider is the director. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées this week on Thursday at 2:30 and Saturday at 2:40; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

The Impossible Years—A comedy by Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx, starring Alan King and directed by Arthur Storch. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Baker Street—Sherlock Holmes vs. Professor Moriarty in a musical bout that is only fitfully worthwhile. Jerome Coopersmith wrote the book, and Marian Grudeff and Raymond Jessel did the music and lyrics. Fritz Weaver is Sherlock and Inga Swenson a girl who loves him. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7092. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Half a Sixpence—Tommy Steele disporting himself happily in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps" that is full of pleasant airs and diverting dances. David Heneker wrote the music and lyrics, Onna White did the choreography, and Gene Saks is responsible for the over-all direction. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.

Pickwick—This musical interpretation of the Dickens masterwork is long on production numbers but short on comic substance. The music, by Cyril Ornadel, and the lyrics, by Leslie Bricusse, are by no means memorable, but the cast, headed by Harry Secombe, is occasionally entertaining. The book was put together by Wolf Mankowitz. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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The Roar of the Greasepaint–The Smell of the Crowd—A completely foolish attempt, with incidental music (the best sung by Gilbert Price), to capture some of the spirit of the theatre of the absurd. Anthony Newley and Cyril Ritchard wander aimlessly about in it. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Luther Adler in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FUNNY GIRL:** The late Fanny Brice, as portrayed by Barbra Streisand. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **GOLDEN BOY:** All about a pugilist (Sammy Davis) who is interested in the cash he can make in the ring but is reluctant to throw a punch. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Miss Havisham. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The World of Charles Aznavour—The French singer, actor, and composer in a solo show of his songs. A three-week engagement that starts Thursday, Oct. 14, and will run through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Barbara Harris and John Cullum in a musical by Alan Jay Lerner (book and lyrics) and Burton Lane (music). Robert Lewis directed. Previews through Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:30. Opens officially on Sunday, Oct. 17. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Right Honourable Gentleman—A play by Michael Dyne, imported from London, with Charles D. Gray and Coral Browne. The director is Frith Banbury. Previews through Monday, Oct. 18. Opens officially on Tuesday, Oct. 19. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center—The first play in the company's inaugural season (four productions) in its new home will be **DANTON'S DEATH** by Georg Buechner. Previews through Tuesday, Oct. 19. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 21, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 28. (Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Through Saturday, Oct. 16: **MADAME BUTTERFLY**. . . . ¶ Starting Friday, Oct. 22: **DON GIOVANNI**. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, Oct. 16, at 2:30.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday evenings, Oct. 14-15: **THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD**. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Oct. 16: **RUDDIGORE**. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, Oct. 17: **THE MIKADO**. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Oct. 19-20: **THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD**. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, Oct. 21-22: **IOLANTHE**. . . . ¶ Saturday

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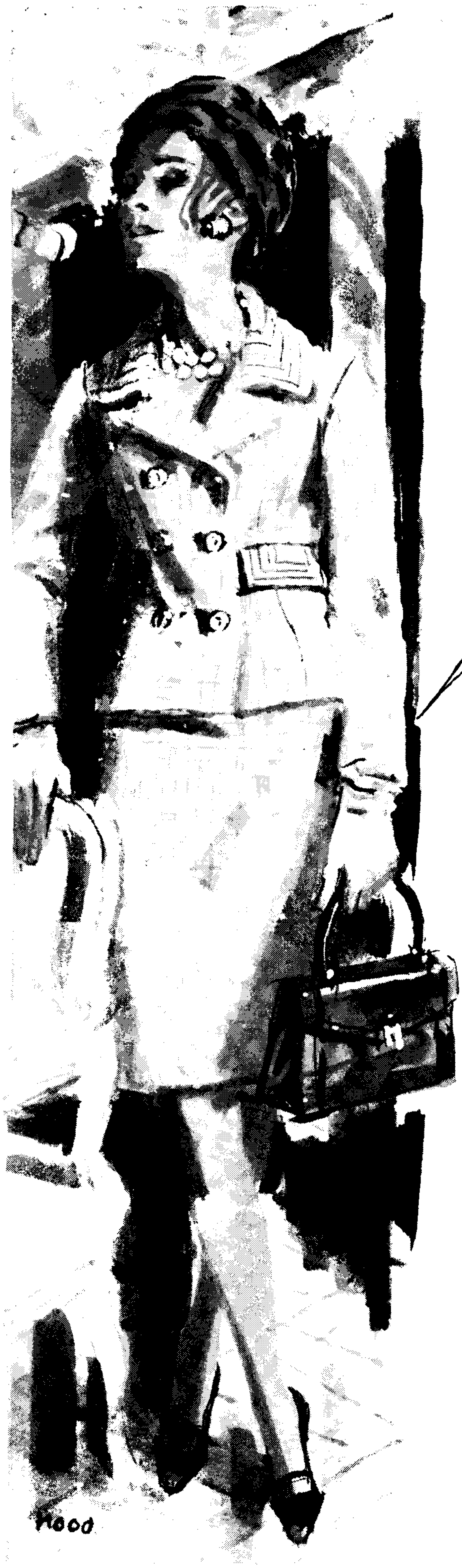

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

matinée and evening, Oct. 23: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées at 4.)

AN EVENING'S FROST—A play adapted by Donald Hall from Robert Frost's verse, letters, and conversations. With Jacqueline Brookes, Donald Davis, Will Geer, and John Randolph. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

FRIENDS and **ENEMIES**—Eli Mintz in two one-act plays by Arkady Leokum. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5:30.)

THE KNACK—An English farce about seduction, directed with considerable ingenuity by Mike Nichols. Sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PLAY THAT ON YOUR OLD PIANO—A comedy by Dan Blue. Opens Thursday, Oct. 14. (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. 254-4370. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE TRIGON—This synthetic British import—part farce, part Pinterish torment—is notable only for the amusing performances of the four members of its cast. They are Jeremy Geidt, Geoffrey Webb, Michael Lipton, and Veronica Castang. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE ZOO STORY and **KRAPP'S LAST TAPE**—A revival of this Edward Albee-Samuel Beckett double bill. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—¶ Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8:15: "La Sonnambula," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 15, at 8:15: "Four Temperaments," "Dim Lustre," "Pas de Deux and Divertissements," and "Scotch Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 2:15: "Harlequinade" and "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Ballet Imperial," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 17, at 1:15: "Ballet Imperial," "Prodigal Son," and "La Sonnambula." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 17, at 7:15: "Symphony in C," "Irish Fantasy," "Pas de Deux and Divertissements," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 8:15: "Harlequinade" and "Episodes." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8:15: "Firebird," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Raymonda Variations." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8:15: "Con Amore," "Episodes," "Meditation," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 22, at 8:15: "Ballet Imperial," "Concerto Barocco," "Pas de Deux," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 2:15: "Bugaku," "Pas de Deux and Divertissements," "Tarantella," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:15: "Scotch Symphony," "Agon," "Tarantella," and "La Sonnambula." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Oct. 31. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

PAUL TAYLOR—With his dance company. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 737-3570. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 14-15, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—At dinner and supper in the Royal Box, a big bundle of songs awaits the practically apostolic blessing of Tony Martin, who rarely lets the Sands of the desert (or any of the other Las Vegas inns) grow cold. The dance music comes mostly from the orchestra of Lee Evans, which always knows what it is doing. Closed Sundays.

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The Marquis of Queensberry rules govern the dancing that takes place between nine and twelve (or one o'clock Fridays and Saturdays) in the restaurant. George Anaya's troupe, which does walking-around serenading from eight to nine, provides the requisite instrumentation. No music Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Though this enterprise has quite a bit of body English, at least thirteen of the original colonists are still visible in its ancestral halls. The grand ballroom contains music for prancers; in the Champagne Room, the trio is solely for listeners, if such there are in this establishment. Closed Sundays.

MARK TWAIN RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The one remaining steam packet that calls this town home port. If the décor is not amusement enough (and it is), there is footwork music by Art Mooney's ample band. On Monday, Oct. 18, the Jimmy Dorsey orchestra, now under the thumb of Lee Castle, starts reminiscing. The action runs from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's briskest little posses is doing Yale-prom music night after night in the Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jack Jones, a singing singer, and not a mere pretender, is giving his lyrics the time of their lives at dinner and supper in the Persian Room, even though he is pursued by a band that suffers from percussion of the brain. The orchestras of Mark Monte (piquant) and Burt Farber (sonorous) are there almost all the time. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano whisper away from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court is transformed into the leading café in Erewhon, where—to the tune of Gunnar Hansen's eloquent violin—the fine arts of the pastrymaker, the coffee chef, and the vintner are celebrated until one. No celebration Sundays.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Tall enough to play Gulliver to the millions of Lilliputians—i.e., the sixty-fifth floor and two rooms (cocktail and dining) with a view. Michael Longo's orchestra, an easy, *en-famille* group, does the dance tunes in the second of these cubicles from eight to one every night but Sunday.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, whose vanished dreamworld landscaping will remain forever in the memories of the elder inmates of midtown, is offering a new and wealthy *mise en scène* this fall and two tried-and-true midtown bands—Quintero's superb Latinos and Charles Turecamo's cheery orchestra. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—**ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The largest single portion of Inner Space in the whole city, and occupied by serious, non-Twist dancers. They are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, which tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they start off at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, from one-thirty to six, and a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Young America at table, at play, at ease. Oh, a few fogeys—old, middle-aged, and even quite youthful—too, but not many. The party begins at cocktail time with piano, operated just about non-stop until early morning. The music—solo during the evening, four-handed after the theatre—issues from permutations and combinations of Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Tenors and sopranos willing to sing for their supper in both Florentine and English keep showing up and being put to useful work. Thursday through Saturday each week, there is languorous dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): A fairly diplomatic mission, presided over by the piano of Cy Walter, which keeps the room temperature at a most comfortable balance between warm and cool. He's there during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON-EAST**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): A panoply of panelling (hearts of oak) makes the Café Ambassador over into a stately home of England. The pianist—a new one, Steve Iles—is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Seven-to-ten dinner would be the children's hour in Vienna, from which this hotel's Le Palais derives, but it is an excellent replica in other respects. Hans Hansberg's zither goes with it. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): It is impossible to cast out the moat that is in the eye of the beholder, for it is an integral part of the toy castle that serves as a sounding board for the violin of Norbert Faconi, the president emeritus of all perambulating musicians. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of the King's retreats, likewise a spoof of all medieval objective art. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has manned one piano for the past ten years, is the definitely permanent party in the rumbustious corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where he devotes his time—after nine-thirty every evening but Monday—to the consideration of the worthiest tunes and lyrics of our day and yesterday. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Romulus and Remus slept here, and gave the chef their favorite recipes. The musicians, whose curriculum runs from seven-thirty until two, are old Romans, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48**,

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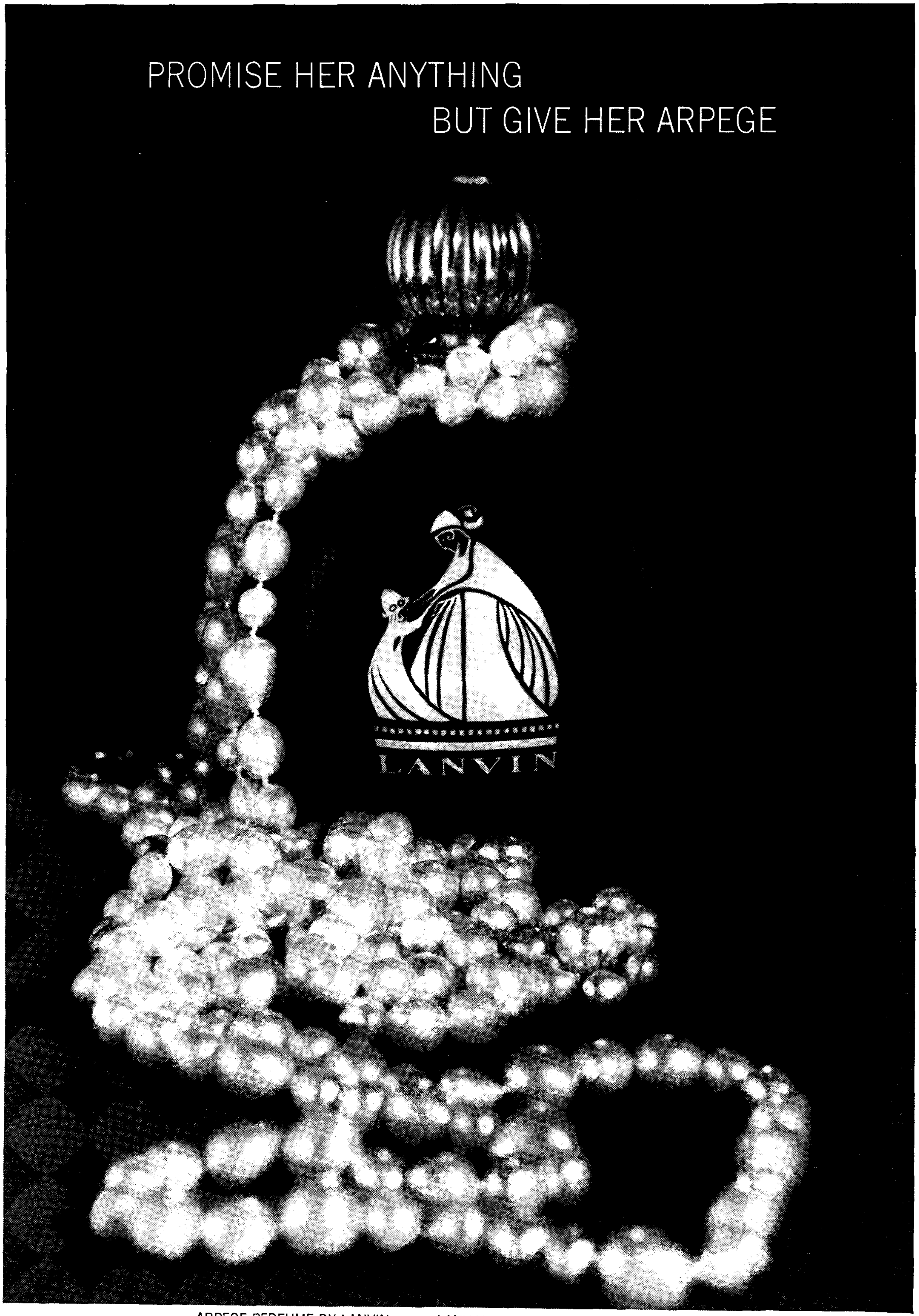
PROMISE HER ANYTHING
BUT GIVE HER ARPEGE
LANVIN

ARPEGE PERFUME BY LANVIN... LANVIN LOTUS PEARLS BY VOGUE JEWELRY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): The New Spain can be as handsome as the Old. In the largest of the four rooms that prove this premise, a guitar dwells, from eight until one, upon the delights and the deliriums of Iberian love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The dining room, a decorators' delight, is a vivacious setting for the Lusitanian laments of a guitar (José Luis Franco) that holds forth from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The Isle of Jamaica is pleasantly represented by this little consulate, which has a very Isle look and cuisine. A Jamaican wandering minstrel parades from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, from seven until eleven Sundays, and from nine to one Mondays through Wednesdays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The junior grades of show business and the neighboring arts at rest and at play. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced six days a week by a tireless jazz trio and on Sundays by a solitary pianist. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, where everything is *supra dig.*, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin, whose piano does not believe in clichés. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A cote to delight any bird's or biped's eye. In the bar, off the principal dining room, the ear is cozened—from five to eight and again from nine-thirty to two—by piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **SPINDLETOP,** 254 W. 47th St. (CI 5-7455): In the best sense, a theatrical boarding house. We civilians are there, too, and so (after nine) is a full-of-beans guitarist and singer (and they are Mexican jumping beans, at that) named Frankie Ray. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A most urban landscape is the bar-restaurant. Johnny Ryan potters around the piano from six-thirty to one every night but Monday; Enzio Lembo chortles to his own guitar from nine-thirty to one every night but Sunday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The small empire of Mabel Mercer, whose voice may have grown old in the service of the lovelorn but whose spirit still moves. Her *chansons d'amour* never occur before half-past ten. Sam Hamilton is her permanent pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): What is left of the Russian Empire. Marina Fedorovskaya, the keeper of this memory book, sees to it that the citizenry is provided with food, drink, music, and her own soul-searching soprano. Eight until two, except Mondays, is the extent of her reign. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer is doing his Tinker Toy piano from eight-thirty until around two in this opulent countinghouse parlor. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The operator of this niche, Rita Dimitri, who is Naughty Marietta to the life, does her nights-in-Paris arias at dinner weeknights, at both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. A trio starts in on dance music at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the ample Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner, world traveller, is again at the piano, which gives off a mixture of pomp, circumstance, and pastoral bliss. His hours are six-thirty to midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Oh, those lovely lost years in Mitteleuropa! Among the mourners are tenors (especially the noble old-world Tibor Rakossy), sopranos, violins, zimbalon, and whatever. Weepers still brave enough to dance have Béla Babai's band at their toes. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Where everyone but the cashier auditions as he works, on the assumption that Rudolf Bing is in the house. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): There's life in the old Via Veneto yet, and this vignette shows it at its busiest prandial hour. The busiest bees are the circumnavigating musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **L'INTRIGUE,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Nancy Steele, a playgirl of the Western World, is reminding a lot of us—in song and action—of how it was when Volstead was in the White House. Murray Grand's romantic piano is part of the deal, and so is the Ronnie Ball duo of musicians. Eight-thirty is starting time for the music, but after-the-theatre is when all hands really get going. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The old uptown watering and dining place. Beside the bar, Conrad Monjoy sits at a very gentle piano from nine-thirty until one. No music Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): This comforting old refectory has just acquired George Rudolph, new pianist in town, who intermingles the arias of the day with plenty of fugues—and not all of them for horseplayers, either. Six until midnight, except Sundays, is the house rule. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Gustavo Lopez, carrying a guitar that delights in its native Andalusia, begins a return visit to this correct little bar-and-sitting-room on Friday, Oct. 15. His hours are nine-thirty until one, except Mondays. No dining on any night.

NOTE—The discothèque, a fever that has not yet run its course, can best be studied by epidemiologists if they frequent these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): If only the Sphinxes who decorate this Cairo caravansary could talk, what would they say of our Park Avenue folk dances? From seven to ten during the week, music to shivaree to is supplied by real people; after that, it is issued by I. B. M., which runs until three or four. Sundays, when curfew arrives at one, the music is entirely needlepoint. Dinner and supper. . . . **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The art of the ad-lib solo dance (by, naturally, people who don't need people) is brought to fever heat and left there. (*You* will probably be left outside if you haven't a reservation.) The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is all from a speaking tube, the hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): A den of propinquity, not very ornate but extremely cheerful, where the evolutions of the neatly but amusingly dressed house dancers (especially when Linda Benter is one of them) are little masterpieces of wile and wit. A vestigial kitchen exists. Nine-thirty to three or four is par for this course. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE GARRISON,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5070): This part of El Morocco, in which the sole musician is a machine with a staggering memory for up tunes, lets freedom ring from eight to four. Silence on Sundays. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): An erstwhile private enclosure that is now in the public domain. The décor is clubhouse-den, the music (all of it direct from a pipeline) is mercifully less assertive than it is in most such establishments. The sound begins at nine and lasts until four; nothing doing Mondays. Supper is entirely possible; dinner is not.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A purely imaginary world, dedicated largely to bountiful young ladies leaping through purely imaginary hoops and flaunting purely imaginary costumes. Among the denizens of our own world who are allowed in are Jackie Kahane, a Montrealer with a few special *contes drolatiques*, and Sophie Tucker, who (now that Eddie Guest is gone) is our poet laureate and philosopher laureate. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Petula Clark, a voice of violets and jonquils and sassafras, has arrived from England to show us why she has the discothèques in her part of the world at her feet. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, rumpus music begins at ten and does not cease until four. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): On Thursday, Oct. 21, a direct flight from Ipanema brings Astrud Gilberto, a singer of whom it can be said that progressive

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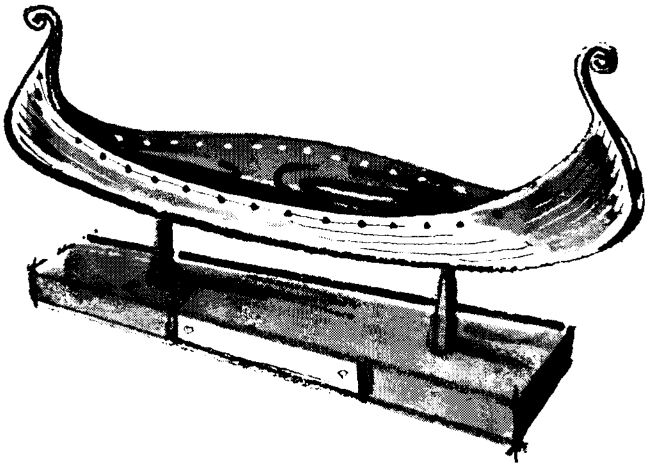

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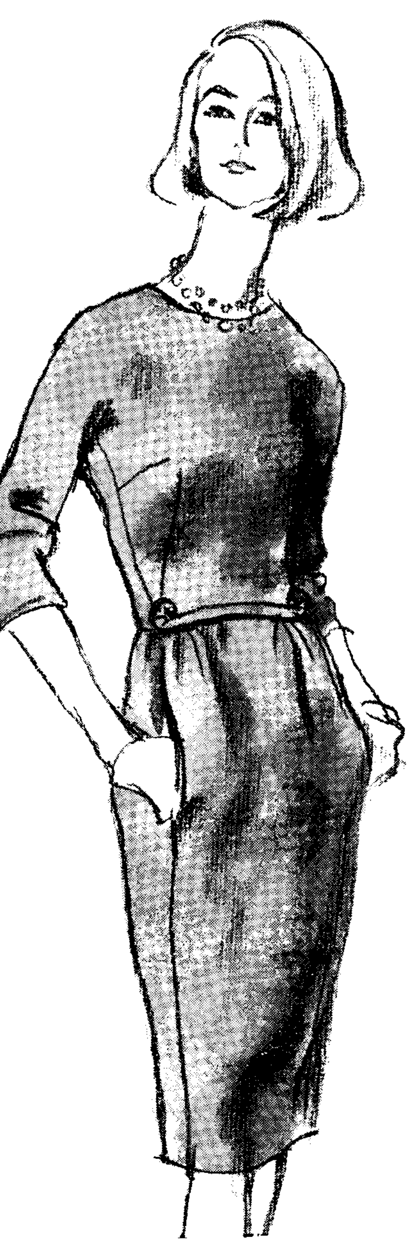

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Portuguese never had it so good. With her comes Tijuana Brass, a congregation of hot Mexicans. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The considered opinions of Julius Monk are presented, as always, in revue form ("Pick a Number XV") and, also as always, in parable, paraphrase, parody, and paradox. The cast of six is captained by Rex Robbins and Bill Hinnant, who are Monk postgraduates, and it includes Elizabeth Wilson, of the legitimate theatre; the orchestra is the pianos of Robert Colston and Fred Silver. Nine and eleven-thirty are the starting times, except on Thursday, Oct. 14, which offers only a nine-thirty official-opening curtain. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, Spain's largest standing (and marching) army has a few new faces, new voices, this year; the vigor of its carolling and the fire power of its brass band do not diminish. The daughter of the regiment is Luisita Sevilla, who kicks up an extremely vivacious and pretty pair of heels. These players give their vast all at dinner and supper through the week, thrice on Saturdays, at dinner on Sundays. The orchestra of Freddy Alonso offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order (to Tito Puente's band) occurs on Sunday afternoons. . . . ¶ After ten, in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The revue called "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter" is the Rise and Shine of Kaye Ballard, Queen of the May, who makes the most of the lifework of the great littérateur. (The producers make rather less of it.) She is ably abetted by the voice and feet of sturdy Harold Lang. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays at eleven as well, is the deal. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The small revue lodged herein will be changing its content and cast any night now—all, that is, except R. G. Brown, whose Cheshire-cat smile and spirit of mockery enhance his every moment. Performances go on at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): An outpost of Cuba Libre, which tells what one needs to know about the chanting and the cuisine. At dinner and supper during the week, and three times Saturdays and Sundays, Olga Guillot does a whirlwind recital of songs that are apt to glow in the dark. Dancing.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-0355): Bill Evans, who has never bothered with taking out patents on his inventions (too many of them), is the pianist of the local triad. Every Monday, open house for visiting musicians, who are in the care of Alan Grant, a non-noxious disc jockey; every Sunday, a four-thirty matinée as well as an evening session. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Mongo Santamaria's octet, full of Latin bash and bongo, is onstage; Fridays and Saturdays, Gloria Lynne, full of pressure, comes aboard, too, to sing. As of Tuesday, Oct. 19, the cast will be augmented by Cal Tjader's quintet, home from the Coast. Mondays are given over to a couple of Latin bands and Symphony Sid, a commentator who is sure he invented jazz. Dancing, too, on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays. One floor above the below-stairs showroom, dinner and such are served in a restaurant and sidewalk café from five to two every night but Monday. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The best of the Village coffee plantations, assigned largely to folk music, which is currently represented by the Tarriers, a larricking lot. A set of humorists, the Uncalled-For 3, have also found a home here. Tuesdays are, as is the custom, allotted to visitors. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Jazz as it used to be, but mellowed a bit, and still as good as ever to dance to, which can be done here. Mr. Condon's accomplices are Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Morey Feld, and Dave McKenna. Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The instrumental causeries of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn are a mass of swift question-and-answer. Three sidemen get in on the deal. Every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday there are, as well, the resonant and not at all pear-shaped tones of the indomitable Jimmy Rushing. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Max Roach's quintet is taking the status quo apart. Jorge Morel, an Iberian guitarist, broods now and then. Mondays, visiting groups do the blowing. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, whose piano divides itself between frolic and slow-tempo fantasy, is at work with his trio behind the oval bar. Fran Thompson, the intermission keyboard operator, will be succeeded, on Tuesday, Oct. 19, by Eddie Thompson. Mondays, everybody stays home. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The spirit of the old 52nd Street lives on here. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, and Henry Goodwin dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Sundays, Don Frye has the podium and the piano to himself. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): This youth haven is one part rock and one part roll, and on a long-term basis—nine-thirty to four weekdays, eight to one-thirty Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—the new youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night, and there are Sunday matinées at five.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Herman Axelrod—Bronze sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Allen Blagden—Watercolors; through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

David Burt—Metal sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Carroll Cloar—Realist landscapes and figures, in tempera; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Seymour Fogel—Kaleidoscopic sculptures; through Oct. 30. (Amel, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Sidney Goodman—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Hartung—Etchings and lithographs by this Paris abstractionist; through Oct. 30. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

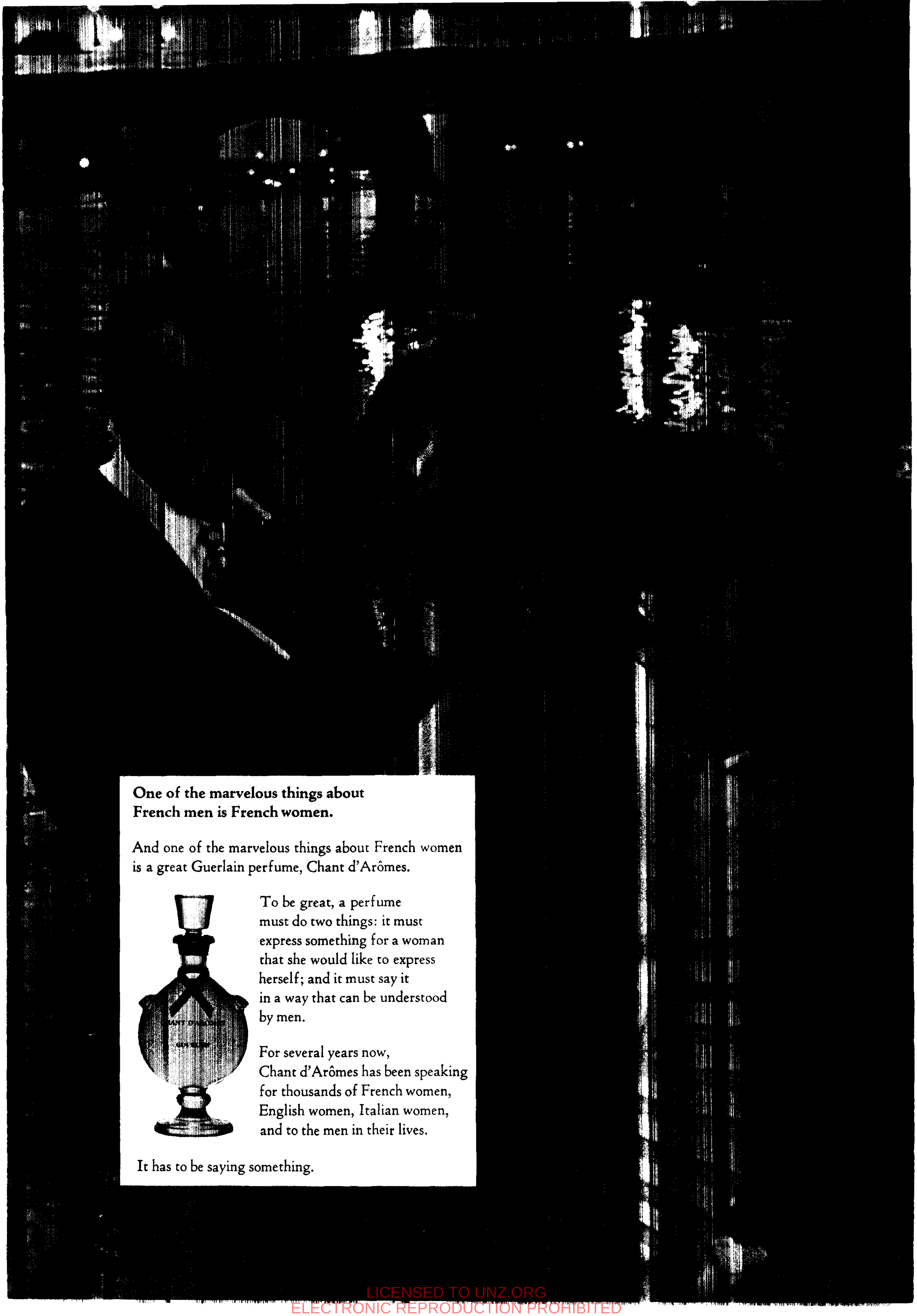
Patrick Heron—Abstract oils by a British artist; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ely Jacques Kahn—Watercolors of landscapes and street scenes; through Oct. 30. (Incurable Collector, 36 E. 57th St.)

Francisco Larez—Intaglio prints; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Sheldon Machlin—Machine-tooled Op sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Grippi & Waddell, 15 E. 57th St.)

Reuben Nakian—Four large sculptures (in



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plaster, for bronze); through Oct. 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Abraham Palatnik and Ivan Picelj—Cinechromatic screens by the first, a Brazilian artist, and reliefs by the second, a Yugoslavian artist; through Oct. 30. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Waldo Peirce—A retrospective of paintings dating back to the thirties; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Picasso—Oil paintings (1963-65); through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)... ¶ A retrospective of paintings (1909-63); through Nov. 20. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)... ¶ Oils of the thirties and the sixties; through Oct. 30. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joe Raffaele—Paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Man Ray—"Objects of My Affection," a showing of objects and collages; through Oct. 30. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tobias Schneebaum—The desert is the theme here; through Oct. 30. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Segal—Plaster figure sculptures; through Oct. 30. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Leon Polk Smith—Hard-edge paintings; through Nov. 30. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Julian Stanczak—Optical paintings; through Oct. 30. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Elaine Sturtevant—Pop art; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Bianchini, 50 W. 57th St.)

Victor Vasarely—Optical paintings, sculptures, collages, and constructions; through Nov. 3. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Weeks—Figure and landscape paintings by a San Francisco artist; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Wilde—Still-lifes and figure paintings; through Oct. 30. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Jack Youngerman—A joint exhibition: paintings at the Parsons (24 W. 57th St.) and ink drawings at the Byron (1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.); both through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Both galleries are closed Mondays.)

Synchromism and Color Principles in American Painting 1910-30—Works by Synchromists Stanton Macdonald-Wright and Morgan Russell and by representatives of parallel movements, among them Robert Delaunay and Joseph Stella; through Nov. 6. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Drawings—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century examples by, among others, Cézanne, Ingres, and Toulouse-Lautrec; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Sculptures—Pieces by Roger Bolomey, Duayne Hatchett, Robert Howard, and David von Schlegell; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

African Art—Statues and masks in ivory and wood from European collections; through Oct. 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 63 E. 57th St.: "The Artist Sees Himself," an exhibition of self-portraits by Isabel Bishop, Julian Levi, Andrew Wyeth, and others; through Oct. 30.... **ACA HERITAGE**, 63 E. 57th St.: Twentieth-century painters, including George Luks, Eugene Speicher, and Ernest Lawson; through Oct. 30.... **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "Prospectus '65-'66" offers a painting or sculpture apiece by each of the gallery members, among them Jimmy Ernst, Gabor Peterdi, and Giuseppe Santomaso; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Closed Mondays.)... **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.: Robert Rauschenberg, Jasper Johns, and Frank Stella are three of the participants in a show of paintings, sculptures, and lithographs; through Thursday, Oct. 21. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **AMERICAN FED-**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ERATION OF ARTS, 41 E. 65th St.: Modern Spanish paintings by Antoni Tàpies, Juan José Tharrats, Antoni Clavé, and four other Catalonian artists; through Nov. 3. (Closed Saturday mornings.)... **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Flower paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists, including Cézanne, Bonnard, and Braque; through Oct. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **LOEB**, 12 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such gallery artists as Vieira da Silva, Robert Müller, and Jean Ipousteguy; through Oct. 30.... **SLATKIN**, 115 E. 92nd St.: A travelling exhibition of thirty-five hand-woven Aubusson tapestries designed by, among others, Picasso, Cocteau, *and* Max *Ernst; through* Wednesday, Oct. 20.

ISRAELIS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings by Arikha, Lea Nikel, Tamir, and others; through Nov. 30. (Sheskin, 119 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Three Centuries of American Painting," an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings (John Singleton Copley to Edward Hopper), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; through Sunday, Oct. 17.... ¶ Prints from the Museum's collection by Holbein, Goya, Mary Cassatt, and others; through Oct. 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of paintings and collages, from the forties to the present, by the Abstract Expressionist *Robert Motherwell; through* Nov. 28.... ¶ Forty-four recently acquired drawings (1882-1964) by, for instance, Leonard Baskin, Alexander Calder, and Odilon Redon; through Dec. 31.... ¶ About thirty paintings, collages, and drawings bequeathed to the Museum by the late Kay Sage Tanguy, and including works by her, Yves Tanguy, Miró, and others; through Nov. 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints, by the Norwegian artist Edvard Munch; through Feb. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A memorial retrospective of the drawings, abstract paintings, and other works of Stuart Davis (1894-1964); through Sunday, Oct. 17.... ¶ Edwin Dickinson Retrospective; starting Wednesday, Oct. 20. (Daily, except Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 18-19, 1 to 5.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fifty prints and drawings (Dürer and Rembrandt to Josef Albers) given to or purchased by the Museum since 1953; *through Dec. 26.* (Weekdays, *10 to 5; Sundays,* 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"Gods, Thrones, and Peacocks," an exhibition of northern-Indian miniatures, demonstrating two traditions—Rajput and Mughal—from the fifteenth to nineteenth centuries; through Dec. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A retrospective of graphics by Alexander Archipenko; through Nov. 7.... ¶ "Energy sculptures," which turn out to be painted objects transfigured by music and colored light, created by Adrian Guillery and Dick Hogle; through Nov. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings, drawings, and graphics done by the Mexican artist José Clemente Orozco (1883-1949) in his later years; through Sunday, Oct. 17.... ¶ "About New York: Night and Day, 1915-65;" starting Tuesday, Oct. 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective (1950-65) of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by Larry Rivers; through Nov. 7. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 4:30. Closed Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 18-19.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Illuminated *manuscripts, master* drawings, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts, from the Library's collection; through Dec. 11.... ¶ Books illustrated by French painters—Manet to Chagall; through Nov. 13. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"The Art of Personal Adornment," a display of jewelry and accessories from ancient times to the present; through Nov. 7. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Religion in Wood: A Study in Shaker Design," a showing of the decorative and fine arts of the Shakers; through Nov. 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Ancient Peruvian textiles on loan from the Textile Museum of Washington; through Nov. 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibition of manuscripts, letters, and books, covering six centuries of English and American literature, in observance of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Library's Berg Collection. Included are a first edition of "The Chronicles of England," published in 1480 by William Caxton, a group of letters by Samuel Johnson, books and manuscripts by Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and a journal of Henry David Thoreau. Through March 1. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

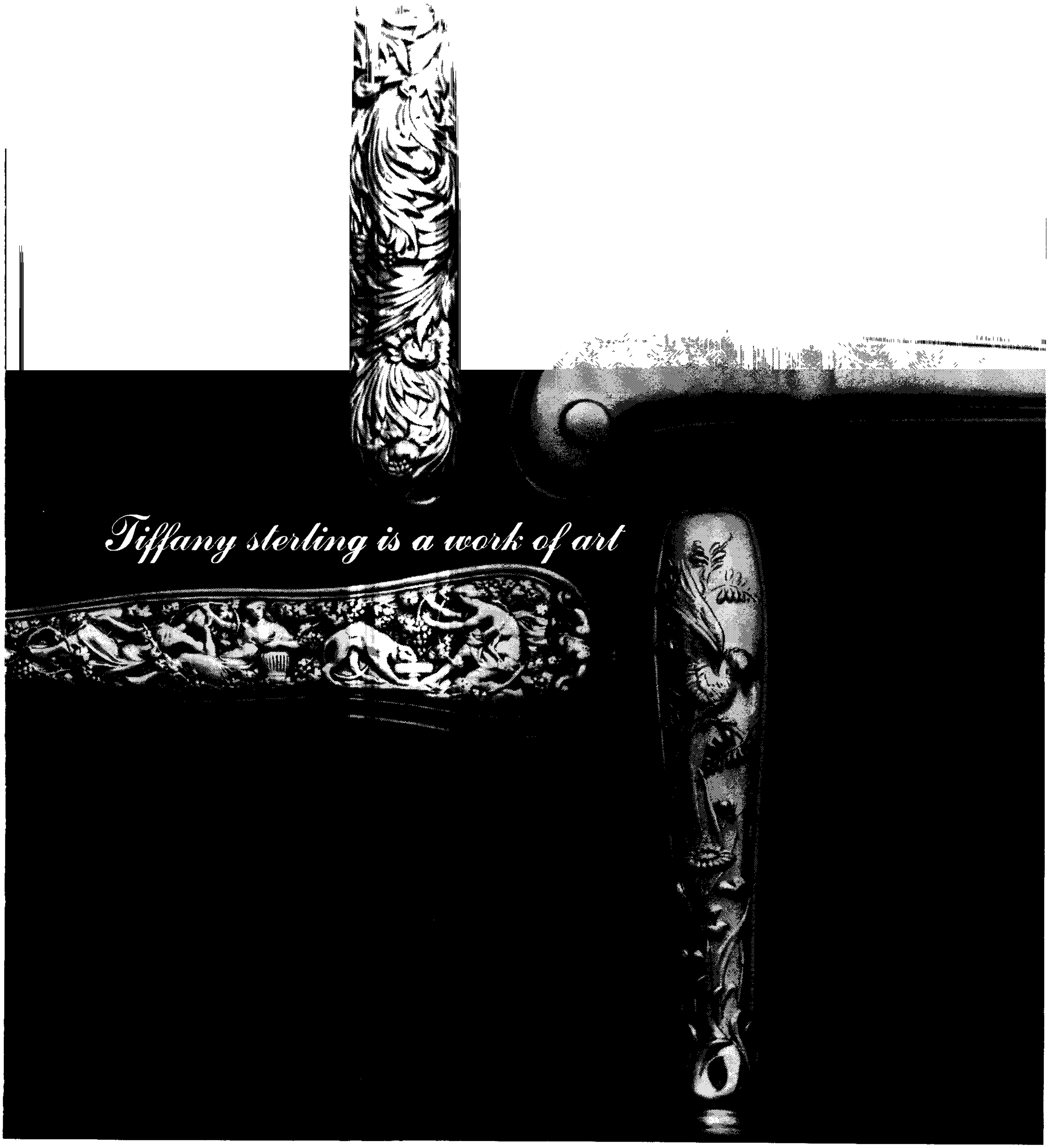
MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, Oct. 14: "Arabella" (in English), with Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, Blanche Thebom, Barry Morell, John Reardon, and Donald Gramm.... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 15: "Don Carlo," with Raina Kabaivanska, Grace Bumbry, *Bruno Prevedi, Ettore Bastianini,* Jerome Hines, and Justino Díaz.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 16: "Queen of Spades" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Regina Resnik, Rosalind Elias, Jon Vickers, John Reardon, and William Walker.... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 16: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Anna Moffo, Carlotta Ordassy, Gianni Raimondi, Mario Sereni, Bonaldo Giaiotti, Dan Marek, and Andrea Velis.... ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 18: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Joann Grillo, John Alexander, and John Robert Dunlap.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 19: "Arabella" (in English), with Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, *Blanche Thebom, Barry Morell, John* Reardon, and Donald Gramm.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 20: "Il Trovatore," with Gabriella Tucci, Irene Dalis, Flaviano Labò, Robert Merrill, and John Macurdy.... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 21: "Queen of Spades" (in English), with Felicia Weathers, Regina Resnik, Rosalind Elias, Jon Vickers, John Reardon, and William Walker.... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 22: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Anna Moffo, Carlotta Ordassy, John Alexander, Ettore Bastianini, Bonaldo Giaiotti, Dan Marek, and Andrea Velis.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 23: "Faust," with Gabriella Tucci, Marcia Baldwin, Gladys Kriese, Nicolai *Gedda, Cesare Siepi, Robert* Merrill, and Russell Christopher.... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 23: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Beverly Bower, Gianni Raimondi, Mario Sereni, Jerome Hines, Lorenzo Alvary, and Clifford Harvuot. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8: "The Tales of Hoffmann."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 15, at 8:15: "The Merry Widow."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 2:30: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 17, at 2:30: "La Bohème."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 17, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly."... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8:15: "The Flaming Angel," in English.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8:15: "Carmen."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 22, at 8:15: "The



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Barber of Seville."...¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 2:30: "Faust."...¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:15: "Die Fledermaus," in English. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 15, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 18, at 7:30 (no soloists); and Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8:30 (with James Oliver Buswell IV, violin, and Catharine Crozier, organ).

Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall—Friday, Oct. 15, at 8:30: Kiril Kondrashin conducting, with David Oistrakh, violin, and Mstislav Rostropovich, cello....¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:30: Kiril Kondrashin conducting, with Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano, and Mr. Rostropovich....¶ Sunday, Oct. 17, at 3: David Oistrakh conducting and acting as violin soloist, with Igor Oistrakh, also violin....¶ Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 8:30: Kiril Kondrashin conducting, with Miss Vishnevskaya and Mr. Rostropovich....¶ Friday, Oct. 22, at 8:30: David Oistrakh conducting and acting as violin soloist, with Igor Oistrakh....¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:30: Kiril Kondrashin conducting, with Van Cliburn, piano.

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra in a Mozart-Stravinsky program, with Patricia Brooks, soprano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 3 and 9.)

Festival Orchestra of New York—Thomas Dunn conducting, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing the first New York performance of Handel's oratorio "Susanna," with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Blake Stern and Stafford Wing, tenors; Heinz Rehfuss, bass-baritone; and Igor Kipnis, harpsichord. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

RECITALS

Guiomar Novaes—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 15, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Artists' Choice Concert—The American Brass Quintet, in a program of baroque, Renaissance, and contemporary music. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The New Art String Trio, with Paul Ulanowsky, piano. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Oct. 15, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618.)

Dave Van Ronk—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 15, at 8:40.)

New York Chamber Soloists—With Charles Bressler, tenor. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Birgit Nilsson—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 3.)

Käbi Laretei—Piano, playing Hindemith's "Ludus Tonalis." (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

Nicolai Gedda—Tenor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The first in a series of six Haydn-Schubert-Bartók programs. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 737-3570. Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 8:40.)

James Mathis—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

Charles Treger—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

Michael Davis—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of Florentine music of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—The Swingle Singers of Paris. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Oct. 16: Knicks vs. Detroit....¶ Saturday, Oct. 23: Knicks vs. Los Angeles. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Boxing—Joey Giardello vs. Dick Tiger, 15 rounds, for the World Middleweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Oct. 21. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 16: Army vs. Rutgers, at West Point, at 2....¶ Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence, at 1:30....¶ Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field, at 1:30....¶ Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca, at 2....¶ Manhattan vs. New York University, at Gaelic Park (Broadway and 240th St.), at 2....¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2....SATURDAY, OCT. 23: Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst, at 2....¶ Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence, at 1:30....¶ Fordham vs. Seton Hall, at Fordham, at 2....¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2....¶ Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton, at 2....¶ Rutgers vs. Columbia, at New Brunswick, at 1:30....¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 2.

Professional Football—At SHEA STADIUM: Jets vs. Oakland Raiders, Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8....¶ Jets vs. San Diego Chargers, Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8....YANKEE STADIUM: Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Sunday, Oct. 17, at 1:30.

Golf—Metropolitan Professional Golfers' Association Match Play Championship. (Cedar Brook Golf Club, Brookville, L.I. Monday through Thursday, Oct. 18-21.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Canadiens, exhibition game. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 7.)

Horse Show—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Friday, Oct. 15, through Saturday, Oct. 23.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 16.)...¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 23.)

Polo—Final games of the season, Sunday, Oct. 17, at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase....BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 16; the Interborough Handicap, Monday, Oct. 18; *The Grand National Steeplechase*, Tuesday, Oct. 19; the Lawrence Realization, Wednesday, Oct. 20; and the Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 23....GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30; last day Saturday, Nov. 20....LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays (except Tuesday, Oct. 19) at 1, from Saturday, Oct. 16, through Friday, Nov. 12. The Selima, Saturday, Oct. 23.

Sports-Car Racing—At WATKINS GLEN: Saturday, Oct. 16, at 1:30, and Sunday, Oct. 17, at 9 A.M....LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Oct. 16, at 12:30.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the AMERICAN SAVOYARDS: "Ruddigore," Saturday, Oct. 16....¶ "The Mikado," Sunday, Oct. 17....¶ "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday, Oct. 23. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Afternoons at 4.)...NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC: Leonard Bernstein conducting the opening children's concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Oct. 23, at noon and 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "Pecos Bill, King of the Cowboys," Saturdays at 2 and 3:30....¶ "The Gingerbread Boy," Sundays at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.)...MARTINIQUE

THEATRE: "Ostrich Feathers." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 1.)... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Robin Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.)... **SPYGLASS PRODUCTIONS:** "Treasure Island." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 2:30.)... **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Puss in Boots." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 1:30 and 3.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)...¶ Paintings by children of Hawaii; through Nov. 28. (Daily, except Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "Watchers of the Sky." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

MOVIES—"The Thief of Bagdad," with Sabu and Conrad Veidt. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 10:30 and 1:30. Admission is free.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Marianne Moore, Richmond Lattimore, and John Hall Wheelock reading from their own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

FLOWER SHOW—A display of fall flowers presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Oct. 20, from 12:30 to 4.)

NEW YORK ANTIQUES FAIR—The annual fall jamboree includes Sheffield silver, Staffordshire figures, paintings, paperweights, Indian brasses, Russian enamels, and American clocks. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 14-15, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 16, from 1 to 6.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Oct. 14, at 5:15: Impressionist and modern paintings and drawings, among them works by Cézanne, Gauguin, Manet, and Bonnard; from several collectors. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300. No exhibition Thursday, Oct. 14....¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 22-23, at 1:45: French furniture, tapestries, rugs, and bibelots; the property of Mrs. A. Hamilton Rice and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 16.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

FIVE-STAR FINAL—It is said that if a visitor to the New York World's Fair, starting from Gate 1 at 8:30 A.M., were to run clockwise from there in increasingly smaller circles, he would be able to visit every pavilion, concession, and piece of sculpture on the Fairgrounds before 2 A.M., ending up somewhere between Lebanon and Morocco with enough time to get out before the gates closed. No one has ever tried this. The Fair closes once and for all at 2 A.M. this Sunday night, Oct. 17.

OUR CURRENT ROAD EXHIBITS
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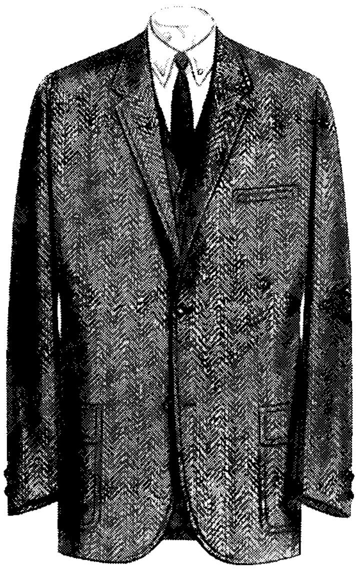
Minneapolis, 18, 19, Radisson
Philadelphia, 18, 19, Bellevue-Stratford



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Bunny Lake Is Missing—A thriller from the cunning hand of Otto Preminger. With Carol Lynley, Keir Dullea, Laurence Olivier, and Noël Coward. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Casanova '70—An Italian comedy in which little else matters except that Marcello Mastroianni plays the title role and that all his victims are beautiful. Directed by Mario Monicelli. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Chronicle of a Summer—An early experiment in *cinéma vérité*, giving a remarkable cross-section of the people of Paris in the troubled summer of 1960. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 14.)

Darling—The English director John Schlesinger leads an expert cast—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey, and others—through a crisp, brilliantly photographed morality tale about a pretty girl on the make. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—A Cinerama version of Christ's life, which has already been told well enough in the words of the New Testament. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Great Race—Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, Keenan Wynn, and Peter Falk in a preposterous automobile race around the world. *Funny and then not so funny.* Blake Edwards directed. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

The Ipcress File—One good spy deserves another and gets him in this splendid English thriller. Michael Caine is the much put upon but triumphant hero. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

The Knack—This comedy of sex in London seems at first somewhat smothered by technical pranks, but the minute that Rita Tushingham sets foot in it, it becomes a delight. Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks are more than satisfactory as three carefree bachelors. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Married Woman—How to be married, have an affair, be miserable, and be happy, recounted with pure cinematic elegance by the brilliant writer-director, Jean-Luc Godard. Macha Meril is the wife, Philippe Leroy the husband, and Bernard Noel the lover. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Oct. 19.)

The Moment of Truth—The celebrated Spanish matador Miguel Mateo Miguelin plays the role of a celebrated Spanish matador in a shocking but beautiful picture by the Italian director Francesco Rosi. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; starting Oct. 20.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye—Juvenile delinquency in a split-level Canadian suburb. Thanks to the director, Don Owen, and the star, Peter Kastner, the movie surpasses its subject matter and becomes a delightful work of art. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Oct. 19.)

The Pawnbroker—Rod Steiger in the title role makes this account of a corner of hell in Harlem one of the remarkable pictures of the year. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Oct. 20, tentative.)

Ship of Fools—Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Michael Dunn, George Segal, Elizabeth Ashley, and Lee Marvin—a fantastic cast in a romantic melodrama, well directed by Stanley Kramer. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607.)

Symphony for a Massacre—A dispassionate French film about five professional criminals who die trying to make half a million dollars. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Oct. 16.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—A loosely historical, very funny account of an air race across the English Channel in 1910. Among the contestants are James Fox, Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi, and Gert Frobe. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

To Die in Madrid—A blunt, heartbreaking, and sometimes beautiful documentary about the Spanish Civil War. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Variety Lights—Federico Fellini codirected this (with Alberto Lattuada) back in 1950, and it charmingly adumbrates many of Fellini's later films. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 19.)

What's New Pussycat?—The life and easy times of the international set in Paris, as they might have been portrayed by Mack Sennett or any of the other grand old masters of cinematic horseplay. The movie may seem at times a bit too special and inbred for general comfort, but it is also bright, original, and sharp as a tack. Woody Allen, who wrote the script, also appears in it, as do Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers, and Romy Schneider. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; and Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Oct. 19.)

REVIVALS

Becket (1964)—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in an adaptation of the Anouilh play. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 19.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 15-18.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Oct. 17.)

David and Lisa (1962)—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 19.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, and John and Lionel Barrymore are just a few of the notables in this film of the Ferber-Kaufman play. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; starting Oct. 19.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 15-18.)

The Fiancés (1964)—An Italian tale about a pair of lovers not so much star-crossed as poor and lonely. Directed by Ermanno Olmi. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Oct. 20.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 19.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 14.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 19.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 19.)

The Magician (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's scrutiny of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Oct. 17-19.)

One Potato, Two Potato (1964)—The story of the courtship and marriage of a Negro and a white divorcée with a child. With Bernie Hamilton. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 14.)

The Organizer (1964)—Marcello Mastroianni as a modest professor bent on righting social wrongs in nineteenth-century Italy. Directed by Mario Monicelli. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Oct. 19.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon (1964)—A British thriller, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough as a half-mad medium and her timorous husband. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 15.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Oct. 20, tentative.)

The Seventh Seal (1958)—A Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, about life in Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Oct. 20.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Oct. 17-19.)

Wild Strawberries (1959)—Victor Sjöström plays an eminent physician in this Swedish film directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Oct. 20.)

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd—Oct. 14, at 8: A program of Anna Pavlova dance films. . . . ¶ Oct. 14-15 at 2 and 5:30 and Oct. 16 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "High Over the Borders" (1941) and "The Quiet One" (1949). . . . ¶ Oct. 17-20 at 2 and 5:30: "The Rose and the Mignonette" (1945), "San Pietro" (1945), and "Le Retour" (1945). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.). . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART,** 2 Columbus Circle—Through Oct. 16: "It's Love Again" (1936), with Jessie Matthews and Robert Young. . . . ¶ The first program in a series called "The Art of Charlie Chaplin." Oct. 19-20: "Making a Living" (1914), "In the Park" (1914), "Auto Races in Venice" (1914), and "One A.M." (1916). (Showings at 3 and 5:15. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Gallery after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Oct. 19: "The Hallelujah Trail," Burt Lancaster, Lee Remick.
From Oct. 20: "A Rage to Live," Suzanne Pleshette, Bradford Dillman.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Marriage on the Rocks," Frank Sinatra, Deborah Kerr.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
From Oct. 20: **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH** (in Italian).

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE GREAT RACE.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Love in Four Dimensions" (in Italian), Michèle Mercier.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 19: **THE MARRIED WOMAN** (in French).
From Oct. 20: To be announced.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Oct. 19: **WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?**; and **NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE.**
From Oct. 20: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 19: "A Very Special Favor," Rock Hudson, Leslie Caron; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.
From Oct. 20: **THE PAWNBROKER.**

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Oct. 19: **WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?**; and "Kiss Me, Stupid," revival, Dean Martin, Kim Novak.
From Oct. 20 (tentative): **THE PAWNBROKER**; and **THE SERVANT**, revival.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Oct. 18: "Love in Four Dimensions" (in Italian), Michèle Mercier.
From Oct. 19: **DINNER AT EIGHT**, revival; and "Grand Hotel," revival, Greta Garbo, John Barrymore.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Hill," Sean Connery.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Oct. 19: "The Hallelujah Trail," Burt Lancaster, Lee Remick.
From Oct. 20: "A Rage to Live," Suzanne Pleshette, Bradford Dillman.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Oct. 19: "Marriage on the Rocks," Frank Sinatra, Deborah Kerr.
Oct. 20-21, at 2:15 and 8:15: "La Bohème" (in Italian), performed by the La Scala Opera Company.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
DAVID AND LISA, revival; and **LORD OF THE FLIES**, revival.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE KNACK.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Repulsion," Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE IPCRESS FILE.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Loved One," Robert Morse, Jonathan Winters.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Oct. 17: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
Oct. 18: "Ace in the Hole," revival, Kirk Douglas, Jan Sterling; and "Kiss Me, Stupid," revival, Dean Martin, Kim Novak.
From Oct. 19: "Flower Drum Song," revival, Nancy Kwan, James Shigeta; and "The Birds," revival, Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
DARLING.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 19: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian), revival; and "Agent 8¾," Dirk Bogarde.
From Oct. 20 (tentative): **THE PAWNBROKER**; and **THE SERVANT**, revival.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 19: **THE PAWNBROKER.**
From Oct. 20: "Agent 8¾," Dirk Bogarde.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8000)
Through Oct. 19: "Situation Hopeless But Not Serious," Alec Guinness; and "Living It Up," revival, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.
Oct. 20-21, at 2:15 and 8:15: "La Bohème" (in Italian), performed by the La Scala Opera Company.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
SHIP OF FOOLS.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Oct. 14: **CHRONICLE OF A SUMMER** (in French); **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival; and "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
Oct. 15-18: **8½** and **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (both in Italian and both revivals).
From Oct. 19: **VARIETY LIGHTS** (in Italian); **M** (in German), revival; and **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (in French), revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 16: **SYMPHONY FOR A MASSACRE** (in French); and "High Infidelity" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Ugo Tognazzi.
Oct. 17-19: **THE MAGICIAN** and **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (both in Swedish and both revivals).
From Oct. 20: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** and **WILD STRAWBERRIES** (both in Swedish and both revivals).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 19: **DAVID AND LISA**, revival; and **LORD OF THE FLIES**, revival.
From Oct. 20: To be announced.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 18: "The Playground."
From Oct. 19: To be announced.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 19: "The Saboteur," Marlon Brando, Yul Brynner; and "Apache Rifles," Audie Murphy.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 19: **THE PAWNBROKER.**
From Oct. 20: **THE FIANCÉS** (in Italian), revival; and "China!," a documentary film.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Oct. 19: "The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.
Oct. 20-21 at 2:15 and 8:15: "La Bohème" (in Italian), performed by the La Scala Opera Company.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Situation Hopeless But Not Serious," Alec Guinness.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Love Eterne" (with Mandarin dialogue), revival.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian).

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Mickey One," Warren Beatty.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Sallah" (in Hebrew).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
DARLING.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Rapture," Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Gozzi.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"La Terra Trema" (in Sicilian dialect).

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 19: **BECKET**, revival; and "Situation Hopeless But Not Serious," Alec Guinness.
Oct. 20-21, at 2:30 and 8:30: "La Bohème" (in Italian), performed by the La Scala Opera Company.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 14: **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO**, revival; and "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian), revival.
From Oct. 15: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON**, revival; and **THE SERVANT**, revival.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 19: **THE PAWNBROKER.**
From Oct. 20: **THE FIANCÉS** (in Italian), revival; and "China!," a documentary film.

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Albert Hubbell

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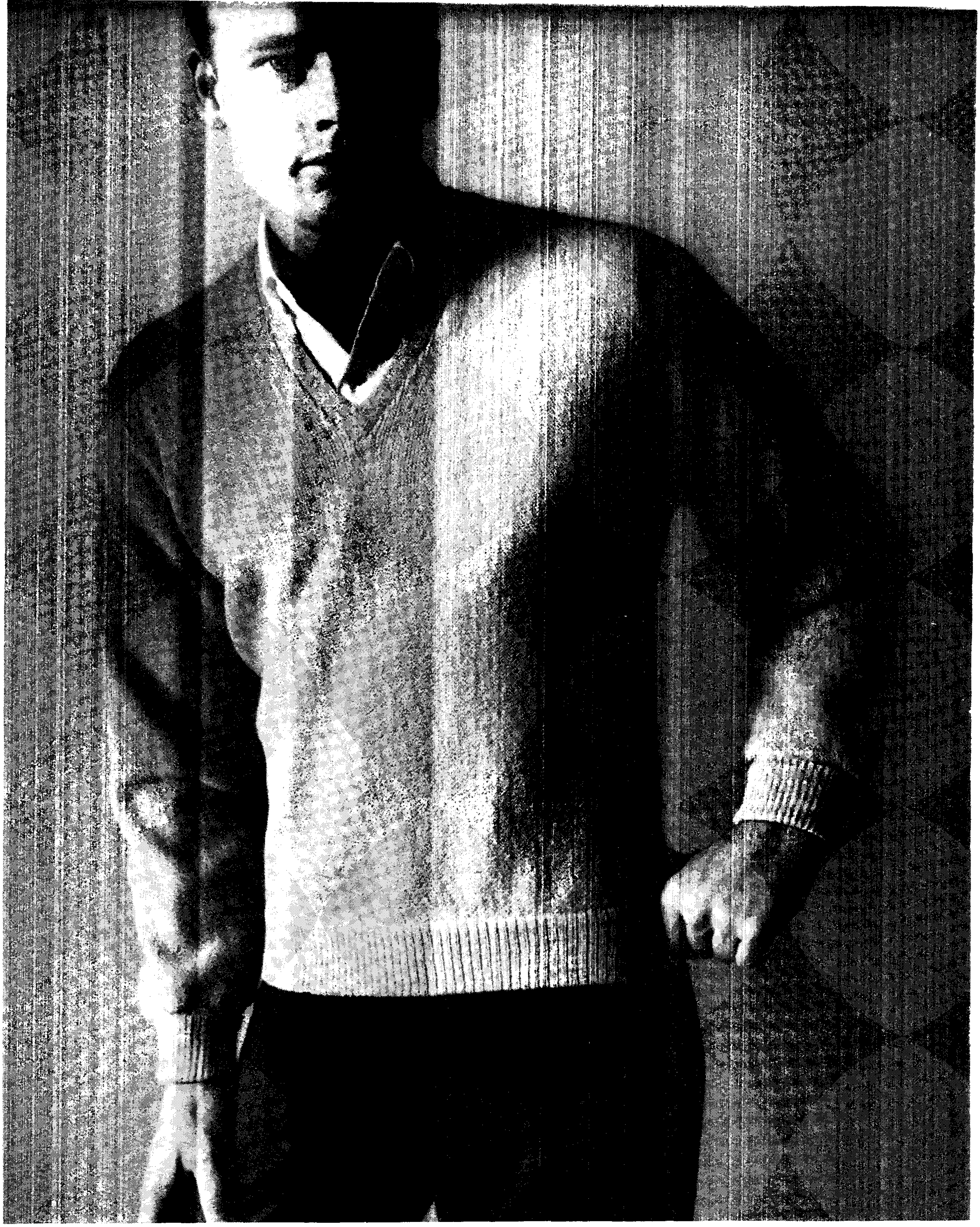

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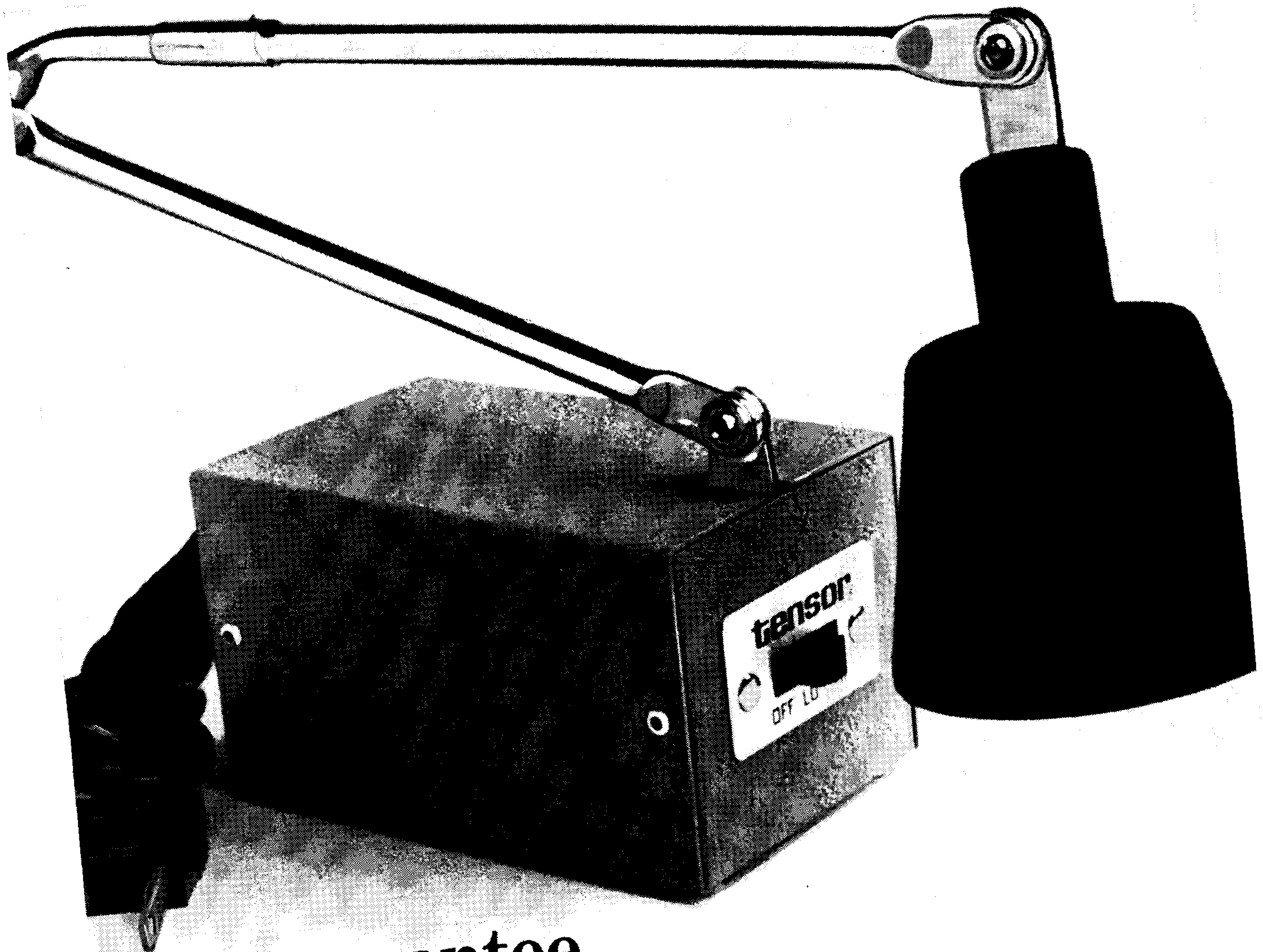

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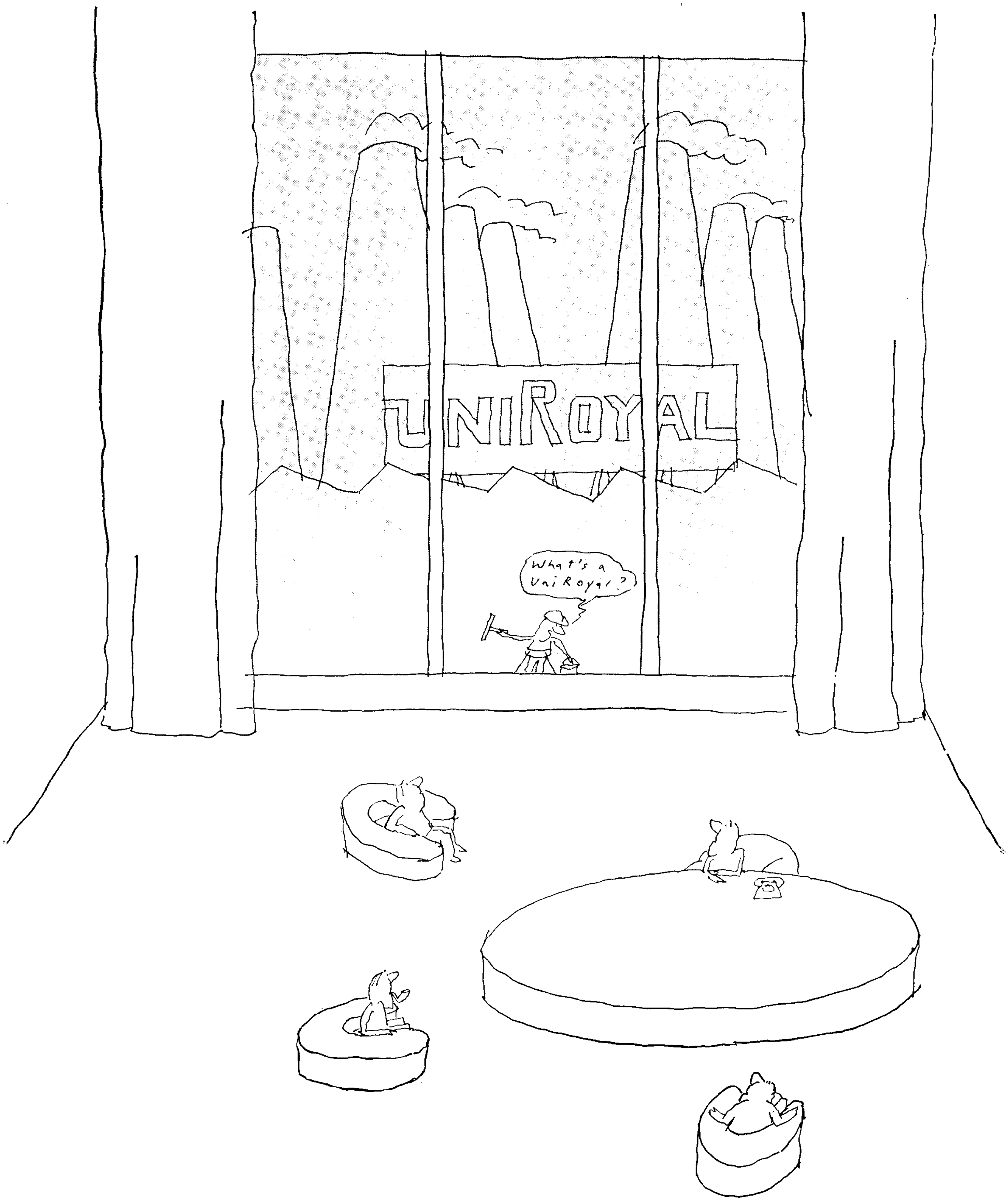

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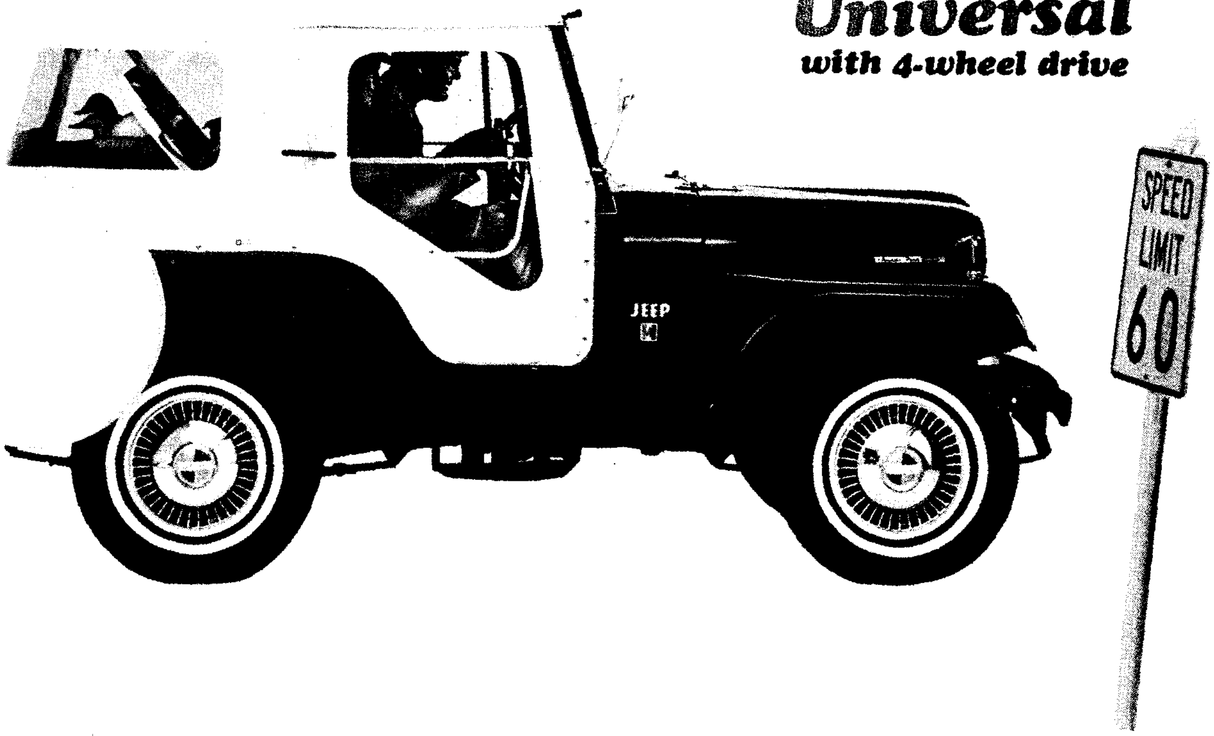

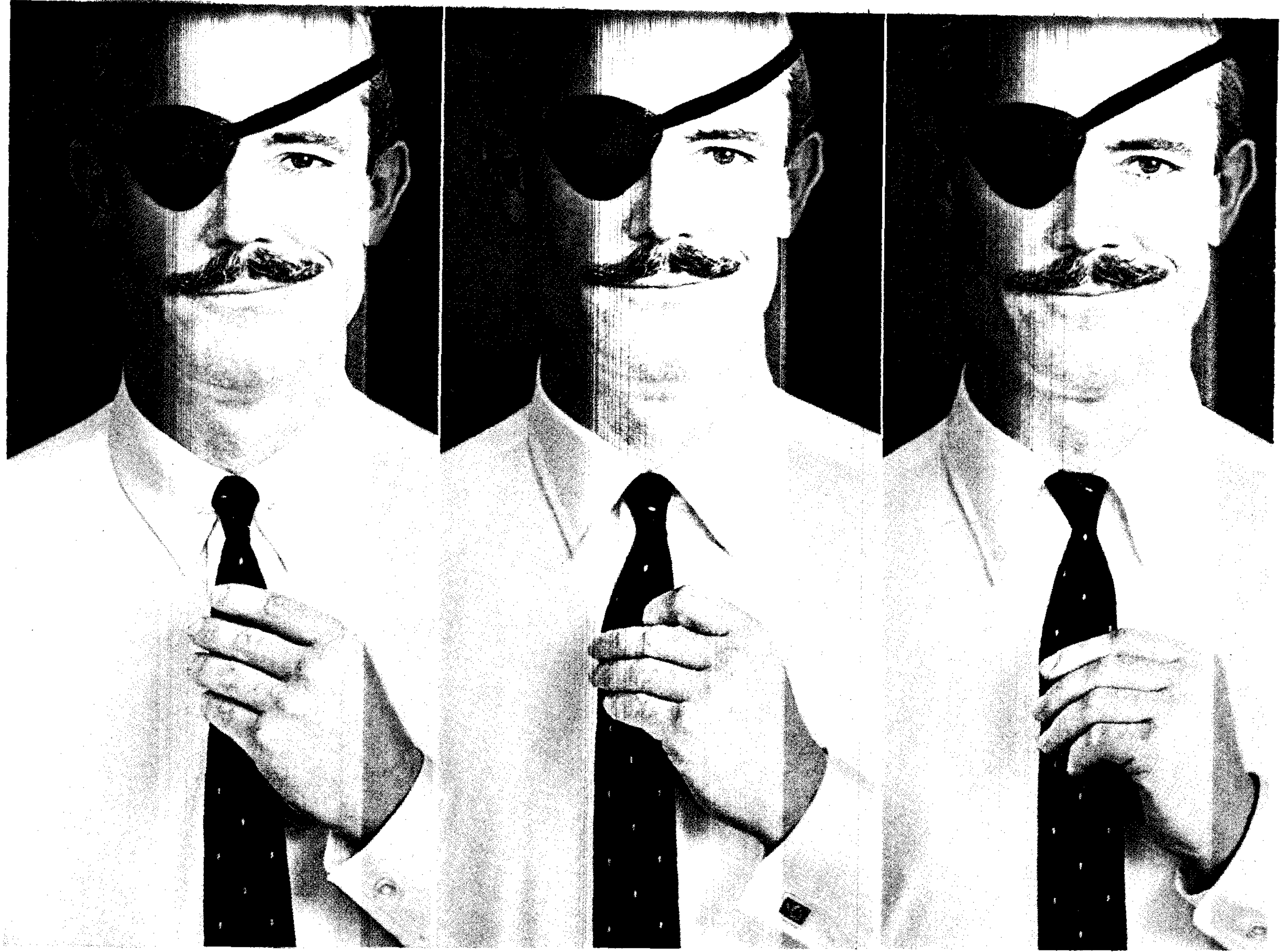

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Hathaway tailors all three shirts from Imperial broadcloth—a costly breed of long-stranded cotton. It is lustrous. Uncommonly long-wearing. And it needs no starch to keep it looking neat and crisp all day.

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"Every well-dressed man should own at least half a dozen striped or colored dress shirts," says Hathaway.

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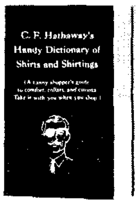
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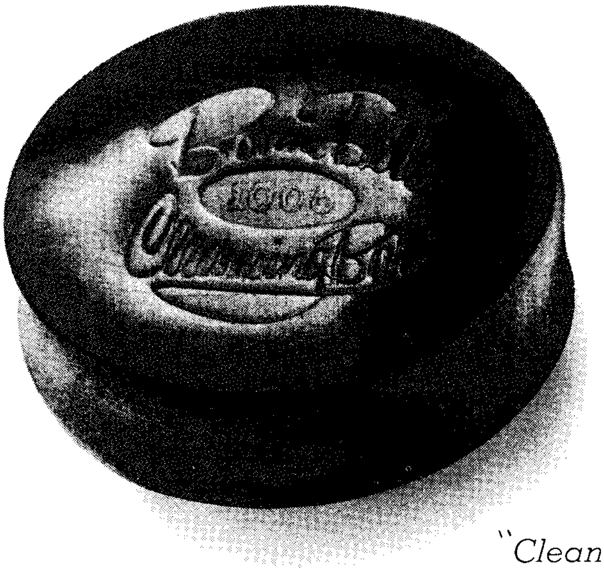

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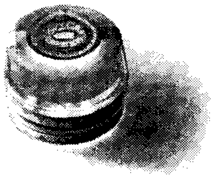
Introductory Twin-Pak, $2.50.



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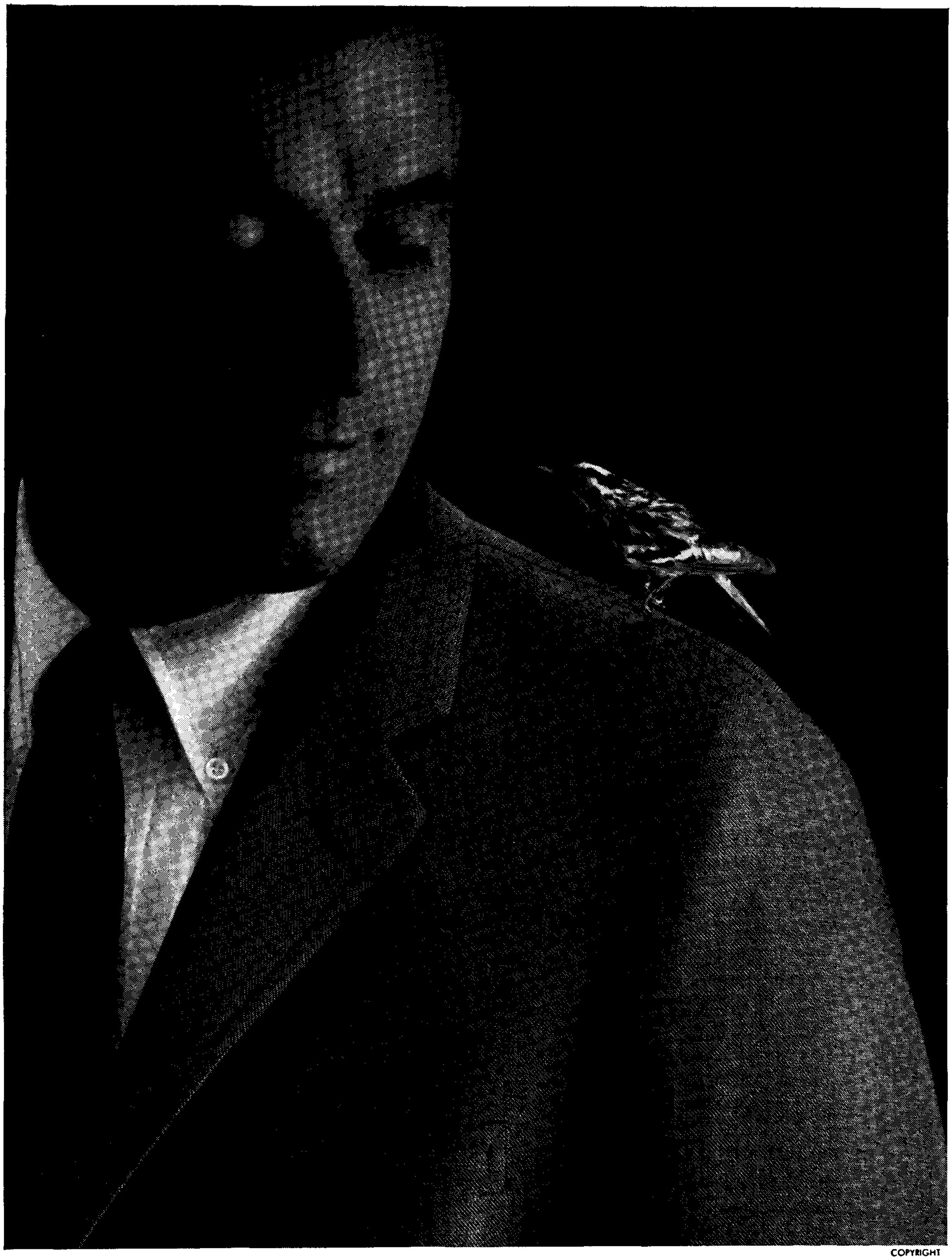

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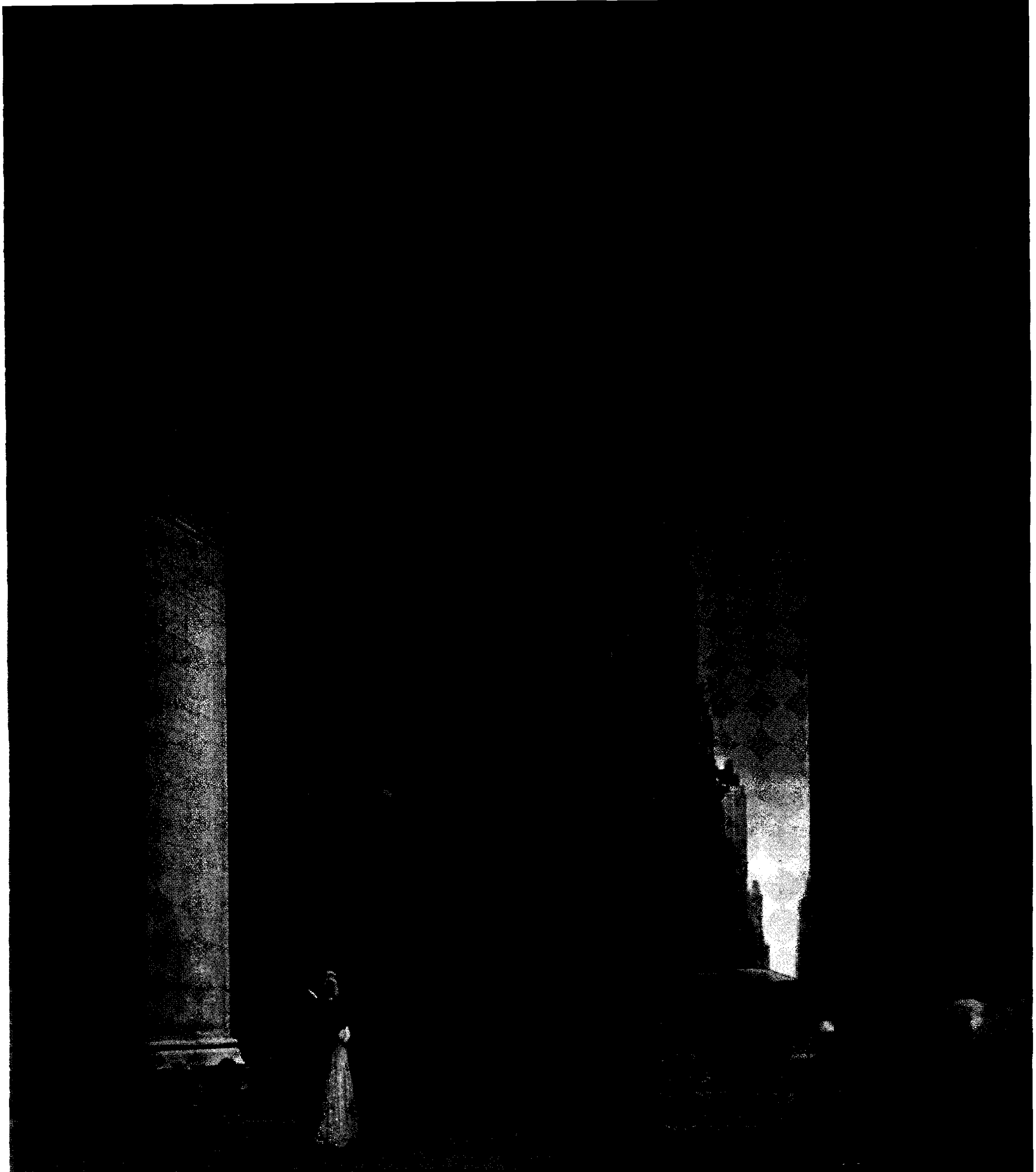

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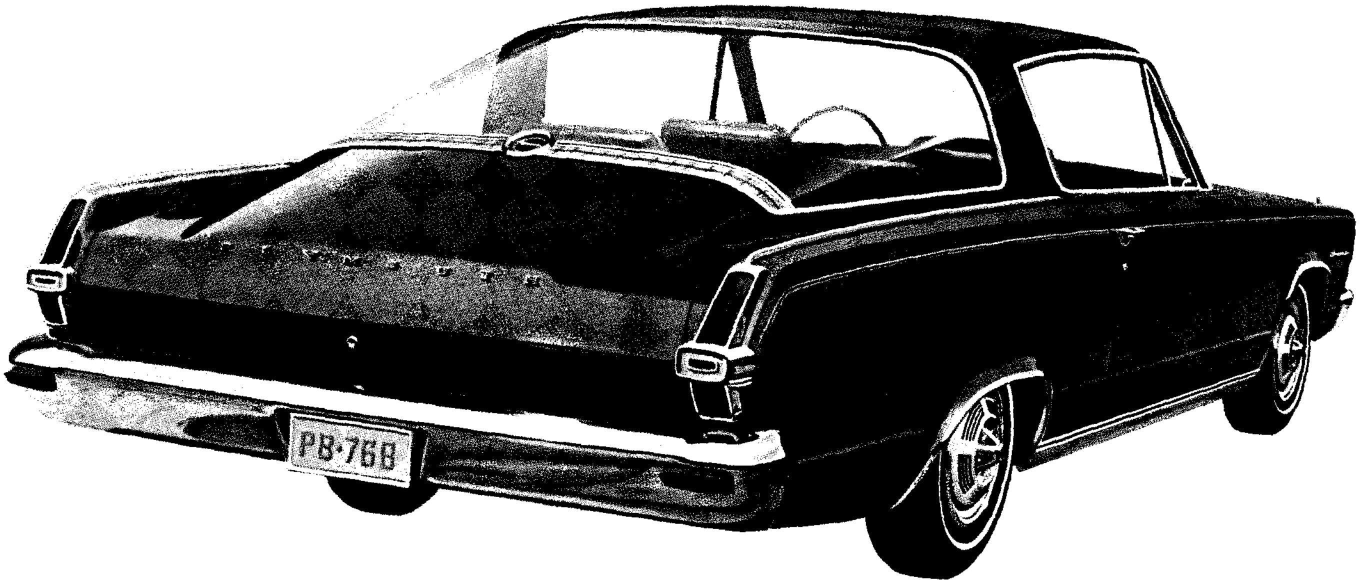

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Making sport of utility.

After all the applause for Barracuda's sporty fastback styling, there was only one way to go . . . and Barracuda went.

It went with an optional Formula 'S' performance pack. One that gives you a 273-cu.-in. Commando V-8, a tachometer, wide-rim wheels, special Blue Streak tires, heavy-duty shocks, springs and sway bar, and simulated bolt-on wheel covers. And a new option for '66: front-wheel disc brakes.

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VIP FURY BELVEDERE VALIANT BARRACUDA

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You used kitchen scissors to pry up those old thumb tacks, and wasn't it great the way you got that jammed drawer open with them? Kitchen scissors are marvelously versatile, but for cutting costly fabrics, Hoffritz thinks you should have something specially made and reserved for the purpose.

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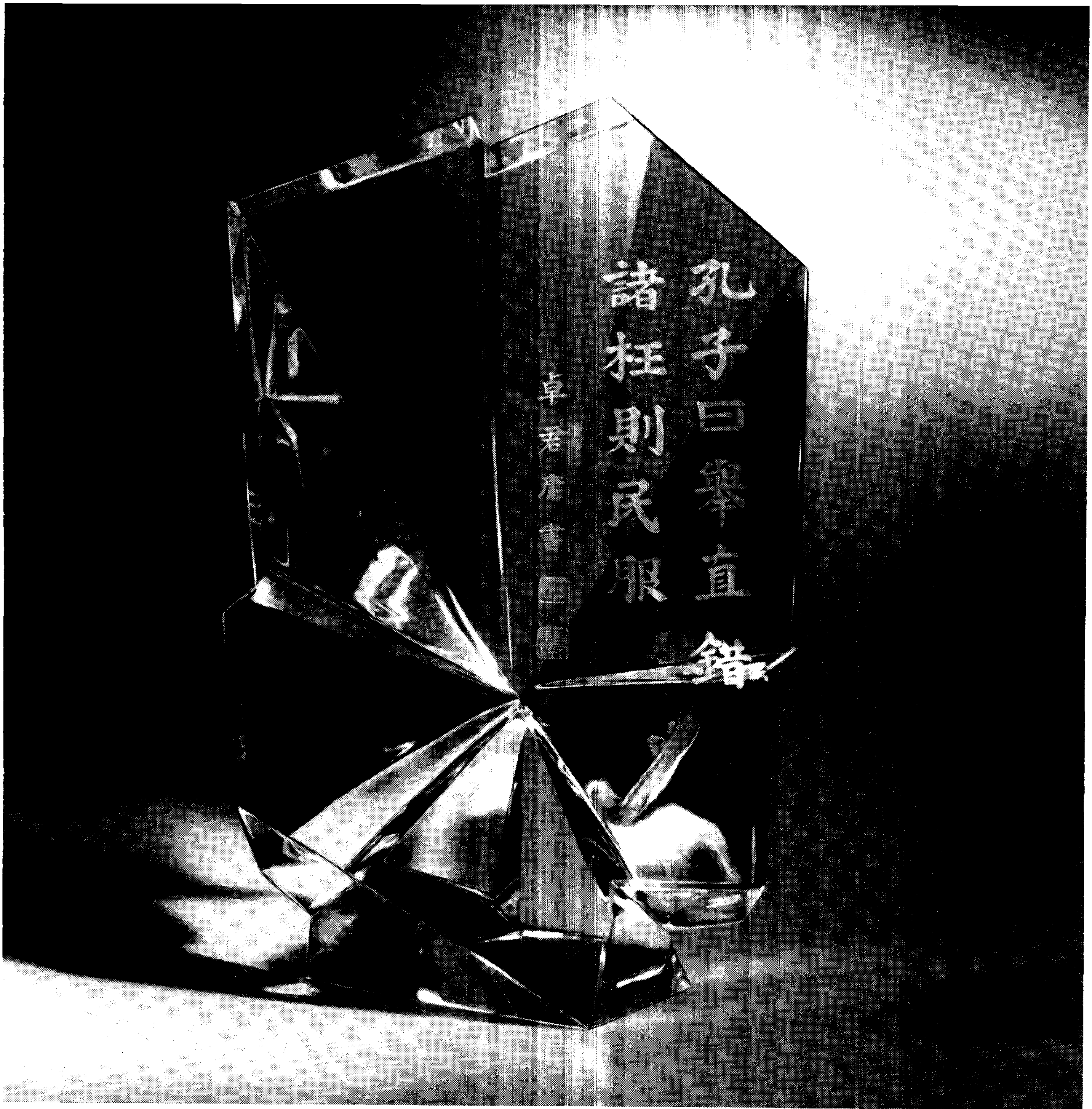

Glass design by Donald Pollard • Engraving design by Cho Chung-yung • Height 7¼ inches • $2,200

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SINCE the death of Confucius in 479 B.C., his followers have inscribed his words on parchment and silk, on ceramics and stone.

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The inscription was designed for Steuben by Cho Chung-yung of Formosa, today's great master of formal Chinese calligraphy.

Saying of Confucius is in the private collection of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

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a man's way to
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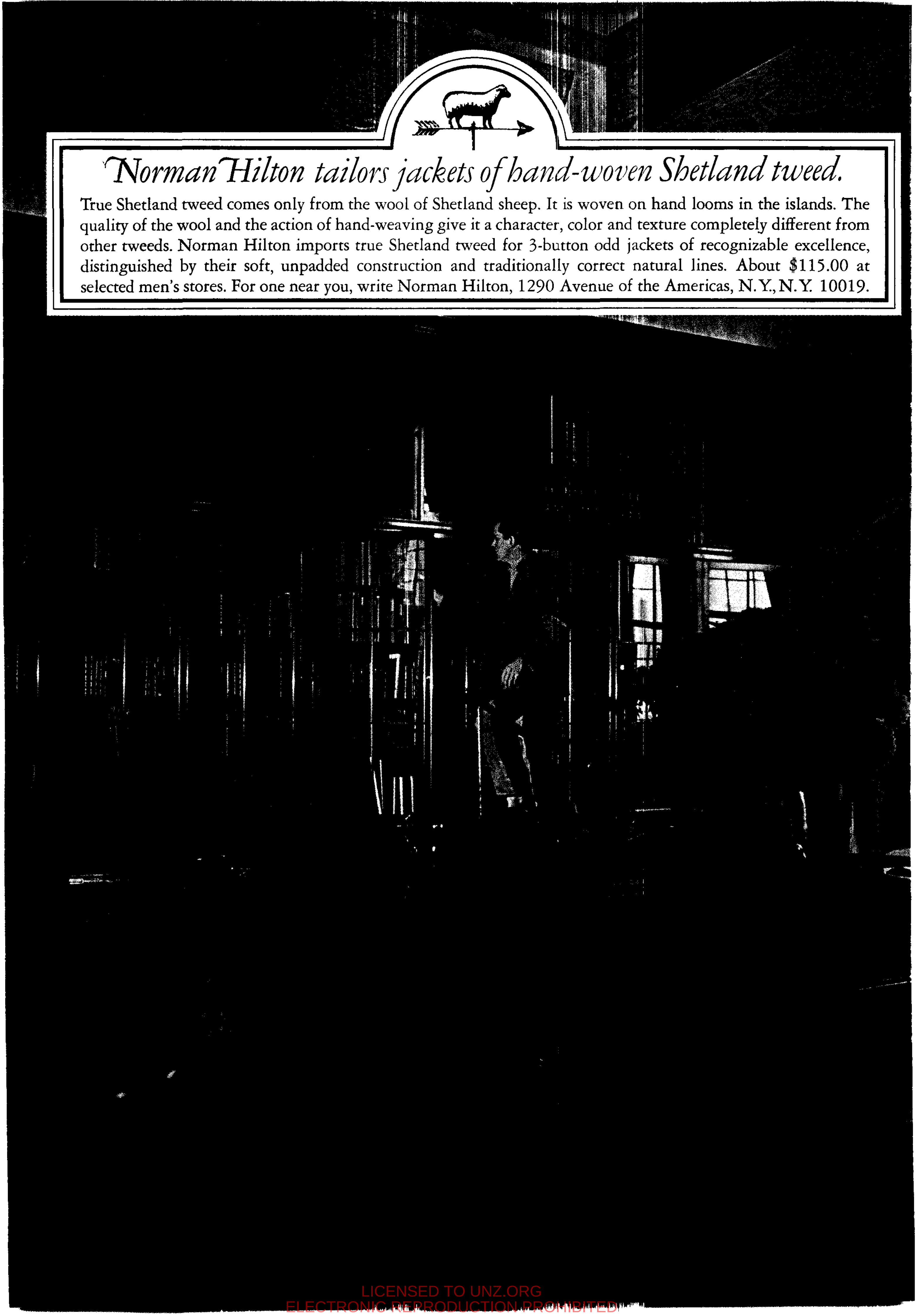

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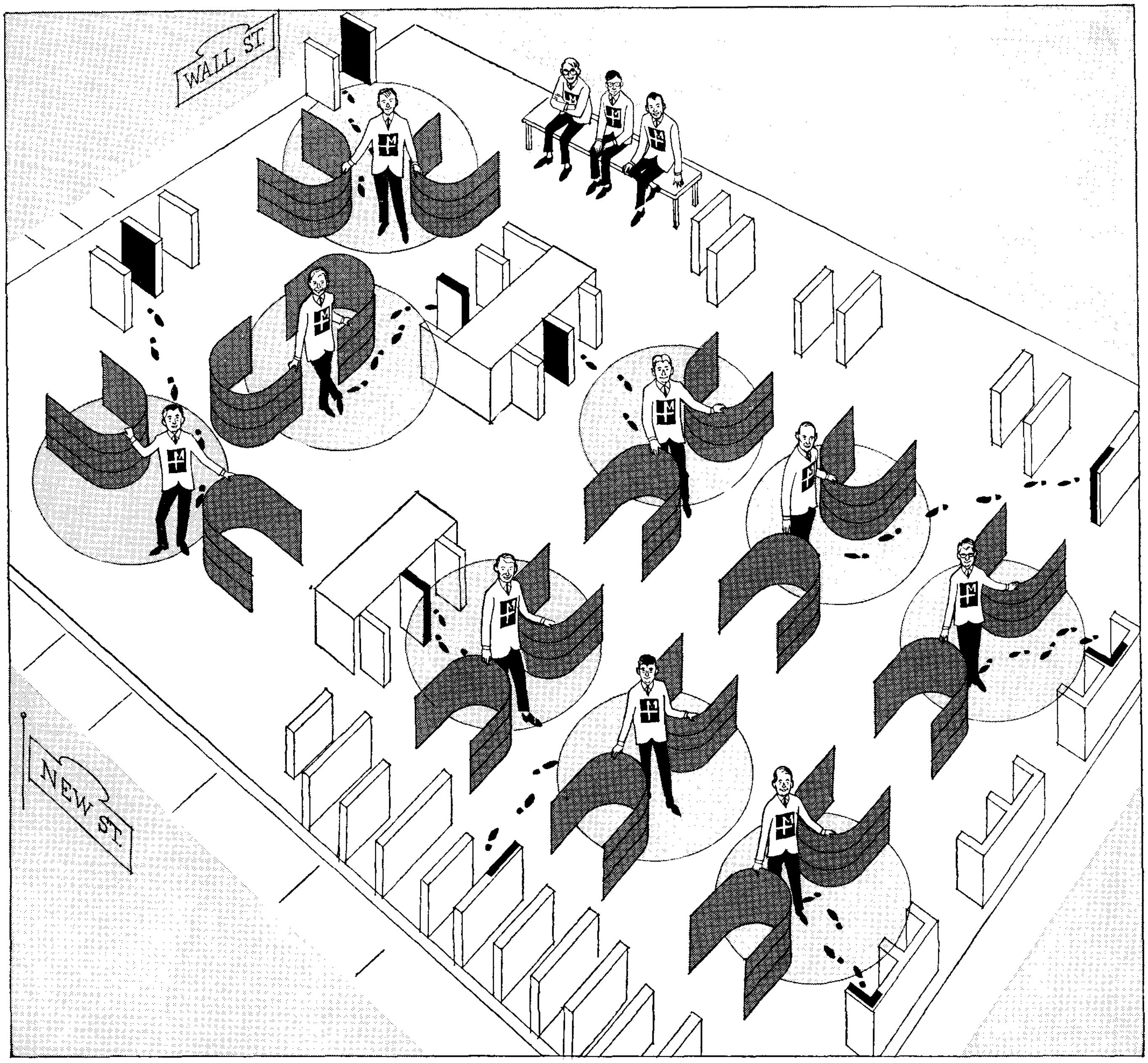
True Shetland tweed comes only from the wool of Shetland sheep. It is woven on hand looms in the islands. The quality of the wool and the action of hand-weaving give it a character, color and texture completely different from other tweeds. Norman Hilton imports true Shetland tweed for 3-button odd jackets of recognizable excellence, distinguished by their soft, unpadded construction and traditionally correct natural lines. About $115.00 at selected men's stores. For one near you, write Norman Hilton, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019.



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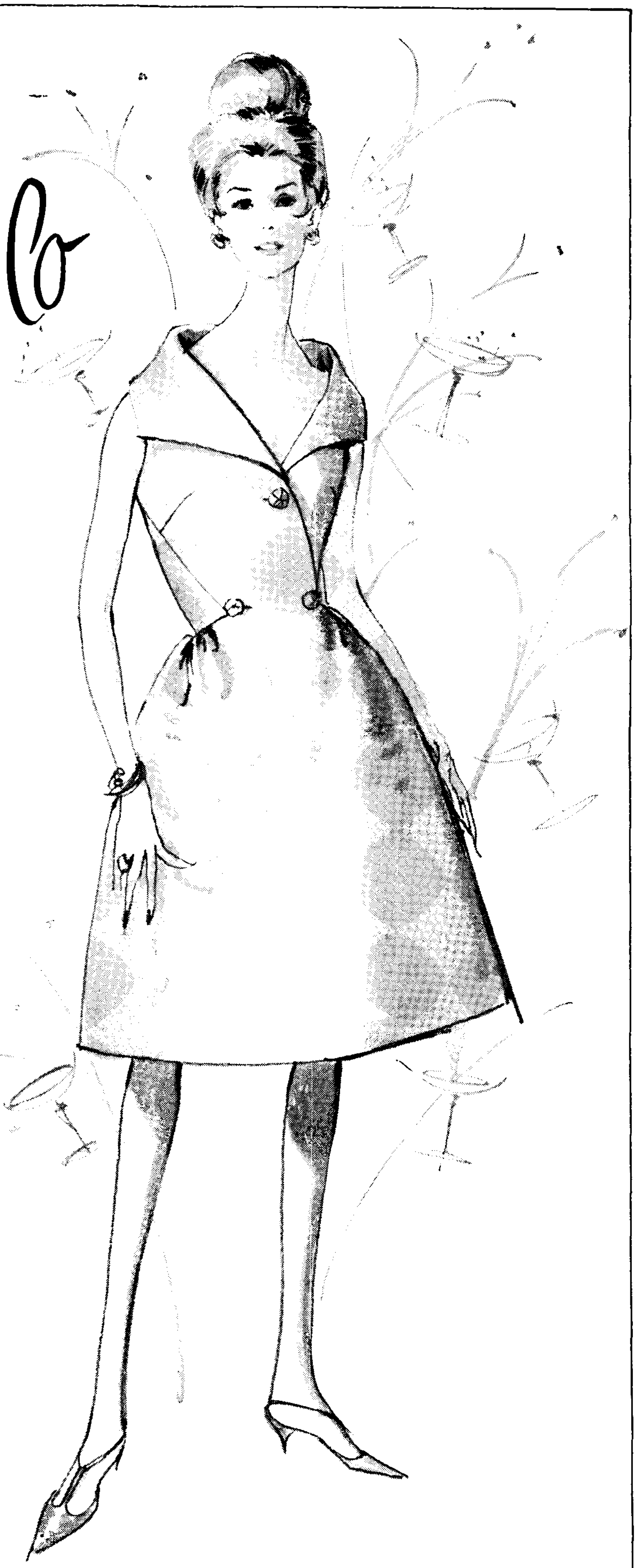


THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE morning Pope Paul VI arrived on his unprecedented visit to our city, we headed up to Central Park to join the crowds who were waiting to watch him drive by on his way from Harlem to St. Patrick's. The day was sunny, the sky was blue, and the wind, which was brisk and cool from the northwest, was carrying with it the first intimations of autumn. As we walked uptown on Central Park West, we passed row upon row of parked buses that had been used to ferry schoolchildren into the city for the occasion. Many of the buses were traditional yellow school buses, others were chartered commercial vehicles, and nearly all of them carried signs bearing the names of such schools as St. Ursula, Blessed Sacrament, Good Shepherd, and Our Lady Star-of-the-Sea, which are situated in various outlying cities and towns in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut. Turning into the Park at Ninety-third Street, we followed a path until we came to the West Drive, which runs through the Park from north to south, and which was lined on both sides by children, parents, nuns, and other spectators, standing shoulder to shoulder behind rope barricades. The scene was noisy and festive. Some of the younger children were playing tag on the grass, and some of the older ones were sitting on rock outcroppings and singing school songs. Many of the children who lined the roadway were carrying small American flags in one hand and gold-and-white papal flags in the other, and most of them were wearing school uniforms. In the group we stood near, the girls wore gray plaid jumper dresses, matching hats, and knee-length gray stockings; the boys wore maroon blazers and gray trousers and the sisters who taught them wore flowing black habits and black bonnets tied under the chin.

We introduced ourself to a nun who was standing by a rope barricade with some of the younger children. The nun was a girl in her early twenties, with blue eyes and a round, sweet face, and she was all smiles as she told us that her name was Sister Mary Sean and that the children with her were third-, fourth-, and fifth-graders from St. Gabriel's School, in New Rochelle. Sister Sean went on to say that the children had been in high good spirits all morning, and that the only moment of quiet on the bus ride into the city had occurred when they listened to a radio account of Pope Paul's arrival at Kennedy Airport. Just as she said that, a great cheer went up from the children; a policeman was riding by slowly on a motor scooter. Then a particularly strong gust of wind whipped the leaves of the trees overhead, and the children shrieked again. Sister Sean smiled happily and introduced us to Joy Gironda, who had on a pretty blue coat; to Leslie Ross, who had a long and intricately braided pigtail; and to Leslie's older brother, Eddie, who proudly showed us the school emblem stitched to the breast pocket of his blazer. The emblem read, "Deus Est Caritas," and Sister Sean explained that this was the motto of the Sisters of Charity, which is the order that the nuns who teach at St. Gabriel's belong to. Eddie informed us that he was in the fifth grade and that he was going to be a doctor when he grew up, and Leslie, who was now hopping up and down as she peered along the roadway, said that she was in the third grade and that she was freezing. A police helicopter rattled overhead, and the children shouted at it and waved their flags. Sister Sean introduced us to Sister Rita Marie, the principal of St. Gabriel's. Sister Rita Marie, who has pale, blue-green eyes and a nice smile, was holding a tiny black transistor radio to her ear. "The Holy Father has crossed the Queensboro Bridge," she said, with pride. "Everything is exactly on time." A scared cat darted through the crowd, ran past a policeman, and fled across the road. The children applauded. Some eighth-graders who were sitting on a knoll began clapping their hands and singing a song; its verses were carried off by the wind, but its shouted chorus was "Nellie, Nellie." Sister Sean told us that Sister Rita Marie had gone to Rome for the beatification of Mother Seton, and that she herself hoped to make a pilgrimage to the Holy City one day. "I'll probably have to wait a long time, because I've been teaching for only three years," she said. "It's not impossible for us to go overseas, however. Sister Terence is currently studying in Spain on a scholarship, and Sister Julia had a year at Oxford."

R. MacMillan

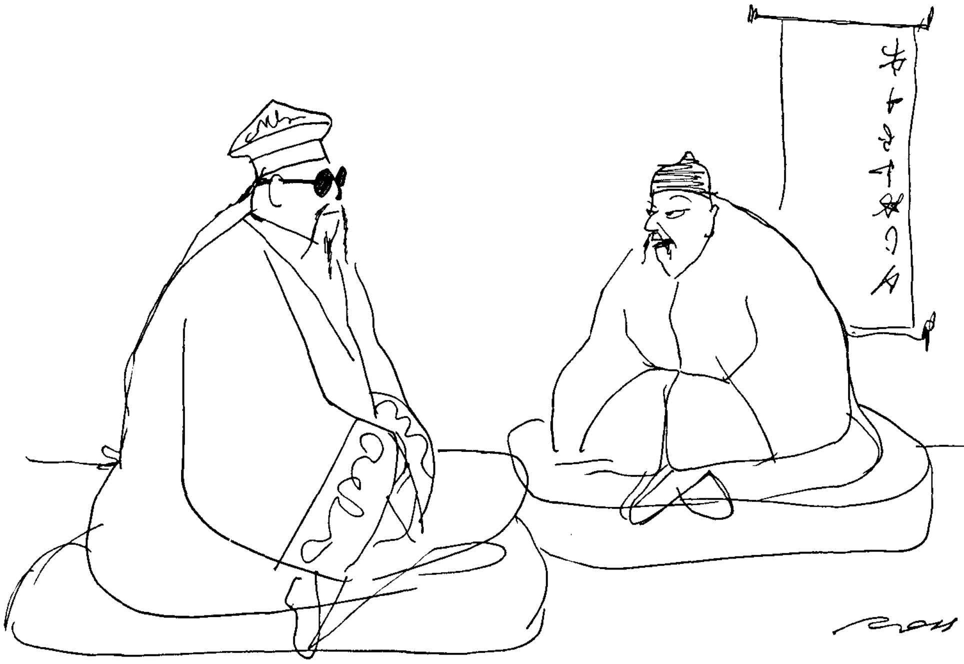
A policeman standing in the roadway cautioned the children not to push against the barricade.

Eddie asked the policeman if he was going to turn around and take a look when the Pope went past. The policeman shook his head and said it wasn't allowed.

"That's mean," Eddie said.

"I'll see him at Yankee Stadium tonight," the policeman said.

Several limousines went by carrying grim-faced men in dark glasses, who



"They make you even more inscrutable."

studied the crowd. The children cheered, and one of the men grinned. Two nuns carrying transistor radios came up from opposite directions. One of them announced that the Pope was travelling along Third Avenue. "Impossible," said the other, giving her radio a shake. "Mine says he's on a Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street." A gentle argument followed.

Leslie was holding her hands over her ears and looking anxiously along the roadway. Sister Sean told her that the Pope would be coming soon.

A few minutes later, a whole busload of policemen went by. The children cheered them wildly. Then several policemen drove past on motorcycles, followed by an open car carrying a man with a movie camera, and the cheering became continuous. The approach of Pope Paul was heralded by a gaggle of motorcycle policemen riding in V formation and by a roaring crescendo of noise from the engines of several helicopters. The helicopters were hovering just above the treetops, where, buffeted by the wind, they darted to and fro like giant dragonflies. A mother carrying a boy of about two on her shoulders pushed toward the rope. Finally, the bubble-top limousine bearing the Pope and Cardinal Spellman appeared, and passed by quickly. The Cardinal, who was sitting on the left-hand side, wore a solemn expression; the Pope, beside him, looked pleased. The Pope was smiling and waving his hands; he was holding his forearms out before him, with his hands bent toward his body at the wrists, and he was making a series of characteristic gestures that seemed to give, evoke, and receive welcome all at once. Sister Sean smiled radiantly as she watched him pass. On Leslie's face there was a look of rapture. Eddie seemed to be holding his breath. The mother who was carrying the little boy on her shoulders took his hand in hers, pressed it to her mouth, and covered it with kisses.

"Children! Children! Did you see him?" Sister Sean asked.

"Yes. I really saw him," Eddie said quietly.

WHEN the papal motorcade had left the Park en route to St. Patrick's, we began the long walk across town to the United Nations. The day continued brisk and sunny, and the city—east of the Cathedral, where a crowd had formed—was oddly, almost reverentially quiet. Truckers had been advised by the police to avoid midtown Manhattan, barricades lined the nearly empty streets, and First Avenue in the Forties had the look of a huge stage set waiting to be brought to life by some dramatic event. When we ducked into a lunchroom near the United Nations Plaza for a cup of coffee, we found the customers and the help clustered around the take-out counter watching the service at St. Patrick's on a portable television set. No one in the restaurant spoke while the Pope was praying, but when his prayer was over, the waitress, who had tears in her eyes, began pouring coffee into paper cups and said, to no one in particular, "He looks just the way a Pope should. He looks like a saint." Most of the customers nodded.

When we regained the street, a policeman on traffic duty was waving back a young priest who was crossing First Avenue against the light. "Careful, Father!" the policeman called to him, and then said, "Isn't *this* a day to remember?" The priest, who was carrying a camera, smiled and walked over to the policeman. He said that he had bought the camera that morning at Korvette's, and that he was going to wait outside the United Nations until he saw the Pope. "In *person*," he added. "And if I could just get one picture—take it myself, I mean—it would mean so much. It would be like a kind of blessing." Then the priest waved goodbye to the policeman and hurried off down the avenue. We followed him along First and into the United Nations Plaza, where crowds were just beginning to form behind the barricades. The black limousines of the various diplomatic missions were lined up at the gates, waiting to be O.K.'d by the U.N. guards, and, one by one, they swung through the gates and up the drive to the General Assembly Building.

Inside the building, the lobby was buzzing. We passed a group of men who stood talking and laughing by the escalator. One of them announced loudly that he wanted to sell his ticket and go home to watch the Pope on television, but when somebody called out "I'll buy!" the man laughed and said, "Not on your life! I'm a Catholic, and this is the biggest day since D Day for me." We walked past him into the General Assembly Hall.

It was two-thirty. Most of the guests were already seated, and the delegates were taking their places on the floor. Cardinal Cushing, we noticed, was sitting behind the delegations, in the visitors' gallery, with the Kennedy family, but the other cardinals, in their black cassocks, black hats, and brilliant-red sashes, were sitting together in two rows toward the front of the Hall, flanking the dais. Up on the dais, above the cardinals, stood the simple white armchair that had been chosen for the Pope. And, above *that*, Amintore Fanfani, the President of the General Assembly, was sitting behind a marble podium. Presently, Signor Fanfani called the Assembly to order and asked that everyone remain seated while he left the Hall to join Secretary-General U Thant as an escort for the Pope. He thereupon walked to the back of the

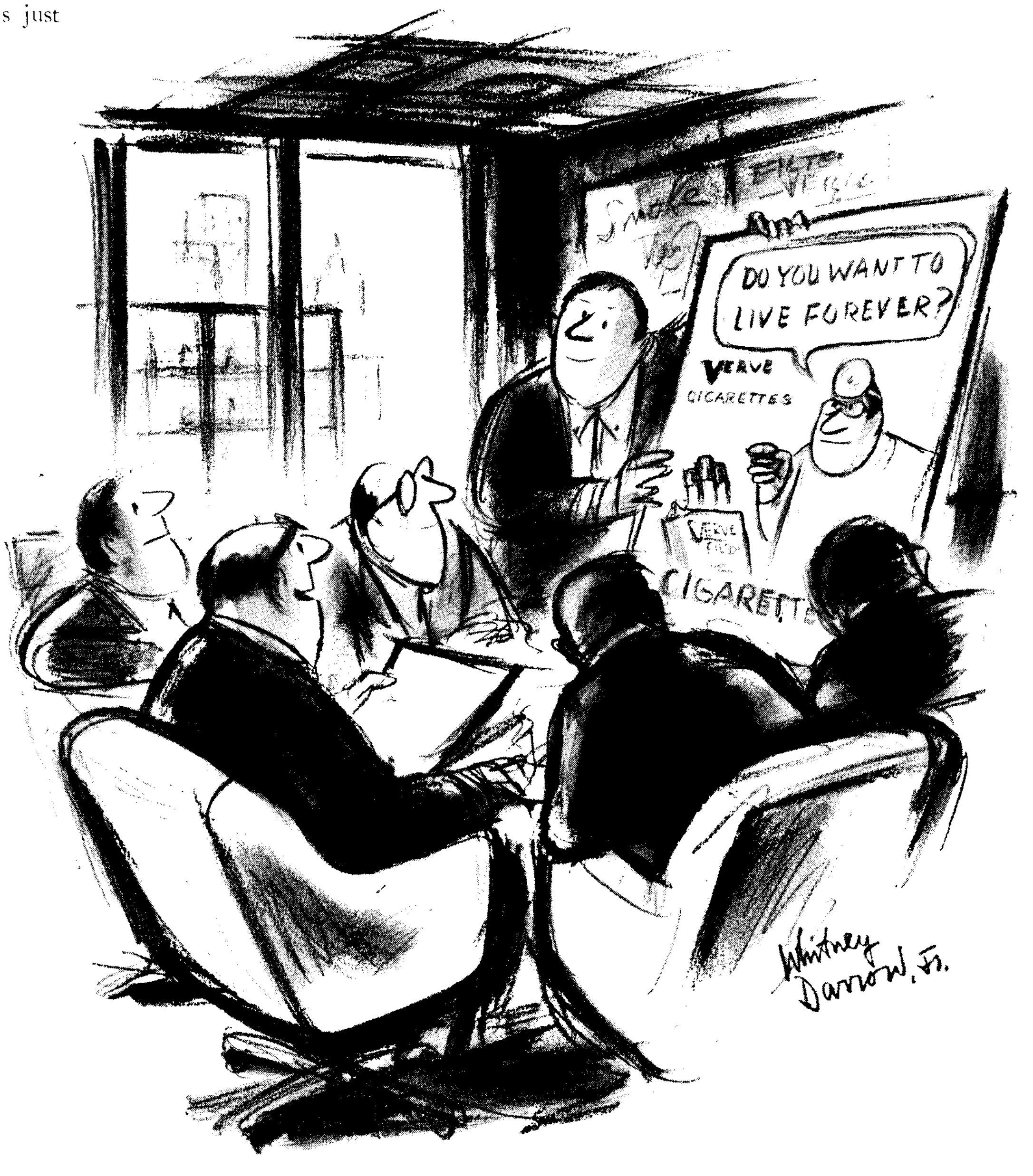
Hall and out. Several minutes passed. Then the Pope, in his simple white cassock, walked into the Hall, the audience rose, and the great room was filled with applause. U Thant and President Fanfani followed the Pope as he walked the length of the Hall and up onto the dais, opening his arms in greeting as he walked. After the welcoming speeches by the Secretary-General and the Assembly's President, the Pope began his historic address, in rolling, Italian-accented French. We shall not forget the moment in the middle of his speech when he brought his right hand down hard on the marble podium and cried, in a voice charged with passion, "No more war! War never again!" His words still reverberate in the Hall.

Voracious

IN the early days of the recent newspaper strike-*cum*-lockout, a businessman of our acquaintance was just as desperate for reading matter on his morning subway ride to Wall Street as everyone else was at the same hour. One morning, having polished off the Miss Subways placard and the rest of the posted advertising, the headlines in a *Christian Science Monitor* held by a man opposite him, and several eye-catching paperback covers, he steeled himself against reading a personal letter that was being studied by an adjacent passenger. Near the Fourteenth Street stop, however, the temptation became too strong. Hungrily but covertly, he plunged into what was none of his business—an epic, heart-rending plea to the addressee to return home to visit her sick father in Dayton—and the next thing our friend knew, the train was pulling out of the Borough Hall Station in a place called Brooklyn.

Lindsay

EARLY afternoon, middle of last week. Cool, cloudless day in Red Hook section of Brooklyn. John Lindsay—all smiles, dark suit, blue shirt, blue tie—jumps out of one of three pale-blue "Lindsay for Mayor" station wagons at corner of President Street and Columbia Street, and is instantly enveloped by churning mass of children. He lifts two of them, holding one on each arm, and a photographer hands him a third. "I can't," Lindsay says. Photographer insists. Turns out Lindsay can; does. The mother of two of the three children waves from second-story window across the street. Lindsay sets three children down, waves back, moves down the street, shaking hands, smiling—past G. Pollio & Sons ("Latticini & Salumeria") and Happy Hour Theatre ("Martes & Miercoles—'El Pozo.' American Pictures Shown Here Every Saturday & Sunday"), past an open-air fruit market, and across Union Street. Shakes hands with beaming men in white aprons at Original Goldman's Italian & American Groceries, pauses at King Soft Ice Cream as kids yell, "Give 'im a slice of pizza! Give 'im a slice!" Is offered a huge, dripping slab of pizza, declines; accepts normal-sized slice. Takes bite, striding down street; deftly hands remaining portion to associate. On to Semler's Novelty Shop & Ladies Wear, greets lady carrying bag of lettuce. Enters Al's Bargain Center (art objects, plastic flowers, dolls). Crosses street and strides into John's Bargain Stores, where he poses with plump lady under "Fall Bargain Festival" signs. "Give vote for him!" cries plump lady to crowd as she stands next to Lindsay. "No baloney, heh?" Lindsay and crowd go out again; plump lady says, "Where's my button? No button?" Lindsay passes Luna Luncheonette, crosses Sackett Street, tells pipe-smoking elderly man, "Need a lot of help." Pipe smoker smiles. "You'll get it," he says. Lindsay waves to idlers in front of Corregidor Bar, crosses to Columbia Street Hardware ("Gypsy Paints"). Shakes hands with Chinese man in front of Flushing Beef Co. Greets cop, greets



"I think that says it!"

lady in shorts near Victoria Seafood Restaurant, gets back into waiting car near DeGraw Street.

Procession moves to Atlantic Avenue, turns east, picks up speed. Out the window: Rashid Sales Co. ("Arabic Records"); Templo Cristiano de Brooklyn. "We're heading for East New York," says aide. Cars halt at old, abandoned pumping station at Atlantic Avenue and Logan Street. Lindsay strides through weeds, junk, and climbs through window opening. Awesome sight inside station: huge, gutted structure, ceiling perhaps sixty feet high. Rusted girders, circular staircase; broken light fixtures and balconies with Victorian curlicues. Walls covered with red-painted names, slogans, swastikas: "Pat the Gunsman," "C & F Tots," "Joe, Mike," "Crescent & Fulton," "Don't Mess with C & F." Poems: "1 Summer Night When the Moon Was Bright/ Crescent & Fulton Came Through in a Fight./ If You Want to Fight with a Right or Left/ Come on Down to C & F." Lindsay is photographed staring down through wide pits in floor at basement thirty feet below, where rusting pipes, machinery, etc., sit amid rubble. Goes downstairs, looks around. Aide says pumping station was abandoned after Second World War, and in recent years there has not been even a watchman there. Says, "This place is connected to the reservoir in Highland Park by a street that is still called Forced Tube Avenue." Two small boys who are following Lindsay group say they play here frequently.

"We run around," one of them says.

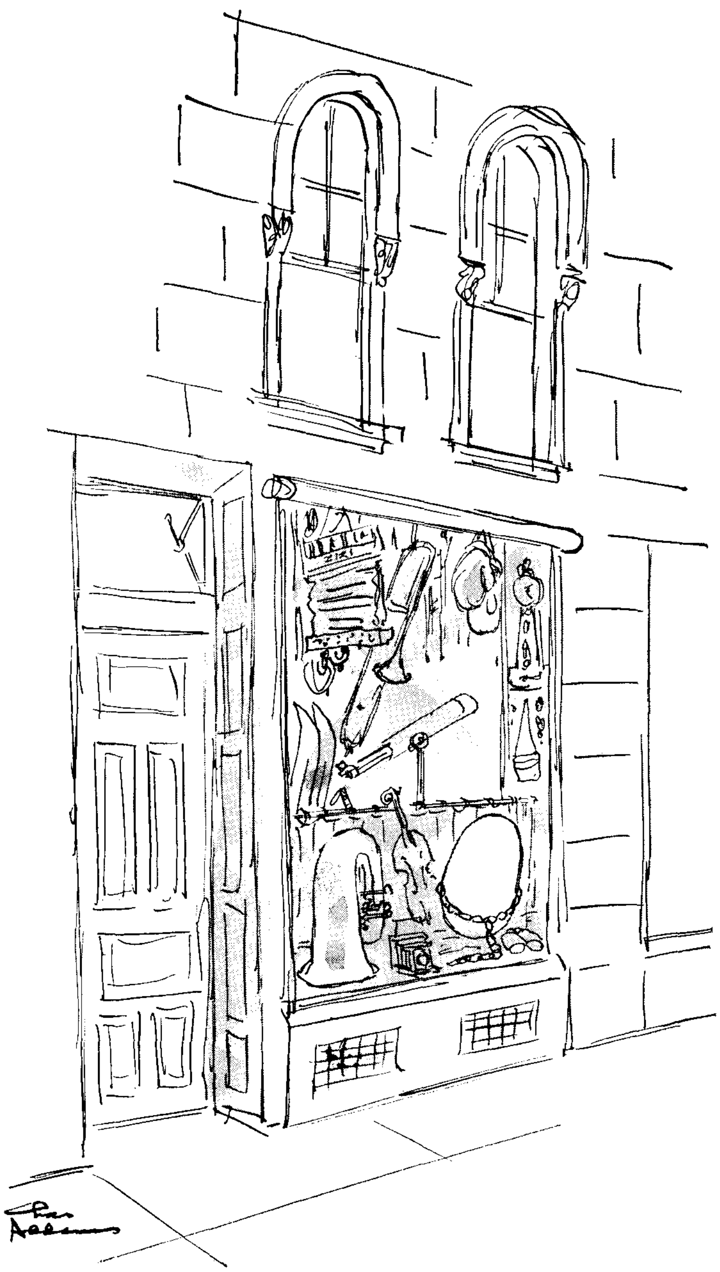
The other one says, "C & F is just a bunch of punky kids that act big."

"Yeah," the first one says. "About *seven* of them go up to two kids—"

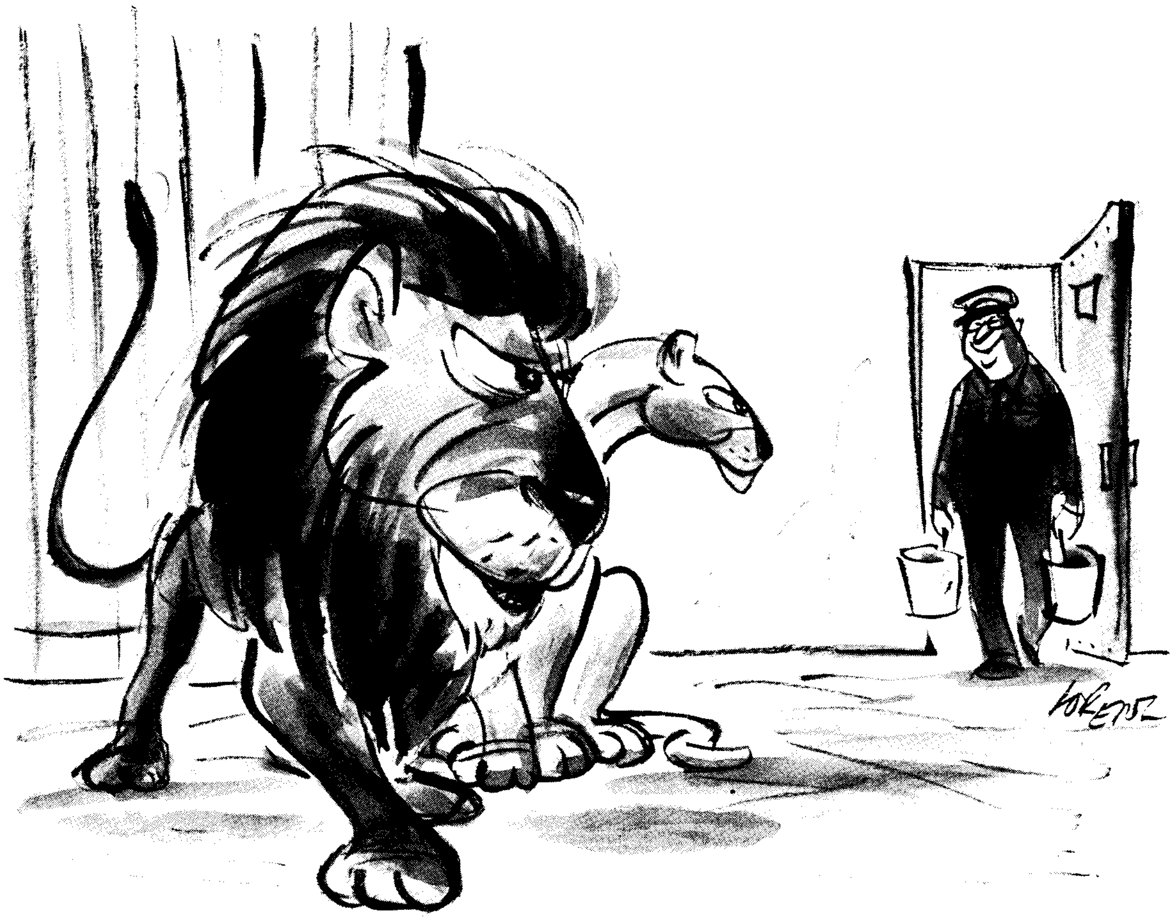
"When you catch 'em alone, they're scared," the second boy says.

Back into the cars and over to Crescent and Fulton. Lindsay stands on hood of station wagon and addresses crowd: "Without your support, we haven't got a snowball's chance. . . ." Subway train rumbles by overhead. "We want Buckley!" yells man across street. Several high-school kids wearing Buckley buttons.

Lindsay moves down Fulton Street, preceded by girls wearing Lindsay sashes. Little boys follow on bicycles. Lindsay enters Luncheonette-Heros-Stationery at 3385 Fulton Street, makes phone call. Sign in window: "Neapolitan e Sicilian Pizza 20¢ Heros—Hot & Cold." Kid yells, "Hey, Marcia! Lindsay's buying pizzas for everyone!" (Lindsay still on phone.) Small boy with two Buckley buttons to boy who has twenty Lindsay buttons on his coat: "I'll give ya one Buckley for two Lindsays." No deal. Lindsay emerges with slice of pizza, takes bite, gives the rest to Robert Blum, Brooklyn Borough Coördinator. Crosses Autumn Avenue. Matty's Quality Meats ("Chuck Steak 49¢ lb."), Savoy Barber Shop. Blum spots big Lindsay poster on wall, darts over to it, removes Buckley button from lapel of portrait, and rejoins procession. "I've put six thousand miles on my car since June in Brooklyn alone," Blum says. "It's been twelve hours a day, every day." Blum looks fine. All cross Lincoln Avenue, pass Cloud Nine Cocktail Lounge, cross Nichols Avenue, and get into cars.



Pack of screaming children waiting as Lindsay hops out at Eldert Lane and Liberty Avenue. Loudspeaker announces arrival. Lindsay spirits seem to be rising steadily; he looks amused, cheerful. Bigger the crowd, and the more children, happier he seems to get. Waving to everybody. Past Busy Bee Burger Stand, Woolworth's (clerks peering out window under sign "Pumpkin Pie with Whipped Topping—per Cut 25¢"). Loudspeaker blares, "John Lindsay is here! . . . Walking right down Liberty Avenue! . . . Here he comes!" Lindsay enters Nocella's Fruit Market, emerges, passes Bo-Peep Children's Shop. "The next Mayor of New York, heading right down here to Sheridan Avenue. He'd like to meet you, to talk to you, to answer any questions you have." Passes Irene Smart Shops ("Sale Days—1,000 Dresses $5. Values to $14.98"), squinting into sun, holding children's hands. Crosses Lincoln Avenue again. Man in car honks, waves; Lindsay waves back. Lindsay runs across Liberty Avenue, reaches in through little window, shakes hands with lady cashier at Earl Theatre (movies). Gives autograph to lady in front of empty store ("TO LET," says sign. "Call HY 8-5272"), crosses Autumn Avenue. Waves of children following him. "He's like a Pied Piper," says woman. Passes Rullo's General Carpentry, enters Sunrise Tavern, at Crescent Street. Dim inside. Lindsay greets patrons. Man with three-day beard sits on bar stool near win-



"If this guy says 'What's new, Pussycat?' again, I say we eat him."

dow, waves genially to crowd outside.

"I like walking tours," says Lindsay, back in car, and sounds as though he meant it. Lindsay in front seat, next to driver; in back seat are James Smith, regional director of the State Commission on Human Rights in Nassau and Suffolk Counties, and Gilbert A. Robinson, Lindsay's "outside" campaign manager (as opposed to Robert Price, Lindsay's "inside" campaign manager). Robinson in contact with hq. by radio. "Hello, can you read me? Over. . . . Any messages?" As car moves down Liberty Avenue, Lindsay talks to hq. about future meeting. High spirits. Laughter. Jumps from car at Rockaway Boulevard and 131st Street. Lots of zip. Handshaking, waving. Accepts hero sandwich from supermarket proprietor. Gives half of it to girl. Gets back in car.

Robinson says, "Now we're going to Two Hundred and Fourth Street, in Queens."

Lindsay says, "Who's going to meet us?"

Robinson mentions names, and Smith adds, "And my kids."

Lindsay turns around. "Really?" he says enthusiastically.

"I hope so," says Smith.

Robinson says *Life* wants to know where Lindsay was seated in St. Patrick's during Pope Paul's visit. Asks, "Can you remember?"

"Yes. I was next to Judge Murtagh and his wife, and behind me was Representative Keogh. We were in the south transept."

Pass St. Albans Hospital, pass school. "My daughter goes to that school," says Smith.

"You going to bail out after this stop, Jim?" Lindsay asks.

Smith says yes.

Forty or fifty small, shrieking children jam sidewalk as car pulls in. "Are these *all* yours, Jim?" asks Lindsay. Can't get out of car because of crowd.

"There they are!" says Smith, laughing. "The one in the green coat, with the cap with the earflaps sticking out, and the one in the . . . "

Lindsay forces his way onto sidewalk and gives an extensive, warm greeting to Smith's children, despite screaming, shoving crowd. Then moves across street, past deserted stucco building (poster announces "Wrestling—Island Garden, West Hempstead. Big Bill Miller vs. Bruno Sammartino"), past the Taste Lounge, past a former movie house (Island), the marquee of which now says, "St. Matthews A.M.E. Church," past Equitable Realty ("Houses Bought. All Cash"). Smith calls to his wife, who is across street watching procession, "Wait for me!" She nods, standing by stroller with small, blanket-wrapped child in it.

Into cars again, and down to 196th Street and Hollis Avenue, where Lindsay gets out of car, and woman wants to show him a city-owned abandoned lot covered with weeds. "This is the beginning of slum conditions," she says. "I've written everybody I can think of." Small boy named Joey Adler, eleven years old, proudly shows everybody a Lindsay handout (in Spanish) across which Lindsay has just written in ink, "For Joey Adler, who earned this autograph. Best wishes from John Lindsay." "I ran after the car," Joey says. "Right down here, all the way from the other place. It's about eleven blocks." Lindsay gets back in the car. Joey stands by window, holding his autograph, smiling broadly.

Lindsay waves goodbye, laughing, as car pulls away. "*Boy*, he earned it!" Lindsay says admiringly. "He was really puffing."

Almost 6 P.M. Robinson calls up hq. over radio. "We're on our way back," he says. Car swings onto Grand Central Parkway. Lindsay reads Washington *Post*. Sun low and harsh on buildings of World's Fair. Desolate. Lindsay folds up paper, looking calm and relaxed. Turns and talks to reporter from *Wall Street Journal*, who has taken Smith's place in back seat. Lindsay discusses plans and purposes. Informal but clear and sharp. Going over Triborough Bridge, Lindsay gazes out window at Manhattan silhouetted against the sunset. "Look at the pollution coming out of those stacks!" he says.

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SIGN observed near the entrance of an Indiana state park:

CAMP FRIENDLY
WELCOME
NO CAMPING ALLOWED

FURTHER TALES ABOUT MEN AND WOMEN

I

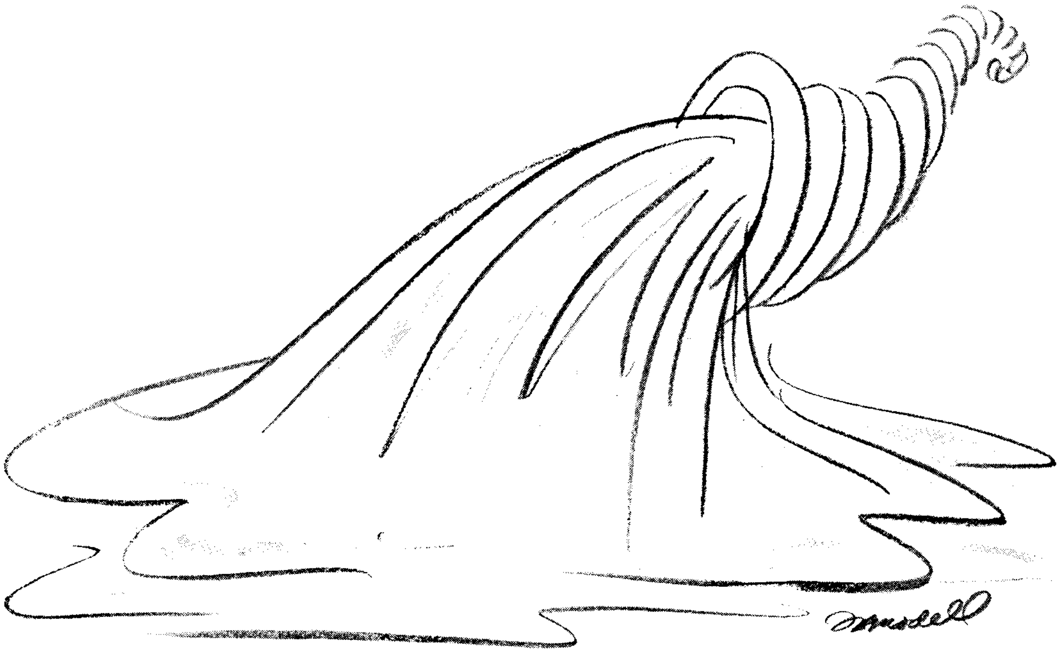
JUST before dark, when it was already dark inside the cottages and barns and outbuildings, the lamplighter came riding up one street and down the next, on his bicycle, with his igniting rod. He did not answer when people called a greeting to him, and so, long ago, they had stopped doing this—not, however, out of any feeling of unfriendliness. "There goes the lamplighter," they said, in exactly the same tone of voice that they said, "Why, there's the moon." Through the dusk he went, leaving a trail of lighted lamps behind him. And as if he had given them the idea, one by one the houses began to show a light in the kitchen, or the parlor, or upstairs in some low-ceilinged bedroom. Men coming home from the fields with their team and their dog, children coming home from their play were so used to the sight of the lamplighter's bicycle spinning off into the dusk that it never occurred to them to wonder how the lamps he was now lighting got put out.

No two mornings are ever quite the same. Some are cold and dark and rainy, and some—a great many, in fact—are like the beginning of the world. First the idea of morning comes, and then, though it is still utterly dark and you can't see your hand in front of your face, a rooster crows, and you'd swear it was a mistake, because it is another twenty minutes before the first light, when the rooster crows again and again, and soon after that the birds begin, praising with their whole hearts the feathered god who made them—every single bird in creation. And then comes the grand climax. The sky turns red, and the great fiery ball comes up over the eastern horizon. After which there is a coda. The birds repeat their praise, one bird at a time, and the rooster gives one last, thoughtful crow, and the beginning of things comes to an end. While all this was happening, the villagers were fast asleep in their beds, but the lamplighter was hurrying along on his bicycle, and when he came to a lamp he would reach up with his rod and put it out.

The lamplighter was not young, and he lived all alone, in a small cottage at the far end of the village, and cooked his own meals, and swept his own floor, and made his own bed, and had a little vegetable garden and a grape arbor, but no dog or cat for company, and the rooster that wakened him every morning before daybreak belonged to somebody else. It was an orderly, regular life that varied only in that everything the lamplighter did he did a few minutes earlier or a few minutes later than the day before, depending on whether the sky was clear or cloudy, and whether the sun was approaching the summer or the winter solstice. And since at dusk he was in too great a hurry to stop and speak to anyone, and in the morning there was never anyone to speak to, he lived almost entirely inside his own mind. There, over and over again, he relived the happiness that would never come again, or corrected some mistake that made his face wince with shame as he reached up with his rod and snuffed out one more lamp. The dead came back to life, just so he could tell them what he had failed to tell them when they were alive. Sometimes he married, and the house at the edge of the village rang with the sound of children's excited voices, and in the evening friends whose faces he could almost but not quite see came and sat with him under the grape arbor.

The comings and goings of his neighbors were never as real to him as his own thoughts, and so the first time he saw the woman in the long gray cloak walking along the path that went through the water meadows, at an hour when nobody was ever abroad, it was as if an idea had crossed his mind. She was a good distance away, walking with her back to him, and then the rising sun came between them and he couldn't see her anymore, though he continued to peer over his shoulder in the direction in which he had last seen her.

He told himself that he needn't expect to see her ever again, because he knew every woman in the village and they none of them wore a long gray cloak, so it must be a stranger who had happened to pass this way, very early one morning, on some errand. He looked for her, even so, and the next time he saw her it was from such a great distance that he was not even sure it was the same person, but the beating of his heart told him that it was the woman he had seen crossing the water meadows. After that, he continued to see her—not often, and never at regular intervals, but always at some moment when he was not reliving the happiness that would never come again, or undoing old mistakes, or placating the dead, or peopling his solitary life with phantoms. Only when he wasn't thinking at all would he suddenly see her, and he realized that the distance between them was steadily diminishing. One morning he thought he saw her beckon to him, and he was so startled that he almost fell off his bicycle. He wanted to ride after her and overtake her, but something stopped him. What stopped him was the thought that he might have imagined it. While he was standing there debating what he ought to do and trying to decide whether she



really had raised her arm and beckoned to him, all of a sudden she was no longer there. The early-morning mists had hidden her. And in that moment his mind was made up.

Morning after morning, he peered into the distance and saw, through the mist, the familiar shape of a thatch-roofed cottage or a cow standing in a field, or a pollarded willow that had been there ever since he was a small boy. Or he saw a screen of poplars and the glint of water in the ditch that ran in a straight line through the meadows. But not what he was looking for. And as dusk came on and he got out his bicycle and his rod, there was a look of purpose on his face. If anybody had spoken to him as he rode past, stopping only when he came to a lamp that needed lighting, he would not have heard them.

AND who said incontrovertibly that things are what they seem? That there is only this one life and no little door that you can step through into some other? One beautiful evening, when the warmth of the summer day lingered long past the going down of the sun, and the women stayed outside past their usual time, talking and not wanting to interrupt their conversation or the children's games, and one kind of half-light succeeded another, and the men came home from the fields and sat down to a glass of cold beer, and the dogs frolicked together, and finally there wasn't any more light in the sky, and in fact you could hardly see your hand in front of your face, suddenly a babble of voices arose all over the village, all saying the same thing: "Where is the lamplighter?"

People groped their way into their houses, muttering, "I don't understand it. This sort of thing has never happened before," and in one house after another a light came on, but the streets remained as dark as pitch. "If this happens again, we'll have to get somebody else to light the lamps," the village fathers said, standing about in groups, each with a lanthorn in his hand, and then, chattering indignantly among themselves, they set off in a body for the lamplighter's cottage, intending to have it out with him. A lot of good it did them.

II

ONCE upon a time there was a man who had never been sick a day in his life. When other people were doubled up with stomach cramps, or lay in a darkened room waiting for a migraine to pass, or stuffed themselves with pills that had no effect on their coughing and sneezing, he was not unsympathetic, for he was a very kind man, but the look in his eyes gave him away. It said much too plainly that he didn't understand what pain and discomfort were all about.

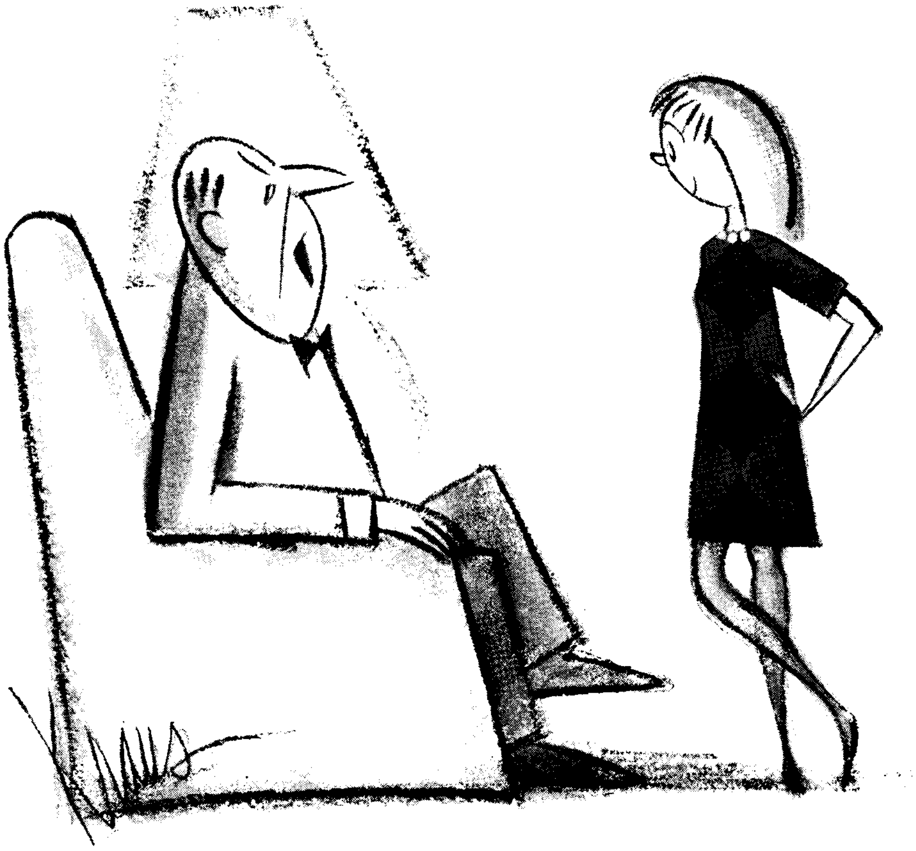
When his wife took sick, she filled a hot-water bottle and made a collection on her bedside table of everything she was likely to want, and when he came to the door and said, with genuine concern in his voice, "Is there anything I can do for you?" she said, "Yes, close the door and leave me alone." So he did. A person who had ever been sick would have felt guilty for being so well as he was, day in and day out. All he felt was the kind of wonder people feel at some flourish of human nature that defies understanding.

But the thing about perfection (and what he had was a kind of perfection) is that one minute it is there and the next it's gone, usually forever. And so the day came when the man who was never sick a day in his life was too sick to get up out of bed and lay in an upstairs room roaring like a bull. The hot-water bottle and the extra pillow behind his back and the nice appetizing tray with the best breakfast china on it he rejected indignantly. And when he couldn't give voice to his indignation because of the thermometer under his tongue, he glared balefully at his wife, as if his swollen glands and backache and hundred-and-one-and-two-tenths temperature were entirely her doing.

"Don't go spreading it all over the neighborhood," he said when she took the thermometer out of his mouth. But it was too remarkable an event to be kept from people, and in no time at all nice nourishing soups and calf's-foot jelly and even flowers began pouring into the house. At the sight of each new offering the man closed his eyes and said, "For God's sake, take it away. What can they be thinking of?"

"You," his wife said.

She left the soup or the calf's-foot jelly or whatever on the bedside table and went out of the room and stayed out a good long time. When she came back, the invalid's food was untouched, so she went right out again and stayed even longer. No remarks were made on either side, but there was a look in his eye that had never been there before, and it was not pleasure in being sick or gratefulness for small attentions. He wouldn't answer questions—wouldn't even speak. So she called the doctor, who was busy, like all doctors, and didn't come until she had given up hope of his ever coming. In the downstairs hall, as he was leaving, he repeated his instructions: the large pills to be given every four hours, the smaller pills at



"Knees may be in, but in this house, young lady, knees are out!"

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bedtime, with the capsules, and said that it would take time and to do what she could to make him comfortable.

"You don't know what you're saying," the woman said.

Upstairs, the sick man heard their voices, which came quite plainly through the ceiling, and then—incredibly—the sound of suppressed laughter. The doctor was an old friend and the laughter was affectionate, but that didn't make any difference. In fact, it made it worse. A wave of hatred came over the man who had never been sick a day in his life—hatred not only of his wife and his friend but of life itself, which had lost its meaning and its virtue, and he realized that he had had enough of it and would just as soon not have any more. So he gave up, refused to lift a finger, stopped caring about anything, and with his face turned to the wall waited for the moment when they would realize that he had lost his hold on life and was going to die.

He got well, of course. His body got well, in spite of everything, and rather sooner than his wife expected. His body got up out of bed and dressed and shaved and went to his office. There was a mountain of mail on his desk and the telephone was ringing. But it was a different man that answered it.

III

ONCE upon a time there was a man with a very beautiful and gentle wife, whose only thought was to cherish and protect him, as his was for her, and their happiness was completed by the birth of a daughter, who, as she grew older, showed every sign of having inherited her mother's beauty and loving nature. It was easy enough to see what the future would bring, except that it did not turn out that way. Suddenly, with no warning, the woman took sick and died, and where then was the man's happiness and the child's future?

For a time he was half mad with grief, and neglected his affairs, and also neglected his child, though he didn't mean to do this, and things steadily went from bad to worse, and people shook their heads over the situation and wished there was something they could do about it. There was, and they did it without realizing it. So many things were said in praise of the dead woman's character that gradually, in the man's mind, she changed; she became perfect, without a flaw. All his memories of her, every loving and tender thing she had ever said to him, fell away, and it was as if he had been married to a photograph. One does not grieve forever over the loss of an ideal person. The man threw himself into his work, the color came back into his face, he smiled more often, and he was seen—dining in expensive restaurants, or in his car, headed for the country on a Saturday afternoon—with a pretty woman, a widow with two nearly grown daughters. No one blamed him for this, or had a word to say against her, except (and this was not really against her) that she wasn't exactly the person they would have expected him to show an interest in.

The wedding was small and quiet, and among the guests were a number of people who had been devoted to his first wife. He particularly wanted their approval and blessing on his marriage, and it was not withheld. But there was, of course, someone who was even more important to him. When the minister had pronounced them man and wife and they turned to face the wedding guests, the man's eyes sought out first of all his daughter. After his wife's death, in their bewilderment, they had clung to each other like drowning creatures, but during the last few weeks he had discovered that sorrow is more easily shared than happiness. Though she was docile about everything, he had no doubt but that in her heart she blamed him for not remaining faithful to her mother's memory. As he bent down and kissed her, he told himself that when she was a little older he would be able to put things in a light that she could understand and accept.

Unfortunately, children do not always want to understand, though sometimes, when one would prefer that they didn't, they understand all too well. The girl continued to reject her stepmother's affection, no matter how tactfully it was held out to her. Both the man and his wife had been prepared for this. What they did not expect was that it would go on so long. Since nothing was lacking to his happiness but his daughter's willingness to be a part of it, at times he could not help being exasperated with her. Up till now, she had never given him any trouble whatever, and so, as his wife pointed out, he was not used to being patient with her. When they were talking about the problem, late at night as they were undressing for bed, her conclusion always was that they should not add to the

DREAM

(AFTER COMING ON JEROME S. SHIPMAN'S COMMENT*
CONCERNING ACADEMIC APPOINTMENTS FOR ARTISTS)

The committee—now a permanent body—
formed to do but one thing,
discover positions for artists, was worried, then happy,
rejoiced to have magnetized Bach and his family
"to Northwestern," besides five harpsichords
without which he would not leave home.
For his methodic unmetronomic melodic diversity
contrapuntally appointedly persistently
irresistibly Fate-like Bach—find me words.

Expected to create for university
occasions, inventions with wing,
was no problem after stiff master-classes (stiffer in Germany) . . .
each week a cantata; chorales, fugues, concerti!
Here, students craved a teacher and each student worked.
Jubilation! Re-rejoicings! Felicity!
Repeated fugue-like, all of it, to infinity.
(Note too that over-worked Bach was not irked.)

Haydn, when he had heard of Bach's billowing sail,
begged Prince Esterházy to lend him to Yale.
Master-mode expert fugue-al forms since, prevail.

Dazzling nonsense . . . I imagine it? Ah! nach
enough. J. Sebastian—born at Eisenach:
its coat-of-arms in my dream: BACH PLAYS BACH!

—MARIANNE MOORE

Encounter, July, 1965

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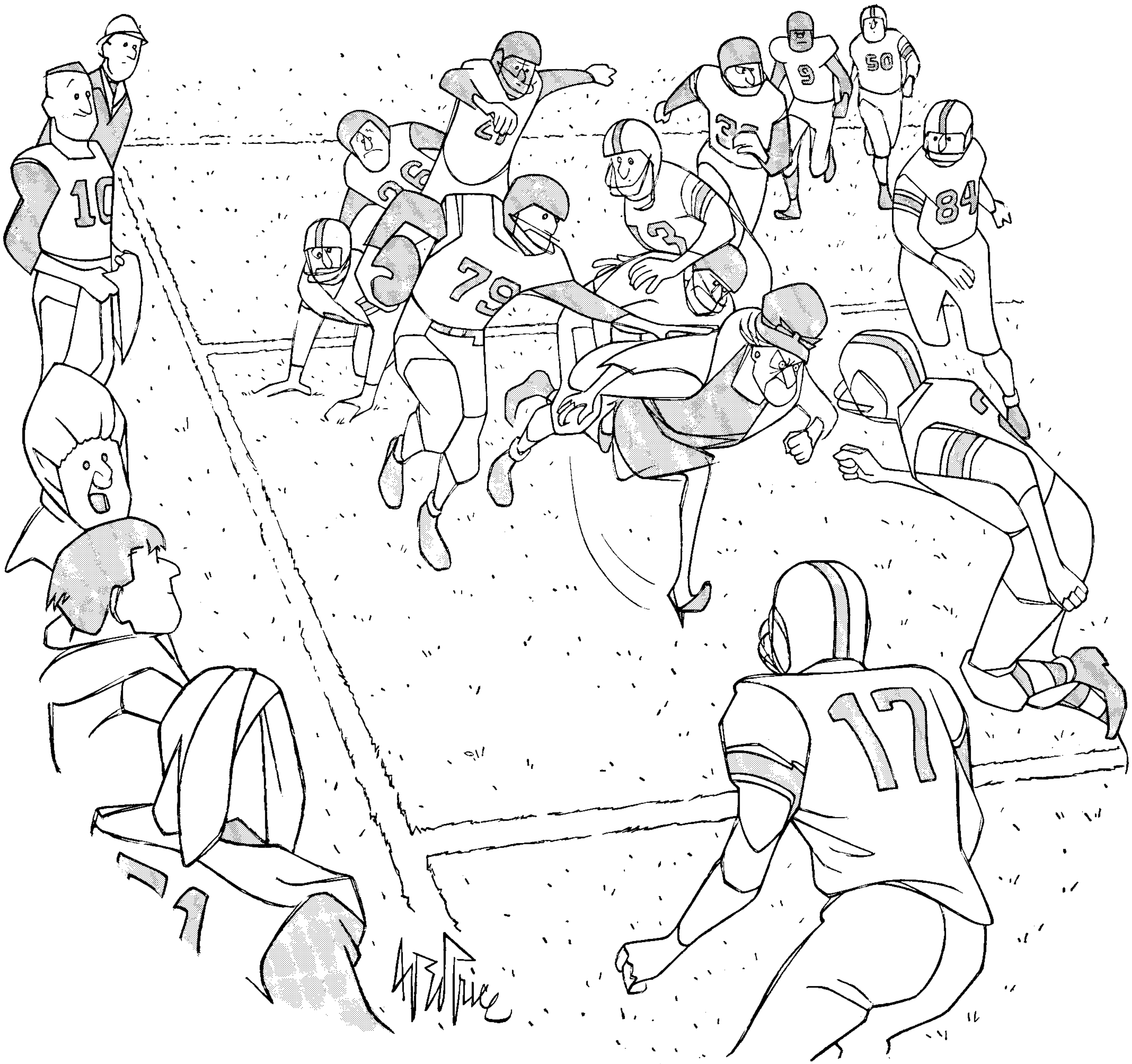
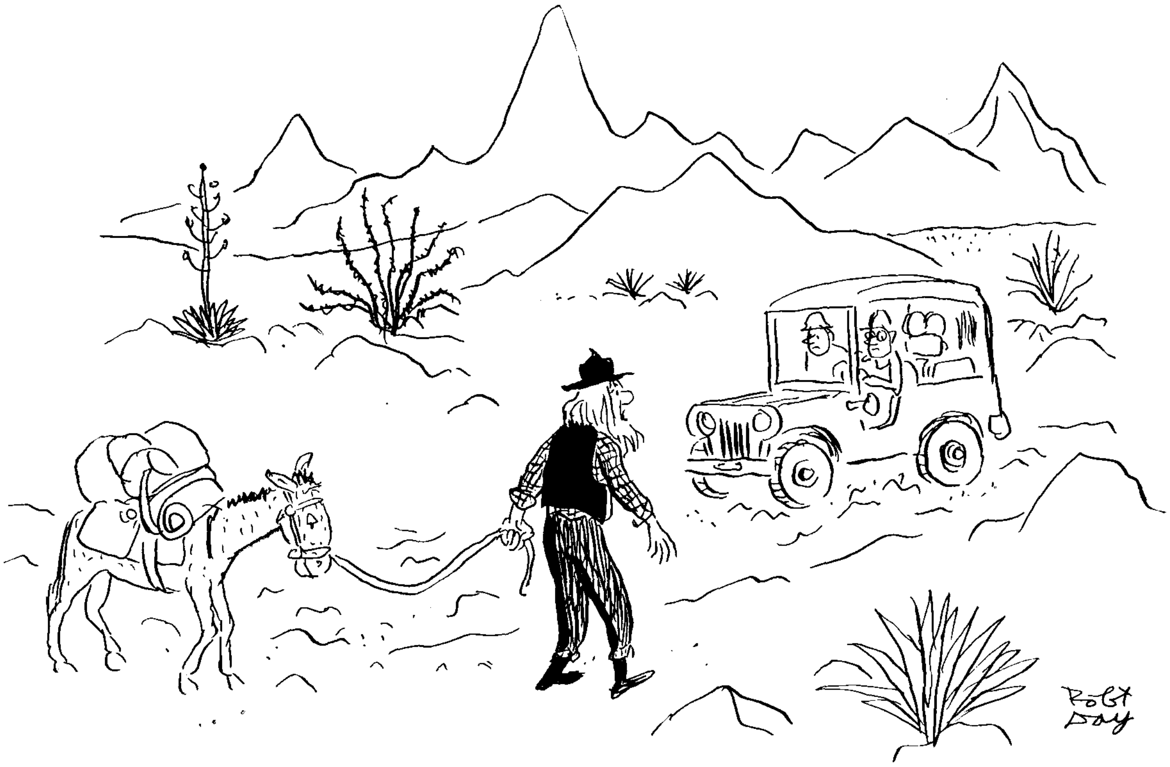


"My mother doesn't even bother to come to the games."

difficulty by exaggerating its seriousness. It would work itself out, with time. "Besides," she would say, as she sat at her dressing table putting cleansing cream on her face, "it isn't as if there was anything personal in the poor child's attitude. It's just a classical situation, and it has to be dealt with intelligently." Or she would say, "All that is perfectly true, and sometimes I feel like turning her over my knee and spanking her. But it doesn't help to get emotionally involved. Then you are fighting it out on her level, which is just what she wants."

When the man got home at night and his daughter threw her arms around him, he returned her embrace tenderly and kissed her on the cheek, and then after a second disengaged himself, for she was at an age when, the books all agreed, it was unwise to prolong demonstrations of affection. As one would have expected, the girl had no friends. She came straight home from school and went upstairs to her room and read until dinnertime. When the telephone rang, it was always for her stepmother or her stepsisters. "Isn't there somebody you'd like to have come and spend the night with you?" the woman would ask, and the girl would shake her head and stare at her stepmother as if she was prying into something that was none of her business. "I know perfectly well I am exaggerating," the woman said afterward, as she and her husband were sitting together in their cosy little library, having their evening drink. "And in any case, I shouldn't let her get under my skin. It's just that it came on top of a long and rather difficult day. Let's not talk about it anymore."

BUT they did talk about it, of course. It concerned them too deeply for them to be able to ignore—or forget about—what went on under their eyes every day. As she pointed out, it would have been far easier, when the girl did something she shouldn't have, to tell him and let him deal with it, but this was not really the way to break down her resistance. It was why so many women never succeeded in winning the affection of their stepchildren and were merely tolerated when they were not actively disliked by them. Also the girl would know—how could she not



"The Lost Angel Gold Mine? Hell no! I'm looking for europium oxide and dumortierite."

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know?—where the information came from.

She treated the girl exactly as she treated her own two daughters. If they had been disrespectful or disobedient, she would have had no choice but to punish them, for their own good. And since her stepdaughter was of an age when she could no longer be spanked, punishment had to take the form of withholding privileges and pleasures. So, when she was buying pretty new frocks for her own daughters, she chose something for her stepdaughter as well, and then, regretfully, put it back on the rack.

When the girl's behavior had been particularly flagrant, she was not allowed to eat with the family, and since it would not have done to have her confiding in the servants, she was made to eat in her room, from a tray. This was not a fairy tale, and so no fairy godmother appeared to change the pumpkin into a coach, and all that, and send the girl off to a ball where the prince was waiting to fall in love with her. Instead, she cried herself to sleep, grew pale and thin, was untidy in her appearance, and more and more obstinate in her conduct, and in every way possible confirmed her stepmother's view of the situation, which at times was close to despairing. They consulted an eminent child psychologist, who confirmed their fears and at the same time reassured them, for it was something of a comfort to know that the girl was like other emotionally disturbed children and not a unique case. He suggested that she would probably do better with a woman analyst. The therapist he recommended had studied with Anna Freud, and had a German accent, and was a chain smoker, and looked like a man, but she was very intelligent. The girl refused to play with the doll's house and the blocks, but she listened politely to what the woman said. In brief, what this amounted to was that the wicked stepmother of fairy tales is really a disguise—the child's repressed hostility toward its real mother, the rival for the affection of the father, becomes a projection. By forcing her stepmother into this role, she had, in a sense, been keeping her dead mother alive and near her. The simple truth was that she did not hate her stepmother but was, if anything, too fond of her, and jealous of her stepsisters, who had a stronger claim on her stepmother's affection. Understanding this should have resulted in some change in the girl's behavior but it didn't. She kept the appointments with the analyst, though about other things she was very forgetful. But she answered all questions reluctantly and did not free-associate. It appeared that she could not or would not believe that the analyst—that, indeed, anyone—was on her side. In the end, the analyst reported to her parents that there was no transference, and the treatments, which were, God knows, expensive enough, were discontinued.

Those overtures that were made to her—as a rule, privately—by old friends of the family, women who had known and loved her mother, the girl also rejected, or perhaps misunderstood, and so after one or two attempts the women stopped trying to do anything for her, in the belief that there was nothing they could do.

"What I fear," her stepmother said, "above everything else in this world, is that she will run off with the first man who looks at her. The Fuller Brush man, or somebody who works in a filling station." And that was exactly what happened, only it was a second-hand car salesman, and he was neither charming, nor well brought up, nor mentally her equal. He was not even very young.

AT first the girl's father was inclined to blame himself severely, and wanted to rush after the couple and make sure that they did not regret their action. But his wife convinced him that it was too soon for them to be anything but excited by what they had done, and he would simply be the villain who threatened their happiness. If it was the mistake that it appeared to be, then they must have time to realize it. If he made things too easy for them now, they would all the rest of their married life look to him to solve their problems. Reluctantly, he was prevailed upon to wait, to delay his forgiveness, to do nothing. And things did not turn out so badly as one might have supposed. Though the second-hand car salesman wasn't anything to write home about, the girl's only thought was to cherish and protect him, and for a time they were quite happy. When he took to drink and beat her, she left him and lived with someone else, for she had already experienced the worst that can happen to anybody, and knew that loving-kindness can vanish overnight, and girls who lose their mother and are more handsome than their stepsisters have no one and therefore better learn to look after themselves.

—William Maxwell

THE NAME OF PATRICK HENRY

HE called himself Patrick Henry, but nobody believed it. When he said, "Good morning, my *baas*," they did not greet him with "Good morning, Patrick Henry," or "Patrick," or "Mr. Henry." Something seemed to stick in their throats and they could not say it. With a name like Jim or John, he might have got by. Plenty of people would say, "Hey, Jim, carry that bag!" And in the shops, "What do you want, John?" His own people either spoke to him as Brother or used a nickname like Mahleka, which means "a laughing kind of man." He enjoyed a laugh, of course, though not about this.

If I start eating my feet, I could end up swallowing myself, he thought. He crouched over his knees in the sand at the roadside somewhere between the city outskirts and the bush that hid its clusters of shanty slums. The sun plumb above him bored a hole in his back. He could see his toes inside his boots through the cracked uppers. Once, they were new boots bought at an Indian store, but since his misfortune he had not been able to afford another pair and now there was hardly any life in them at all. People admired their own feet, he had noticed. Still, it was undeniable that his feet were good—broad and strong. They had carried him wherever he went and would not willingly desert or betray him. They were one thing he could trust. He took the boots off to have a better view and began rubbing comfortably between his toes.

Those boots had stood by him for nearly a year and a half, ever since the police raid for dynamite saboteurs—or secret societies, or something else equally beside the point—when Patrick Henry had been dragged into the net, held for possible complicity in the revolutionary underground. From that moment, his real troubles began. He cleared himself after four months, but he lost his job meanwhile as a clerk in Beaumont & Ditchwell's law office. Endless complications followed for him over his identity and other papers. Twice he was sent to prison and for six months he worked as a convict laborer hired to a fruit farmer far out in the country. In his red shirt and canvas shorts, he soon was a trusted foreman—kept the records, and was weigh clerk and dispatcher in control of the big crop. The farmer called him Noah and wanted to keep him on in a full-time job. But this was not allowed by law and he was returned to prison in the city, released and rearrested the same day. He appealed to his old employer, Mr. Beaumont, and the lawyer had him released from the police cells and now was going to help him find himself. He had to prove who he was: he had to prove he had been born in the city; he had to show when and where he was born and what he was—what tribe and who was his chief. After all the years of his life (he was not sure how many), he had to be given his place, his hole in the wall. If he was not born in the city, the government would not let him stay. He would be ordered home and never allowed back. But in that case he had to know where home was—which reserve and chief and headman.

A shadow fell across him and at the same time a voice that filled the air and seemed to come from the sun demanded what he was doing.

"I am thinking how I can swallow myself," he said. A heavy kick in the small of the back made him look up and then jerk to his feet. A man stared into his eyes so close that he lowered his glance after noticing the peak cap and pale-blue uniform of a policeman. He knew it was a bad thing to raise the temper of the police, and he touched his forehead and murmured a respectful greeting.

"You have not said what you are doing."

"I am looking for something, my *baas*."

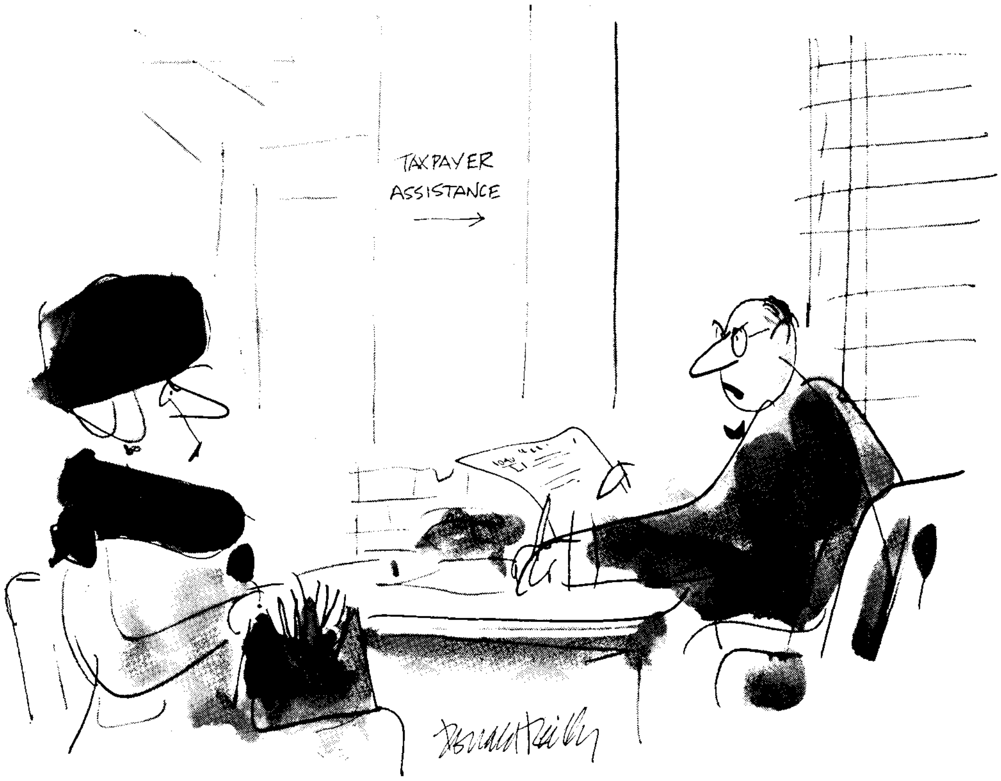
"What?"

"For myself."

The policeman said, "Well, get moving or you may find something else. Get moving."

Patrick Henry started walking along the sandy edge of the road. He had a suspicion that he had been too lucky and might feel any moment a blow on the nape of the neck. But he kept walking and did not look around, and the sand was hot under his bare feet and the hotter sun pounded his shoulders. The policeman passed him, riding slowly on a bicycle, and at that moment Patrick Henry remembered his boots. He turned and started walking back. Though the policeman saw this, he took no more notice. As long as Patrick Henry was walking, moving on, it did not matter which way.

This was the luckiest thing that had happened to him in a long while. Anything might have come out of that encounter—he could have been asked for his papers, a bright pair of steel handcuffs could have been snapped on his wrists, a tooth or two dislodged. But here he was, a free man with the sun shining through the lidless top of his hat. Ahead, he could see his boots still



"I assure you, Madam, that we would not bug your phone for a small matter like twelve dollars and thirty-five cents."

• •

at the roadside; nobody had thought of taking them. He decided happily to eat half of the last chunk of bread he had left in his pocket. While he munched at the crust and slipped on his boots, he glanced now and again up the road for his friend, the lawyer Beaumont.

At last Mr. Beaumont pulled up in his car, and Patrick Henry took off his hat and raised one arm in a fine old-fashioned salute. Beaumont nodded back glassily and licked dry lips; sweat gathering in the grayish, unshaven bristles stood out all over his very red face. From the creases and bits of fluff on his suit, he could have slept in it. The Inspector from the control office was in the front seat at his side—a big man with a blue-veined nose and a hat down over his ears. Patrick Henry got in the back, and seeing there was no room on the seat among the books and bags and spanners and inner tubes, he squatted on the floor.

He had not been back for years to the bush slums around the city northward, but he remembered well the shack where he was born. He was going to point it out to the two men. And there would still be people in the bush, he was sure, and out across the dunes, who remembered his parents—his mother, at least. He himself did not remember his father, or anything about him. And his mother—he was so small when he knew her that he got her confused with Ma-Sarina, the auntie who brought him up. Ma-Sarina was a beer brewer, big and gay but she could strike with her fist like a man. She had a gold ring in one ear and a tooth missing in front. It was she who had pointed out the shack of his birth; only at the time he was not interested in who his parents were—she was enough for both. You took it as a matter of plain sense that at some time you had a father and a mother. But now suddenly they had become important to him. He had to prove they existed once. He had even to prove he had been born at all.

All his life until a year and a half back, his name had not mattered. He had got along without any serious trouble under whatever nickname people chose to use for him, though in his own mind he clung to the conviction that he was Patrick Henry. Perhaps his mother had named him, or Ma-Sarina, or some bush preacher. Children like him had never been registered, so it was useless, of course, to have a search made at the Registry. It was possible he had found the name for himself because he had been called all sorts of things as a child—like Sa-Sa and Lam and Boetie—and at a time when he knew they were babyish had rolled them all up one day and thrown them off. From then on, he was to himself Patrick Henry in the same way that a tree could not be anything but a tree. Secretly, he was proud and sometimes wrote the two names in the careful script he had learned at the mission. He would turn the paper and examine it from all angles, as if searching there for the very essence of himself.

This skill of his with a pen was out of the ordinary, and he put it to many uses. Often he helped people with their identity papers, passes, tax receipts, and work tickets—the different documents that allowed a man to exist. He could copy handwriting, and with blue or purple endorsing ink and a soft pen he could make a perfect impression of any official rubber stamp. Patrick Henry's passes were the best on the market, and he charged only a modest fee, to cover his time and materials and enough, say, for a four-ounce packet of Boxer tobacco. He had not at any time made documents for himself, and he got through without them—or, at least, with only a second-hand registration book in reasonable condition and a bundle of papers in a greaseproof packet that he traded from a man who had no more use for them. He had got through until his misfortune. Then he realized that his second-hand papers were not going to help him with these special police, and he quickly lost them. For one moment, he played with the idea of making a set of papers going back to his birth and inventing a father for himself and perhaps a grandparent or two. So he would be the father of his own father. But he knew at this stage it was too late. Those officials were watching closely; they checked numbers and dates and fingerprints, and his papers were not likely to convince.

Now his money was finished, his clothes were worn out, and his boots were split. He had lost his room and blankets and tin box and also his woman, whose name was Fidelity. Thinking of it as he drove along in the car behind the two silent men, he reckoned up and found he had actually nothing left. Nothing, that is, except his name. The more he turned this over, the stranger it became, and soon he startled the two men on the front seat with a surge of laughter. With one hand he quickly stifled the sound, but his body went on shaking and his neck felt like bursting. The men did not condescend to turn, but after a minute the lawyer said severely, "George, were you laughing?"

"My name is not George, sir. It's Patrick Henry, and I was laughing."

"What at?"

"At that—at my name."

"Well, don't splutter down my neck. Your name is no laughing matter. It's a handicap. I can't do anything for a boy with a handle like that. It's absurd—nobody can take it. Why don't you get rid of it as soon as you can and call yourself something plain, like Tom Mabom?"

"No, sir. I stick to my name. I can't eat it or buy bread with it or I can't smoke it in my pipe. But it's all I have got left. No, sir, any other name but Patrick Henry is dishonest."

"That's rich, coming from him," the Inspector said. "A fraud and a faker. I've seen some of his forgeries, I believe."

"I did not forge my name, sir," Patrick Henry said. "I am not ashamed. I never stole sixpence. I don't lie. I never swallow another man's bread. I never swallow another man's country."

"Shut your mouth, Tom. You're talking out of turn," Mr. Beaumont warned.

They went on, and Patrick Henry directed the lawyer until they left the tarmac and got onto a dirt road between ragged Port Jackson wattles. A few trees were a grimy yellow with fading blossom. In a gap on one side they saw a stagnant swamp, then a straggle of tin shanties and a burned-out brick church with a blackened cross still tilted on the gable. Children and chickens and dogs raced in front of the car.

"Should run a few over," Mr. Beaumont said.

The Inspector nodded.

Patrick Henry's heart was beating up hard. Everything was not only changed but seemed to be the shadow or skin of itself. He wanted to shout to them to wait, so he could rush out and get his arms around a tree trunk and stop it from shifting about. But there were too many and he could not hold everything down. An old wrecked car lay upside down, twined with purple-flowering bindweed. He had seen it before, he knew, but when? Years back in his life? Or was it the same wreck they had passed a mile back along the road? Everything was slipping, and only he remained where he was. Yet at any moment he expected to see Ma-Sarina's pondok with the yellow-and-blue door, and—across the dip where the sand dunes started—the very shack where he had given his first lusty howl.

"Where's this goddam place?" Mr. Beaumont said.

"Very near." He felt desperate, looking out eagerly on both sides for a landmark. "Not ten minutes."

"It better be, because if it's not I'll drop you overboard and let you look for it yourself."

"I paid you, sir."

"You paid—does that make you think you bought me?"

"Not at all, sir."

"You're damn right, Tom. You shouldn't be getting ideas like that. It's not good for your soul." Mr. Beaumont glanced across at the Inspector, who had fallen asleep. "You must understand who are your friends."

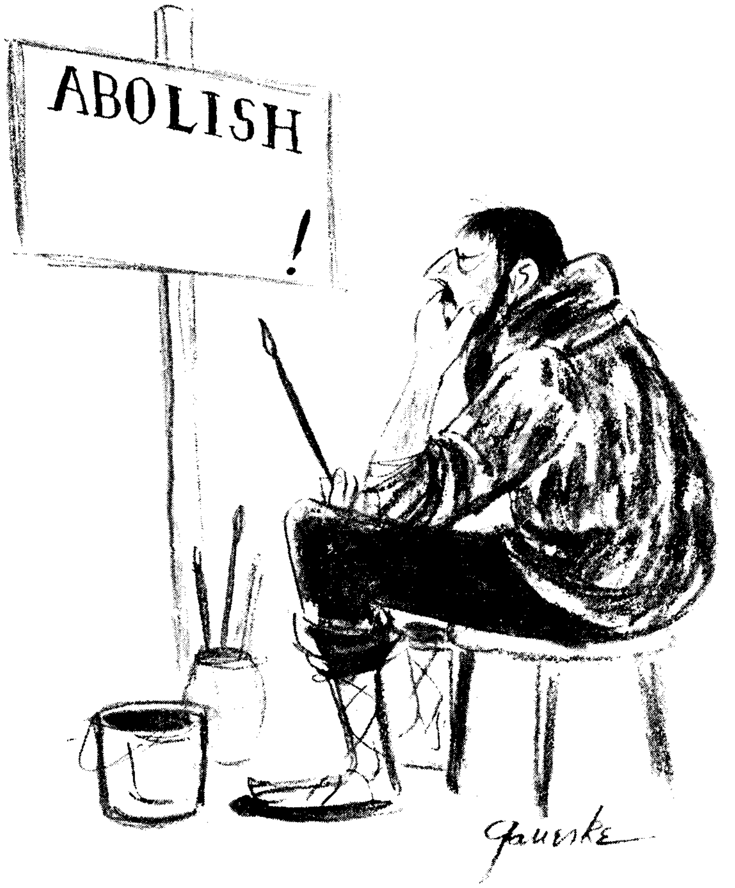
Patrick Henry had paid the lawyer nearly five pounds for this friendship—the last money he had collected and saved over years against the day of his death to buy his body a coffin. But he did not grudge it, and he considered it a fair price to pay to find himself. Any thinking man would do the same. Without the help of Mr. Beaumont, he would not be there and the Inspector would never have raised one finger in his defense.

"Stop!" Patrick Henry called at last. "Sir, stop here, please, for goodness sake!"

The car squealed to a halt in a cloud of dust and, trembling, he got out. Every nerve and vein of his body was filled with a wildness beyond speech, and his heart was jolting so that he felt he was being struck in the side. As the dust dispersed through the tops of the nearest wattles, he turned slowly round, trying to penetrate that scene with his eyes, trying to bore through the surface, through the skin of time and change that covered it all over. Of one thing he was utterly positive—this was the place. Here he had played a thousand times in the dust and sand, had picked marigolds and pink madonna lilies for Ma-Sarina. Here he had watched the sun rise and set and clouds gather on the haze-blue mountains and the treetops waving in the summer winds. His feet seemed to strike root deep into the soil, and his arms were fixed with a frightening weight to his sides. No shadow of doubt—this was where he had lived as a child, where he had been born.

Or was it? He saw not a trace of anything he could recognize. No shacks and mud puddles, no trading store. No sand dune, even, on which Ma-Sarina's place had once stood with its bright yellow-and-blue door. Where the ground used to fall away below the road toward the foot of the first dune, there reared now a vast municipal rubbish dump. Across the road on the north side, a brick and iron building appeared to have been pushed over backward and lay in a heap. He had never seen it before—either standing or fallen.

Some way ahead was an embankment of whitish sand and a half-built bridge for a new railway crossing. Naturally, he had not seen this before, either. You could expect new things. He stared at the nearby piles of tipped rubbish, glints of tin cans and broken glass, paper, rotting stuff, bottomless pails, red-brick dust. Farther off, smoke from smoldering parts of the dump drifted over and darkened the air and made all the hills and pits of refuse look like a kind of hell or a battlefield or a nightmare. In the smoke Patrick Henry



saw hunched figures moving or crawling slowly about, and as they blundered over the garbage black carrion birds and gray gulls flew up, circled noisily, and settled elsewhere. One of the figures straightened up and faced toward him—a woman in search of food or usable things. She quickly turned back to her task, driven by competition from the other women and the scavenging birds.

"Things have changed," Patrick Henry said to the lawyer, and shook his head.

"Is this the place or isn't it?" the lawyer said in his rasping, gravelly voice.

"This is the place, but it is not the same place."

"Come on, Tom, I'm not here to waste time. Either it is or it isn't the right place. And if it is, show us the bloody shanty where you had the misfortune to be born, and we can find a witness or two and make sworn affidavits. But this yes-and-no business—what's the gentleman here going to say if that's the best you can do?" He glanced at the Inspector, who was asleep with his head back and the hat over his eyes and black worn-off teeth showing in his open mouth.

Patrick Henry spread wide his hands in a sign of terrible uncertainty. The lawyer could not understand the agony in his breast and the doubts swarming and fluttering up in him. What was he—a scribbled name on a piece of paper? Did God know about him? And suppose there was no God? Then there was no Patrick Henry, so there was no point trying to find the place or proving that he had been born. But then Beaumont did not exist, either, or the Inspector with his black tooth stumps and blue-veined nose and the gurgles and rattling in his throat. "It's funny," Patrick Henry said, and turned to hide his smile.

"Damn funny," the lawyer said. "What do you mean to do about it?" He began unscrewing the stopper to a half-jack of brandy, and looked his client half kindly, half mockingly in the eyes.

"Sir, I'll go and talk to those women over there."

"Don't go treading in any muck or I'll not have you back in the car. I don't want to be stunk out."

Patrick Henry thought the car was dirty enough and stank as it was, but he did not wish to quarrel with Mr. Beaumont. "Sir, how can I walk on a muck heap without treading in muck?"

"Take your boots off, and clean your feet before you put them on again. Hell, is that all you have in the way of boots? You might find a better pair out there."

"I was thinking that, too, sir."

"Well, step on it, man. Our friend will be waking up in a minute."

Patrick Henry went off across the first hills of the dump, picking his way carefully. From the crest of the higher ridges of rubbish he thought he might get a view over to the old sand dune where Ma-Sarina used to point out his birthplace. When he reached the first of the women scavengers, he greeted her and she raised herself and glared at him with an angry scowl.

"What do you want? There are enough of us already."

"I don't want anything, Mother, unless it's a decent pair of boots."

THE FOSSILS

I

In the cliff over the frog pond
I clawed in the flagmarl and stones,
crushed up
lumps half grease half dust:
atrypas came out,
lophophyllidiums casting shadows,
corals bandaged in wrinkles,
wing-shaped allorismas,
sea-lily discs . . .
that did not molder into dust
but held.

Night rose up
in black smoke, making me blind.
My fingertips rubbed
smooth on my brain, I knelt in the dark, cracking
the emptiness:
poking up spirifers into flying black dust,
letting sylvan remains slither through my fingers,
whiffing the glacial roses,
feeling the pure absence of the ephemera . . .
And shall I have touched
the ornithosuchus, whose wings
try, not to evade earth, but to press closer on it?

II

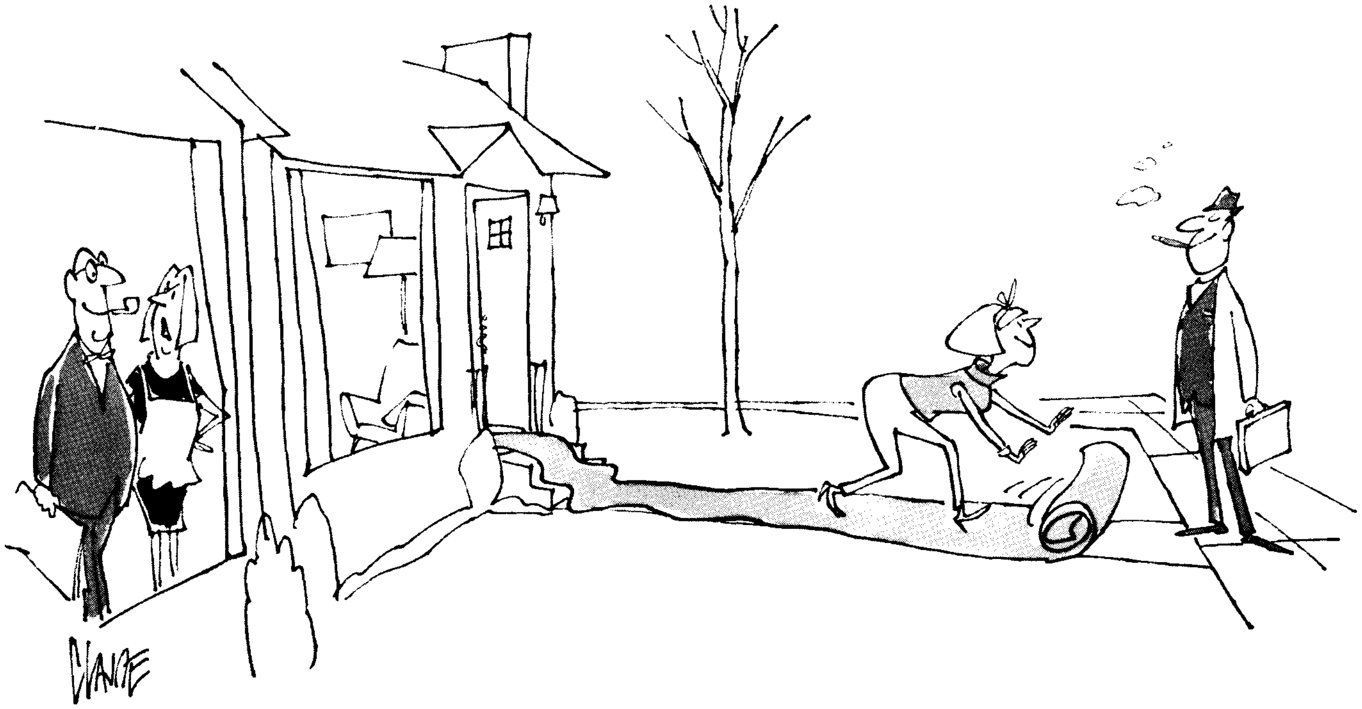
While Bill Gratwick flapped, pranced,
and called the dances,
lightheaded
as a lizard on hind legs I sashayed
with Sylvia, of the woods, as woodwinds
flared and crackled in the leaves,
Sylph-ia, too, of that breeze
for whom even the salamander rekindles wings;
and I danced the 18th Century shoulder-rub
with Lucy,
my shoulder blades starting to glitter
on hers as we turned, sailbacks
in laired and changing dance,
our faces
smudged with light from the fingertips of the ages.

III

Outside, in dark fields,
I pressed the coiled
ribs of a fingerprint on a stone:
first light in the flesh.

Over the least fossil
day breaks in gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

—GALWAY KINNELL



"But boy! Would you change your tune when you got the bill for the carpet!"

• •

"Boots! Are you daft? The council rubbish men get those."

The smoke and stench made him cough, and he could see there were a good many more pickers and gatherers than could be seen from the road. They were concealed by the ravines and clefts in the dump. Many of them were children, each with a small sack slung over one shoulder. The birds whickered and yacketed above his head. "Mother, do you remember Ma-Sarina that lived in a house in these parts with a yellow-and-blue door just about where we are standing now? She's dead, but she used to live here with a young boy and everyone knew her and they used to call out to her, 'Ho, Mother, how's the brew?' And she . . ."

The woman stared at him wide-mouthed, as if certain now that he was off his head. "I never knew her. I don't come from here."

"Where do you live?"

"Paradise Park, over there." She pointed high in the sky to show it was a long way off. "A place in the bush."

"Did people move from here to Paradise Park?"

"Maybe. Yes, some might come from these parts."

"Who takes your rent, Mother?"

"A lawyer man in town, but we never see him. We deal with his servant—the Devil." She spat.

"You are hard up, I see."

"Yes, but there are poorer than us."

He smiled and went higher up the ridge. From the top he could catch sight through the smoke and murk of some open gray sand patches, where a bulldozer had knocked off the tops of the dunes. Beyond them was a high wire fence stuck all over in a mad pattern of wind-blown scraps of paper and trash. If ever his birthplace had stood there—which he could hardly imagine—not the slightest sign remained of it. Nothing. No mark or shape or hint to bring back any memory whatever, except only the far-off blue outlines of the mountains. But they were wrapped to themselves and did not speak to him.

Other scavengers appeared and told him people had been thrown out to make way for the garbage, and they had built shacks in the bush wherever they could. Some might be at Paradise Park, if they were not dead. His only hope, he decided finally, was to go there and look for older people to identify him.

When he got back to the car, the brandy bottle was empty. The Inspector had climbed into the rear to continue his sleep, and Mr. Beaumont, whose eyes seemed smaller, looked at Patrick Henry from the driver's seat like a stranger. "Who the hell are you?"

He felt dazed by this. Surely the lawyer had not forgotten him—or was it true that he had slid out of the day, out of the time, and was no more real than the smoke that blew about and was gone? He looked to make sure he cast a shadow, and seeing that he did he answered stubbornly, taking hold of the door handle, "Sir, you know I am Patrick Henry."

"Who? Ah, yes, that god-awful name. Well, did you find anything?"

"The place where I was born is perhaps just over the top of the rubbish. But to tell you the truth, sir, it's not there anymore."

"You mean it does not exist?"

"That's correct."

"Then you weren't born!" The lawyer guffawed.

"No, sir. The place has been—what shall I say? Wiped out."

"You can't tell them that. Nobody will swallow such a story."

"I will produce the witnesses. I found out where they might have gone, sir. To Paradise Park. Can we go there now?"

The name had a bad effect on the lawyer. "Paradise Park! Not a damn. That's the other side of nowhere. You don't see me going there. You can go yourself, George, if you think you'll find anything."

"What about him?"

Mr. Beaumont turned to examine the sleeping Inspector. "Forget about him. Push off quick before he wakes again, or he won't let you go. But you better be back at my office tomorrow, with or without your witnesses. If you try to decamp, the police will pick you up and you'll spend a year in jail this time."

"Where would I decamp to?" Patrick Henry demanded, indignant. "I have got nowhere to go. I'm not here, I'm not there, I'm not anywhere or anyone. How would you like to be like that, sir?"

"Don't be damn crazy. I know who I am."

"Do you?"

"What do you mean?"

"I'm only asking, sir. And him—is he God or something? Does he decide who I am? Does he know who he is himself?"

"Look here, Tom. Better take my advice and get moving."

Patrick Henry raised his hat, said goodbye, and walked off along the road, trying to think out this thing and keep calm. He wanted to laugh, and then the blood beat up into his head and he felt blinded and mad. Behind him he heard the car turn and drive off. He walked quietly on, and soon he had a feeling that he would like to eat the rest of the bread. But he could still smell the acrid, dirty smoke from the smolder-fires in the great dump, and that put him off. He passed the embankment and railway-building works, which he noticed on closer view had been abandoned partly finished. Coarse grass stood on the earth fills, and the blade of a broken-down machine was dark with rust. The road became narrower and the bush closed in more, and it was strange to him but also slightly familiar and his nerves sang with ripples of sensation as things he hardly understood groped at and faintly touched him. The sun shone full and hot, and the air, free of the last taint from the dump, rustled among the wattles carrying scents of herbs and wild flowers. Near the fringes of the first trees at the roadside, he passed numbers of deserted shacks. Some had been knocked over or robbed of sheet iron, and others, made of less durable stuff like tar paper and hessian and pulpboard, were simply sinking into decay and were already half overgrown. He tried to think if he had seen any of them before in any shape, but they meant nothing. Only they made him uneasy, and after one glance he did not look back for fear they might have disappeared.

Then he saw something that fixed him with so deep a stab of recognition that for a minute he could not move. Standing in a grass patch, balanced on three legs, was a gray—almost white—donkey; one long ear fell loosely forward over its drooping head and the other, lop-ended, hung back toward the scraggy mane. Ten, maybe twenty years ago, he had seen this same donkey standing in the same way with exactly the same ears. It was the day he left, but it might have been yesterday. He wanted to rush and fling his arms round the dusty, familiar neck, to jump on the animal's back and ride it like a boy about the tree clumps. But he stood there with bulging eyes and the pulse strong in his neck. This was the same donkey, the same place, even the same time. Ma-Sarina had not died and he was back where he started. Nothing *had happened. All the years and the* sunsets, the money and women—Fidelity included—were like things that flitted past on the roadside. The donkey belonged to Ma-Sarina's cousin Josef. He would find Josef, he would find Ma—and, back just a little, he would find his mother.

Patrick Henry went close to the donkey and it moved a step away, turning to stare at him. There was no doubt. He clapped it on the rump and shouted in the old way, "Home, you! Tru—tru!" The animal moved off and he followed, waving his arms and hailing delightedly, feeling he was almost a boy again, but not quite.

A man stepped out of the trees and called to him, "Brother, what's this? Where are you off to?"

He felt caught out, but he said, "I'm driving it home."

"Where to?"

"Oh, to Josef's—isn't this Josef's donkey?"

"You are trying to make out I stole it."

"I don't know you, Brother; I only think this is Josef's old donkey. If you don't think so, ask Ma-Sarina."

"And where will I find her place to ask?"

"That is what I want to ask you—where?"

"You mean you don't know?"

"I am looking for her place, but things have changed, and . . ."

The man had come up close and he looked friendly, with clear broad features and gentle eyes and his skin very black. "There's no Josef or Ma-Sarina around here. You made a mistake about the donkey."

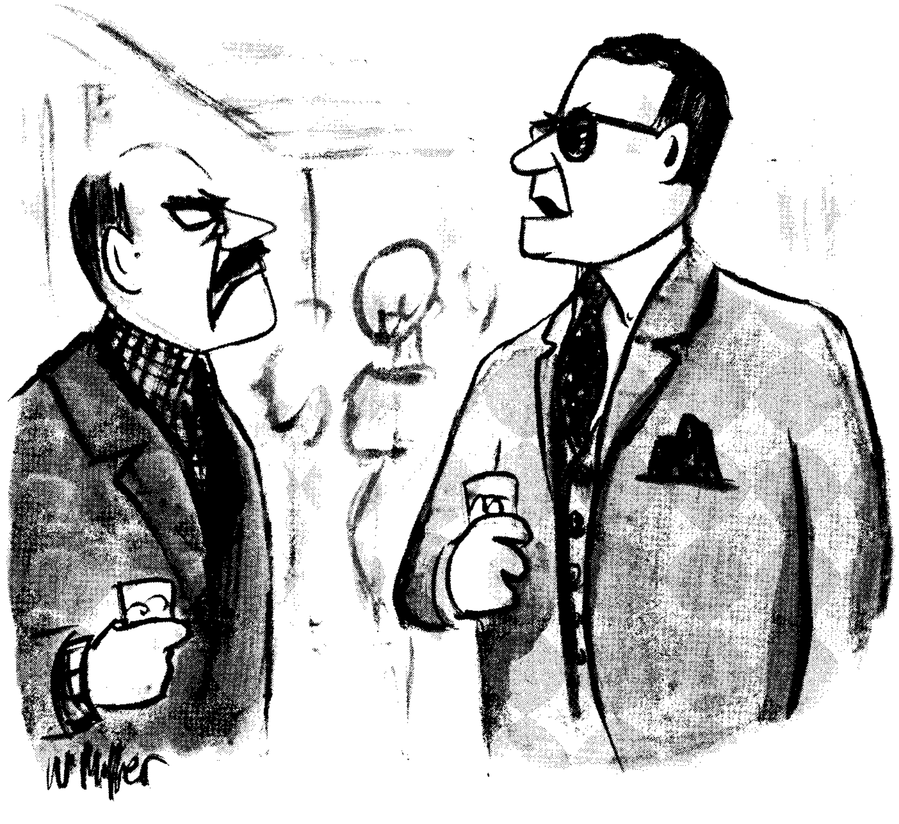
"Yes, I think I made a mistake."

The man laughed amicably and without a taunt, and Patrick Henry laughed, too. "Who are you, Brother?" the man asked.

"I am nobody," Patrick Henry said. "I used to be someone, but now . . ." He shrugged his shoulders and they both laughed again.

"I understand," the man said. "Unless you have a full stomach, come and share a pot with me."

The stranger took him deeper into the bush, to a small shanty carefully hidden in a dense thicket. "No houses are allowed here, but a man must live. I am also a nobody!" They both rocked with amusement and they felt they had been old friends. They ate their meal



"Educational TV is for people who are unable to cope with real TV."

out of the pot in the open—in the sun, with their backs to a tree. The grass was still green and flecked with wild flowers—white daisies, and blue irises, and here and there the sweet-smelling death-lilies with their curling rosy petals freckled with black at the throat. The onionlike root of these flowers was a strong poison. There were other flowers, like the star-shaped gazanias that children ate—he could remember the sweet taste of them from his own growing days. He told the other man how he had made the mistake about the donkey.

"We all can make mistakes," the other man remarked at the end.

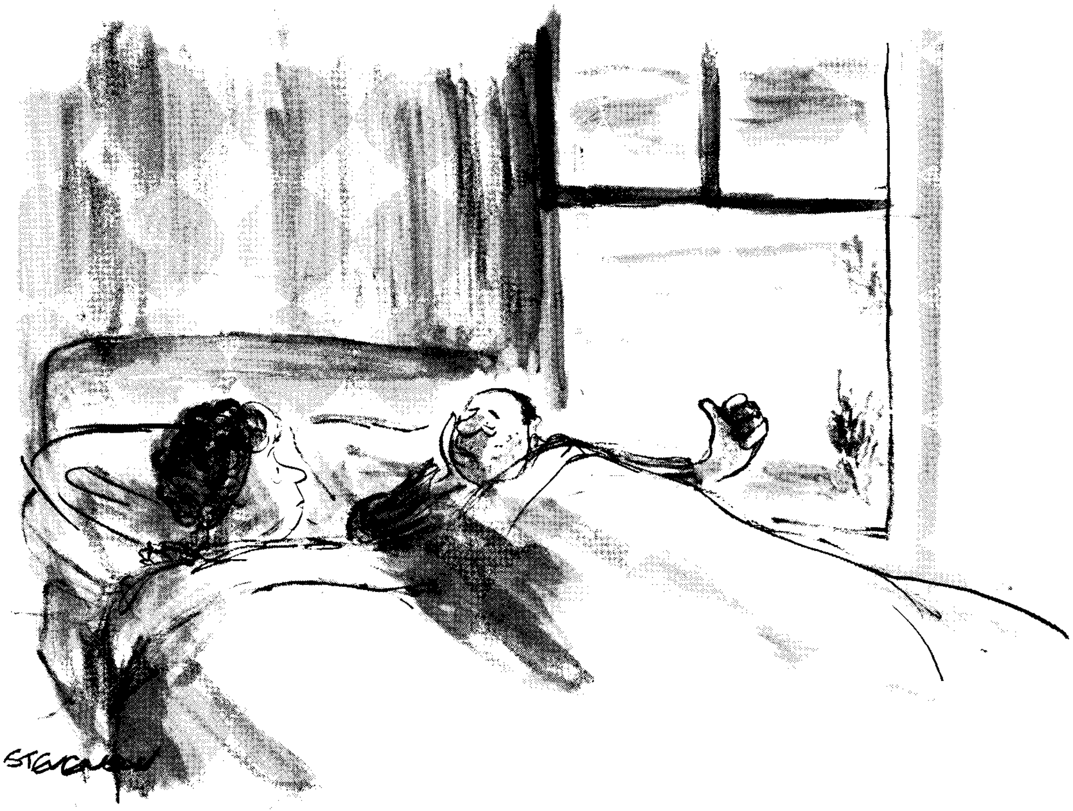
"I think my name may have been one."

"No, then—your name is you and you are your name."

"Ah, that's a way of saying it."

"You can't swallow your name or your spirit."

"No . . ." Patrick Henry scratched with a stick in the sand and looked sidewise at the stranger, and he was not altogether convinced.



"I said, 'But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad, / Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.' What did you think I said?"

• •

LATER, following the road, he came to a cluster of shacks near the rim of a deep pan that looked as if it once had been a sea-cow pool. In the grass that ran up to the edge of the scrub were more flowers, and among them the dark-spotted reddish lilies with the lingering sweet scent and poison roots. He thought of the power they held under the shallow earth. Yet they could not touch him if he did not have a real life—or if he did not want to have one. He pulled up a handful of the bulbs and walked on. At the edge of the pan, he sat on a bank above the stones where the women came to fill their pots. Children were playing in the grass. Some boys approached him and asked to use his knife for cutting sticks. He said he had no knife. Then they asked mischievously if they could not borrow his hat or his boots. An old woman stood listening and, thinking the jibes had gone far enough, she chased them away. "I see you are very tired," she said to him.

"Something in me is tired, but not my heart or my body," Patrick Henry said. "How did you know?"

"It is in your face. And I saw you pulling the roots. Who are they for?"

"Myself."

"Is this over some fool of a woman?" she asked.

He only laughed.

"Ah, you can laugh!" She shook her head and went on down to the stones.

Toward sunset, he was still in the same place above the rim of the water. People stood near their shacks, and he could feel they were talking about him and were afraid. The old woman came and stood behind him some distance off. "Speak to me, my child," she said.

"A long time ago, where the rubbish is now there was a house and a woman in it called Ma-Sarina."

"Sarina—a big woman—she wore a gold ring in one ear and had a gap in her teeth?"

He nodded without turning. His chest was flooded with pain.

"And she had three children. One died," the old woman went on.

"Did she have a boy?"

"Yes, a small boy."

"What was his name?"

"Ha! It is a long time."

"You have forgotten?"

"Yes, yes—I am old. I might remember."

"Do you know anyone else who was there?"

"They are all scattered. I left when my man was sent to prison."

He got up and stood in front of her, smiling. It was his only chance. If she did not know . . . He thought how he might make a brew of the bulbs, a last, foaming red drink. "Mother, do you remember if the boy's name was Patrick Henry?"

He could see before she said anything or made a movement—the blank in her eyes, the lapse from the past. "It is a long time," she repeated, looking down. The sun was setting, and she asked him to go back with her.

But he did not move. "I could be that boy," he said.

"You?" She sounded alarmed. "Ah, did everyone forget you, my child?"

"Yes," he said. "Everyone."

—JACK COPE

•

What is really new is that now in 1965, Italians are waking up to the fact that tourism is the country's biggest business (it is estimated that, by the end of the year, 25 million foreigners will have spent over a million dollars—or the equivalent of the entire deficit in the blackest year of the recent crisis.)—*The New Republic.*

And not a drunken sailor among them.

ANNALS OF CRIME

IN COLD BLOOD

IV—THE CORNER

(EDITOR'S NOTE: ALL QUOTATIONS IN THIS ARTICLE ARE TAKEN EITHER FROM OFFICIAL RECORDS OR FROM CONVERSATIONS, TRANSCRIBED VERBATIM, BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND THE PRINCIPALS.)

INSTITUTIONAL dourness and cheerful domesticity coexist on the fourth floor of the Finney County Courthouse, in Garden City, Kansas. The presence of the county jail supplies the first quality, and the so-called Sheriff's Residence, a pleasant apartment separated from the five cells that make up the jail proper by steel doors and a short corridor, accounts for the second. For the last three years, the Sheriff's Residence has in fact been occupied not by the sheriff, Earl Robinson, but by the under-sheriff and his wife, Wendle and Josephine—or Josie—Meier. The Meiers have been married more than twenty years. They are much alike—tall people with weight and strength to spare, with wide hands, with square and calm faces, and a kindly look, the last being especially true of Mrs. Meier, a direct and practical woman who nevertheless seems illuminated by a quite mystical serenity. As the under-sheriff's helpmate, she puts in long hours; between five in the morning, when she begins the day by reading a chapter in the Bible, and 10 P.M., her bedtime, she cooks for the prisoners, sews and darns for them, does their laundry, takes splendid care of her husband, and looks after the five-room Sheriff's Residence, with its *gemütlich* mélange of plump hassocks and squashy chairs and cream-colored lace window curtains. The Meiers have one child, a daughter, who is married to a Kansas City policeman, so the couple live alone—or, as Mrs. Meier more correctly puts it, "alone except for whoever happens to be in the ladies' cell."

The jail actually contains six cells. The sixth, the one reserved for female prisoners, is actually an isolated unit situated inside the Sheriff's Residence; indeed, it adjoins the Meiers' kitchen. "But that don't worry me," says Josie Meier. "I enjoy the company. Having somebody to talk to while I'm doing my kitchen work. Most of those women, you got to feel sorry for them. Just met up with Old Man Trouble is all. Course, Smith and Hickock was a different matter. Far as I know, Perry Smith was the first man ever stayed in the ladies' cell. The reason was the sheriff wanted to keep him and Hickock separated from each other until after their trial." Perry Edward Smith and Richard Eugene Hickock were a young pair of ex-convicts who had confessed that in November of 1959 they murdered in his home a prominent Finney County farm rancher, Herbert W. Clutter, and three members of his family: his wife, Bonnie; their sixteen-year-old daughter, Nancy; and a son, Kenyon, fifteen. Smith and Hickock were arrested on December 30, 1959, in Las Vegas, Nevada; on January 6, 1960, they were returned to Garden City to await trial. Robbery and a desire to avoid the consequences of possible identification were the confessed motives for the crime.

"The afternoon they brought them in, I made six apple pies and baked some bread and all the while kept track of the goings on down there on Courthouse Square," Josie recalls. "My kitchen window overlooks the square; you couldn't want a better view. I'm no judge of crowds, but I'd guess there were several hundred people waiting to see the boys that killed the Clutter family. I never met any of the Clutters myself, but from everything I've ever heard about them they must have been very fine people. What happened to them is hard to forgive, and I know Wendle was worried how the crowd might act when they caught sight of Smith and Hickock. He was afraid somebody might try to get at them. So I kind of had my heart in my mouth when I saw the cars arrive, saw the reporters—all the newspaper fellows running and pushing. But by then it was dark, after six, and bitter cold, and more than half the crowd had given up and gone home. The ones that stayed, they didn't say boo. Only stared. Later, when they brought the boys upstairs, the first one I saw was Hickock. He had on light summer pants and just an old cloth shirt. Surprised he didn't catch pneumonia, considering how cold it was. But he looked sick, all right. White as a ghost. Well, it must be a terrible experience—to be stared at by a horde of strangers, to have to walk among them, and them knowing who you are and what you did. Then they brought up Smith. I had some supper ready to serve them in their cells—hot soup and coffee and some sandwiches and pie. Ordinarily, we feed just twice a day—breakfast at seven-thirty, and at four-thirty we serve the main meal—but I didn't want those fellows going to bed on an empty stomach; seemed to me they must be feeling bad enough without that. But when I took Smith his supper—carried it in on a tray—he said he wasn't hungry. He was looking out the window of the ladies' cell. Standing with his back to me. That window has the same view as my kitchen window—trees and the square and the tops of houses. I told him, 'Just taste the soup—it's vegetable, and not out of a can. I made it myself. The pie, too.' In about an hour, I went back for the tray, and he hadn't touched a crumb. He was still at the window. Like he hadn't moved. It was snowing, and I remember saying it was the first snow of the year, and how we'd had such a beautiful long autumn right till then. And now the snow had come. And then I asked him if he had any special dish he liked—if he did, I'd try and fix it for him the next day. He turned round and looked at me. Suspicious. Like I might be mocking him. Then he said something about a movie; he had such a quiet way of speaking—almost a whisper. Wanted to know if I had seen a movie—I forget the name. Anyway, I hadn't seen it; never have been much for picture shows. He said this show took place in Biblical times, and there was a scene where a man was flung off a balcony, thrown to a mob of men and women, who tore him to pieces. And he said that was what came to mind when he saw the crowd on the square. The man being torn apart. And the idea that maybe that was what they might do to him. Said it scared him so bad his stomach still hurt. Which was why he couldn't eat. Course, he was wrong, and I told him so—nobody was going to harm him, regardless of what he'd done; folks around here aren't like that. We talked some—he was very shy—but after a while he said, ‘One thing I really like is Spanish rice.’ So I promised to make him some, and he smiled, kind of, and I decided—well, he wasn’t the worst young man I ever saw. That night, after I’d gone to bed, I said as much to my husband. But Wendle snorted. Wendle was one of the first on the scene after the crime was discovered. He said he wished I’d been out at the Clutter place when they found the bodies. Then I could’ve judged for myself just how *gentle* Mr. Smith was. Him and his friend Hickock. He said they’d cut out your heart and never bat an eye. There was no denying it. Not with four people dead. And I lay awake wondering if either one was bothered by it—the thought of those four graves.”

A MONTH passed, and another, and it snowed some part of almost every day. Snow whitened the wheat-tawny countryside, heaped the streets of the town, hushed them. The topmost branches of a snow-laden elm touched the window of the ladies’ cell. Squirrels lived in the tree, and Perry, after weeks of tempting them with scraps left over from breakfast, lured one off a branch onto the window sill and through the bars. It was a male squirrel, with auburn fur. He named the squirrel Big Red, and Big Red soon settled down, apparently content to share his friend’s captivity. Perry taught him several tricks—to play with a paper ball, to beg, to perch on his shoulder. All this helped to pass time, but still there were many hours the prisoner had somehow to lose. He was not allowed to read newspapers, and he was bored by the magazines Mrs. Meier lent him—old issues of *Good Housekeeping* and *McCall’s*. But he found things to do: file his fingernails with an emery board and buff them to a silky pink sheen; comb and comb his lotion-soaked-and-scented hair; brush his teeth three and four times a day; shave and shower almost as often. And he kept the cell, which contained a toilet, a washbasin, a shower stall, a cot, a chair, and a table, as neat as his person. He was proud of a compliment Mrs. Meier had paid him. “Look!” she had said, pointing at his bunk. “Look at that blanket! You could bounce dimes.” But it was at the table that he spent most of his waking life. He ate his meals there; it was where he sat when he sketched portraits of Big Red and did drawings of flowers, and the face of Jesus, and the faces and torsos of imaginary women; and it was where, on cheap sheets of ruled paper, he made diarylike notes of day-to-day occurrences.

“*Thursday 7 January. Dewey here. Brought carton cigarettes. Also typed copies of Statement for my signature. I declined.*” The “Statement,” a seventy-eight-page document he had dictated to the Finney County court stenographer, recounted admissions—including the murder of the Clutter father and son—that he had already made to Alvin Dewey and Clarence Duntz, Special Agents of the Kansas Bureau of Investigation, who had questioned him in Las Vegas after his arrest. Dewey, speaking of his encounter with Perry Smith on January 7th, remembered that he had been “very surprised” when Perry refused to sign the statement. “It wasn’t important,” Dewey said. “I could always testify in court as to the oral confession he’d made to Duntz and myself. And, of course, Hickock had given us a signed confession while we were still in Las Vegas—in which he accused Smith of having committed all four murders. But I was curious. I asked Perry why he’d changed his mind. And he said, ‘Everything in my statement is accurate except for two details. If you’ll let me correct those items, then I’ll sign it.’ Well, I could guess the items he meant. Because the only serious difference between his story and Hickock’s was that he denied having murdered the Clutters singlehanded. Until now, he’d sworn Hickock killed Nancy and her mother. And I was right! That’s just what he wanted to do—admit that Hickock had been telling the truth, and that it was he, Perry Smith, who had shot and killed the whole family. He said he’d lied about it because, in his words, ‘I wanted to fix Dick. For being such a coward. Dropping his guts all over the goddam floor.’ And the reason he’d decided to set the record straight wasn’t that he suddenly felt any kinder toward Hickock. According to him, he was doing it out of consideration for Hickock’s parents—said he was sorry for Dick’s mother. Said, ‘She’s a real sweet person. It might be some comfort to her to know Dick never pulled the trigger. None of it would have happened without him—in a way, it was mostly his fault—but the fact remains I’m the one who killed them.’ But I wasn’t certain I believed it. Not to the extent of letting him alter his statement. As I say, we weren’t dependent on a formal confession from Smith to prove any part of our case. With or without it, we had enough to hang them ten times over.” Among the elements contributing to Dewey’s confidence was the recovery of a radio and a pair of binoculars that the murderers had stolen from the Clutter house and eventually disposed of in Mexico City (where a K.B.I. agent named Harold Nye, having flown there for the purpose, traced them to a pawnshop). Moreover, Perry, while dictating his statement, had revealed the whereabouts of other potent evidence. “We hit the highway and drove east,” he’d said, in the process of describing what he and Dick had done after leaving Holcomb, the village where the murders took place. “Drove like hell, Dick driving. I think we both felt very high. I did. Very high, and very relieved at the same time. Couldn’t stop laughing, neither one of us. Suddenly it all seemed very funny—I don’t know why, it just did. But the gun was dripping blood, and my clothes were stained—there was even blood in my hair. So we turned off onto a country road, and drove maybe eight miles, till we were way out on the prairie. You could hear coyotes. We smoked a cigarette, and Dick went on making jokes. About what had happened back there. I got out of the car and siphoned some water out of the water tank and washed the blood off the gun barrel. Then I scraped a hole in the ground with Dick’s hunting knife—the one I used on Mr. Clutter—and buried in it the empty shells and all the leftover nylon cord and adhesive tape. After that, we drove till we came to U.S. 83, and headed east toward Kansas City and Olathe [Hickock’s home town]. Around dawn, Dick stopped at one of those picnic places—what they call rest areas—where they have open fireplaces. We built a fire and burned stuff. The gloves we’d worn, and my shirt. Dick said he wished we had an ox to roast; he said he’d never been so hungry. It was almost noon when we got to Olathe. Dick dropped me at my hotel, and went on home to have Sunday dinner with his family. Yes, he took the knife with him. The gun, too.” K.B.I. agents were dispatched to Hickock’s home, a four-room farmhouse near Olathe, and they found the knife inside a fishing-tackle box and the shotgun casually propped against a kitchen wall. (Hickock’s father, who refused to believe that his “boy” could have taken part in such a “horrible crime,” insisted that the gun hadn’t been out of the house since the first week in November, and therefore couldn’t be the death weapon.) As for the empty cartridge shells, the cord, and the tape, these were retrieved with the aid of Virgil Pietz, a county-road worker, who, using a road grader in the area pinpointed by Perry Smith, shaved away the earth inch by inch until the buried articles were uncovered. Thus the last loose strings were tied. The K.B.I. had now assembled an unshakable case, for the tests established that the shells had been discharged by Hickock's shotgun, and the remnants of cord and tape were of a piece with the materials used to bind and silence the victims.

"*Monday 11 January. Have a lawyer. Mr. Fleming. Old man with red tie.*" Having been informed by the defendants that they were without funds to hire legal counsel, the court, in the person of District Judge Roland H. Tate, appointed as their representatives two local lawyers, Arthur Fleming and Harrison Smith. Fleming, who was seventy-one, was a former mayor of Garden City, a short man who habitually enlivened an unsensational appearance with rather conspicuous neckwear. He resisted the assignment. "I do not desire to serve," he told the judge. "But if the court sees fit to appoint me, then, of course, I have no choice." Hickock's attorney, Harrison Smith, was forty-five, six feet tall, a golfer, and an Elk of exalted degree. He accepted the task with resigned grace: "Someone has to do it. And I'll do my best. Though I doubt that'll make me too popular around here."

"*Friday 15 January. Mrs. Meier playing radio in her kitchen and I heard man say the County Attorney will seek Death Penalty. 'The rich never hang. Only the poor and friendless.'* " In making his announcement, the County Attorney, Duane West, an ambitious, portly man of twenty-eight who looks forty, told newsmen that day, "If the case goes before a jury, I will request the jury, upon finding them guilty, to sentence them to the death penalty. If the defendants waive right to jury trial and enter a plea of guilty before the judge, I will request the judge to set the death penalty. This was a matter I knew I would be called upon to decide, and my decision has not been arrived at lightly. I feel that, due to the violence of the crime and the apparent utter lack of mercy shown the victims, the only way the public can be absolutely protected is to have the death penalty set against these defendants. This is especially true since in Kansas there is no such thing as life imprisonment without possibility of parole. Persons sentenced to life imprisonment actually serve, on the average, less than fifteen years."

"*Wednesday 20 January. Asked to take lie-detector in regards to this Walker deal.*" A case like the Clutter case—a crime of such magnitude—arouses the interest of law-enforcement men everywhere, and particularly those investigators burdened with similar but unsolved crimes, for it is always possible that the solution to one mystery will solve another. Among the many officers alert to events in Garden City was the sheriff of Sarasota County, which includes Osprey, Florida, a fishing settlement not far from Tampa, and the scene, slightly more than a month after the Clutter tragedy, of a quadruple slaying on an isolated cattle-raising ranch. Again the victims were four members of a family—a young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Walker, and their two children, a boy and a girl, all of whom had been shot in the head with a rifle. Parallels aside, there was another circumstance that made Smith and Hickock first-class suspects: on the nineteenth of December, the date of the Walker murders, the Clutter murderers had spent the night in a Tallahassee hotel. Not unnaturally, Osprey's sheriff, who had no other leads whatever, was anxious to have the two men questioned and a polygraph examination administered. Dick consented to take the test, and so did Perry, who told Kansas authorities he had seen reports of the slaying in a Miami newspaper: "I remarked at the time, I said to Dick, I'll bet whoever did this must be somebody that read about what happened out here in Kansas. A nut." The results of the test—to the dismay of Alvin Dewey, who does not believe in extraordinary coincidences—were decisively negative. The murderer of the Walker family remains unknown.

"*Sunday 31 January. Dick's dad here to visit Dick. Said hello when I saw him go past* [the cell door] *but he kept going. Could be he never heard me. Understand from Mrs. M* [Meier] *that Mrs. H* [Hickock] *didn't come because she felt too bad to. Snowing like a bitch. Dreamed last night I was up in Alaska with Dad—woke up in a puddle of cold urine!!!*" Mr. Hickock spent three hours with his son. Afterward, he walked through the snow to the Garden City depot, a work-worn old man, stooped and thinned down by cancer, which would kill him a few months later. At the station, while he was waiting for a homeward-bound train, he spoke to a reporter: "I seen Dick, uh-huh. We had a long talk. And I can guarantee you it's not like people say. Or what's put in the papers. Those boys didn't go to that house planning to do violence. My boy didn't. He may have some bad sides, but he's nowhere near bad as that. Smitty's the one. Dick told me he didn't even know it when Smitty attacked the man [Mr. Clutter]—cut his throat. Dick wasn't even in the same room. He only run in when he heard them struggling. Dick was carrying his shotgun, and how he described it was 'Smitty took my shotgun and just blew that man's head off.' And he says, 'Dad, I ought to have grabbed back the gun and shot Smitty dead. Killed him 'fore he killed the rest of that family. If I'd done it, I'd be better off than I am now.' I guess he would, too. How it is, the way folks feel, he don't stand no chance. They'll hang them both. And having your boy hang, knowing he will—nothing worse can happen to a man."

Perry Smith's only living relatives were his father and a sister, and neither of them wrote to him or came to see him. The father, Tex John Smith, was presumed to be prospecting for gold somewhere in Alaska—though investigators, despite great efforts, had been unable to locate him. The sister, on the other hand, had told investigators that she was afraid of her brother, and requested that they please not let him know her address. (When Perry was informed of this, he smiled slightly and said, "I wish she'd been in that house that night. What a sweet scene!") Except for the squirrel, and except for the Meiers and an occasional consultation with his lawyer, Mr. Fleming, he was very much alone. He missed Dick. "*Many thoughts of Dick,*" he wrote in his makeshift diary one day. Since their arrest, they had not been allowed to communicate, and, freedom apart, that was what he most desired—to talk to

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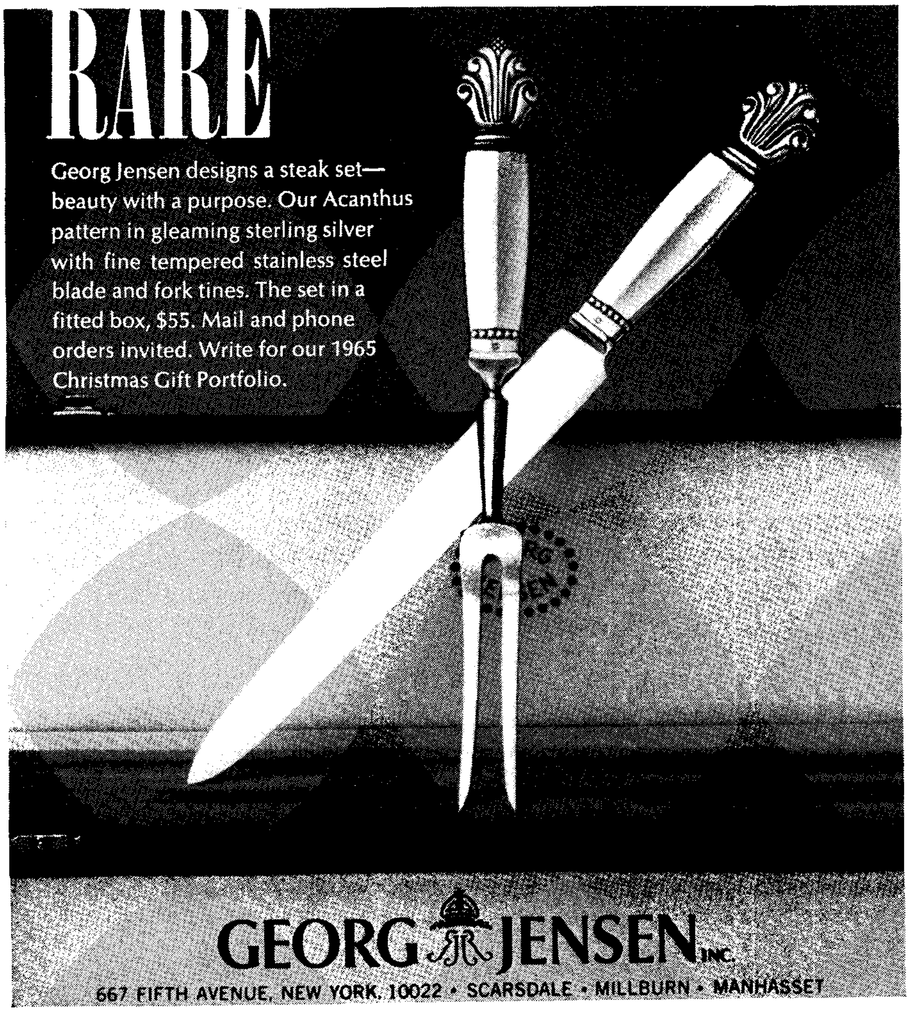

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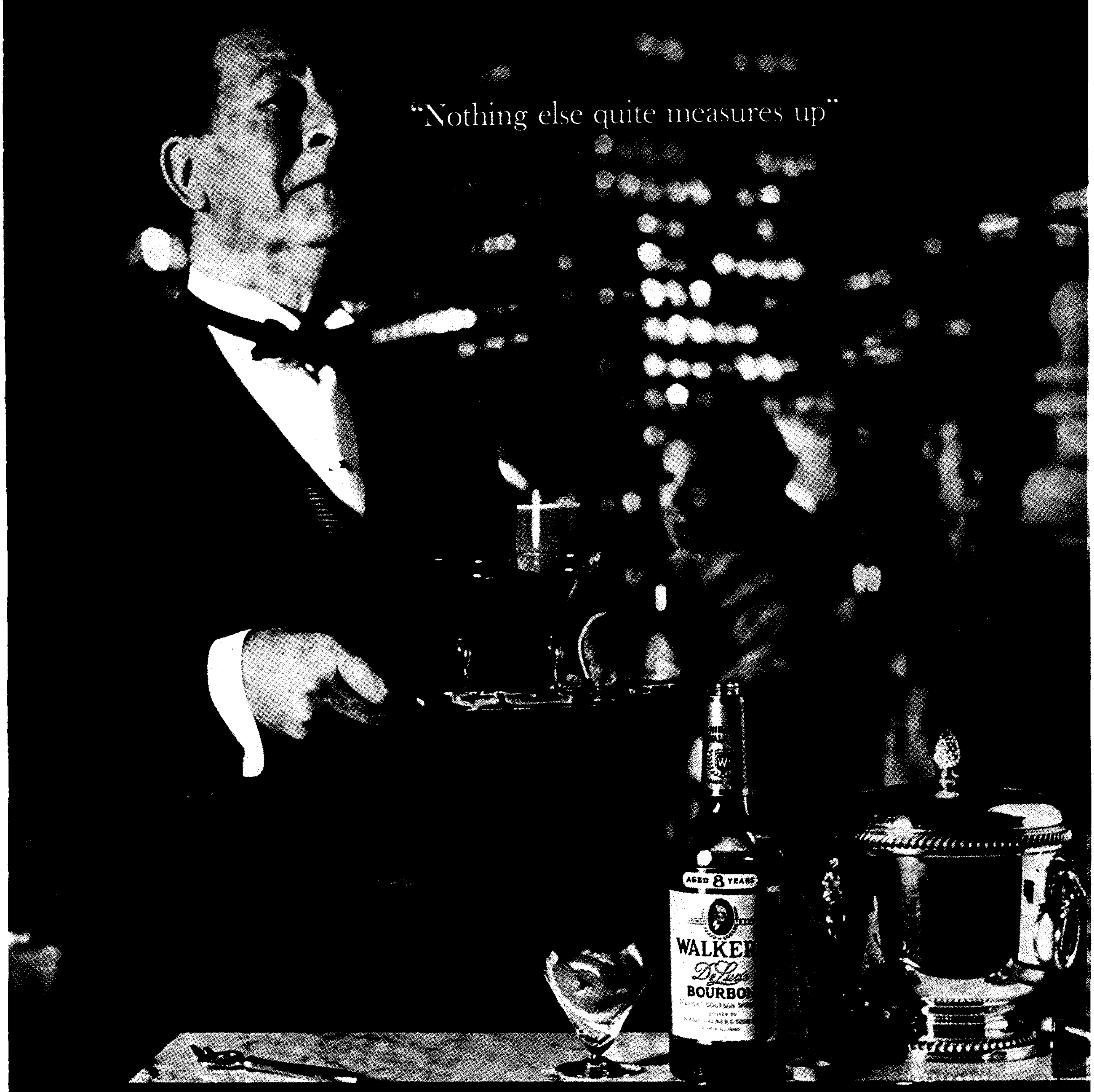
Dick, be with him again. Dick was not the "hard rock" that Perry had once thought him—"pragmatic," "virile," "a real brass boy." He had proved to be "pretty weak and shallow," "a coward." Still, of everyone in all the world, this, for the moment, was the person to whom he was closest, for at least they were of the same species, brothers in the breed of Cain, and, separated from Dick, Perry felt "all by myself. Like somebody covered with sores. Somebody only a big nut would have anything to do with."

But then, one morning in mid-February, Perry received a letter. It was postmarked Reading, Massachusetts, and it went, "Dear Perry, I was sorry to hear about the trouble you are in and I decided to write and let you know that I remember you and would like to help you in any way that I can. In case you don't remember my name, Don Cullivan, I've enclosed a picture taken at about the time we met. When I first read about you in the news recently I was startled and then I began to think back to those days when I knew you. While we were never close personal friends I can remember you a lot more clearly than most fellows I met in the Army. It must have been about the fall of 1951 when you were assigned to the 761st Engineer Light Equipment Company at Fort Lewis, Washington. You were short (I'm not much taller), solidly built, dark with a heavy shock of black hair and a grin on your face almost all the time. Since you had lived in Alaska quite a few of the fellows used to call you 'Eskimo.' One of my first recollections of you was at a Company inspection in which all footlockers were open for inspection. As I recall it all the footlockers were in order, even yours, except that the inside cover of your footlocker was plastered with pictures of pin-up girls. The rest of us were sure you were in for trouble. But the inspecting officer took it in stride and when it was all over and he let it pass I think we felt you were a nervy guy. I remember that you were a fairly good pool player and I can picture you quite clearly in the Company day room at the pool table. You were one of the best truck drivers in the outfit. Remember the Army field problems we went out on? On one trip that took place in the winter I remember that we each were assigned to a truck for the duration of the problem. In our outfit, Army trucks had no heaters and it used to get pretty cold in those cabs. I remember you cutting a hole in the floorboards of your truck in order to let the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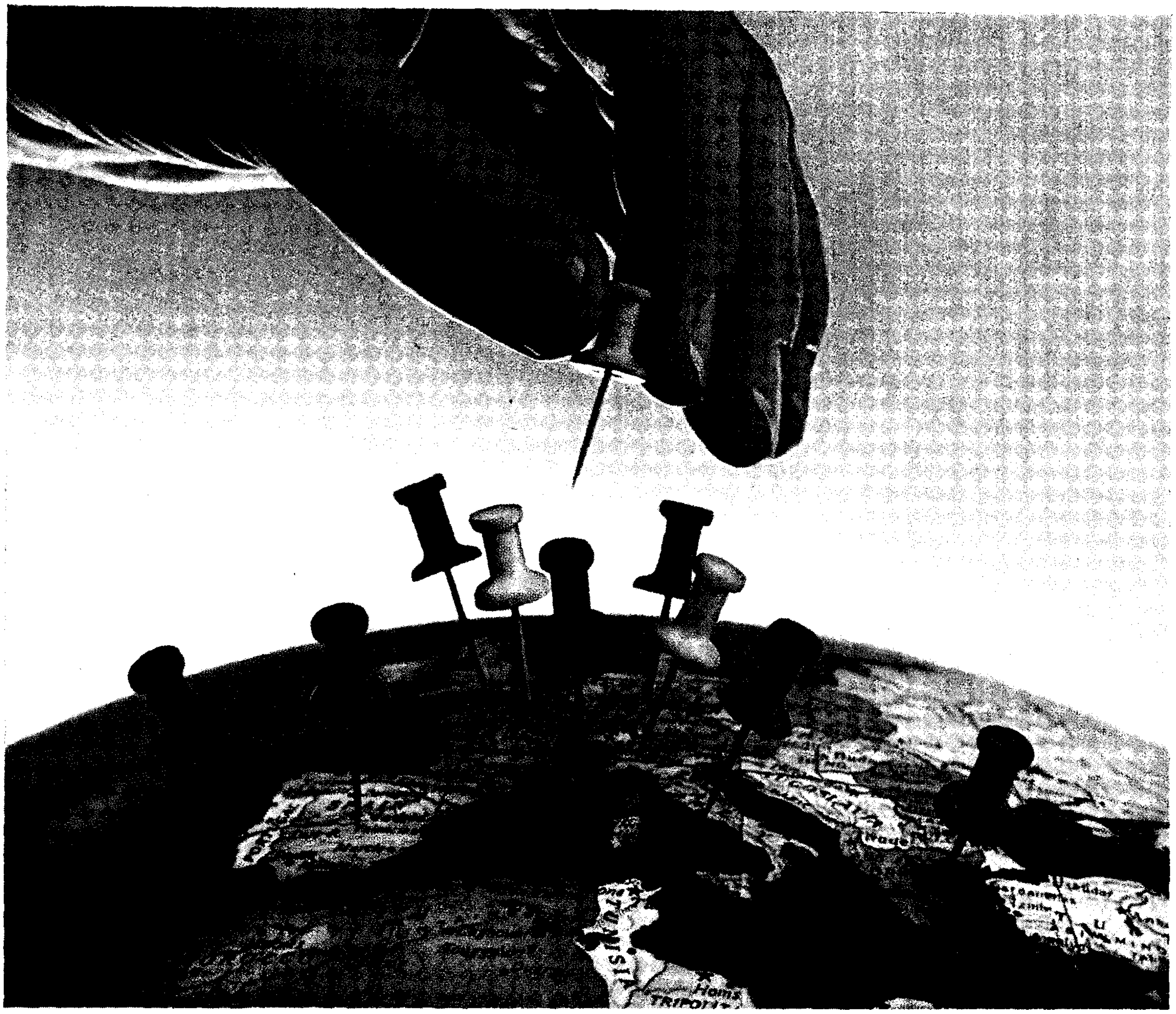

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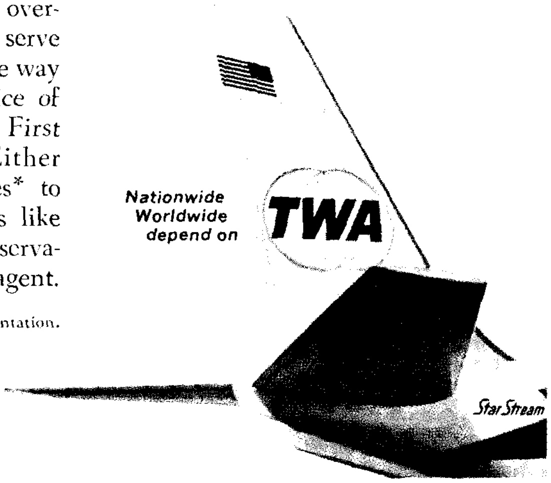
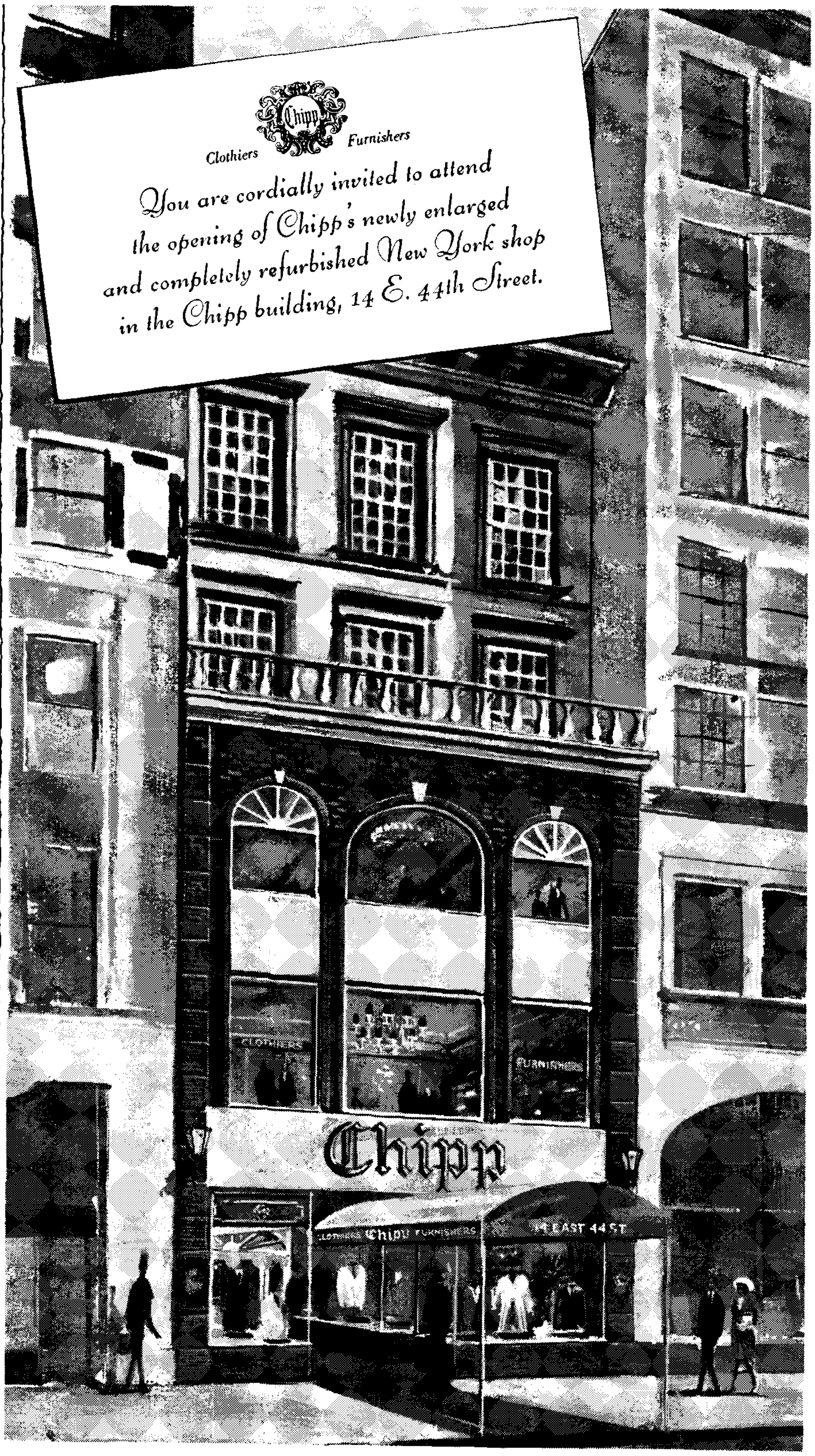


heat from the engine come into the cab. The reason I remember this so well is the impression it made on me because 'mutilation' of Army property was a crime for which you could get severely punished. Of course I was pretty green in the Army and probably afraid to stretch the rules even a little bit, but I can remember you grinning about it (and keeping warm) while I worried about it (and froze). I recall that you bought a motorcycle, and vaguely remember you had some trouble with it—chased by the police?—crackup? Whatever it was, it was the first time I realized the wild streak in you. Some of my recollections may be wrong; this was over eight years ago and I only knew you for a period of about eight months. From what I remember, though, I got along with you very well and rather liked you. You always seemed cheerful and cocky, you were good at your Army work and I can't remember that you did much griping. Of course you were apparently quite wild but I never knew too much about that. But now you are in real trouble. I try to imagine what you are like now. What you think about. When first I read about you I was stunned. I really was. But then I put the paper down and turned to something else. But the thought of you returned. I wasn't satisfied just to forget. I am, or try to be, fairly religious [Catholic]. I wasn't always. I used to just drift along with little thought about the only important thing there is. I never considered death or the possibility of a life hereafter. I was too much alive: car, college, dating etc. But my kid brother died of leukemia when he was just 17 years old. He knew he was dying and afterward I used to wonder what he thought about. And now I think of you, and wonder what you think about. I didn't know what to say to my brother in the last weeks before he died. But I know what I'd say now. And this is why I am writing you: because God made you as well as me and He loves you just as He loves me, and for the little we know of God's will what has happened to you could have happened to me. Your friend, Don Cullivan."

The name meant nothing, but Perry at once recognized the face in the photograph—a young soldier with crew-cut hair and round, very earnest eyes. He read the letter many times; though he found the religious passages unpersuasive ("I've tried to believe, but I don't, I can't, and there's no use pretending"), he was thrilled by it. Here was someone offering help, a sane and respectable man who had once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known and liked him, a man who signed himself "friend."

Gratefully, in great haste, he started a reply: "Dear Don, Hell yes I remember Don Cullivan. . . ."

DICK HICKOCK'S cell had no window—he faced a wide corridor and the façades of other cells—but he was not isolated. There were people to talk to—a plentiful turnover of drunkards, forgers, wife beaters, and Mexican vagrants—and Dick, with his lighthearted "con-man" patter, his sex anecdotes and gamy jokes, was popular with the inmates. (There was one, though, who had no use for him whatever—an old man who yelled at him, "Killer! Killer!," and who once drenched him with a bucketful of dirty scrub water.) Outwardly, Hickock seemed to one and all an exceptionally untroubled young man. When he was not talking or sleeping, he lay on his cot smoking or chewing gum and reading sports magazines or paperback thrillers. Often, he simply lay there whistling old favorites ("You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby," "Shuffle Off to Buffalo") and staring at an unshaded light bulb that burned day and night in the ceiling of the cell. He hated the light bulb's monotonous surveillance; it disturbed his sleep and, more explicitly, endangered the success of a private project—escape. For the prisoner was not as unconcerned as he appeared to be, or as resigned; he intended taking every step possible to avoid "a ride on the Big Swing." Convinced that such a ceremony would be the outcome of any trial—certainly any trial held in the State of Kansas—he had decided to "bust jail, grab a car, and raise dust." But first he must have a weapon, and, over a period of weeks, he had been making one: a shiv, an instrument very like an icepick—something that would fit with lethal niceness between the shoulder blades of Under-sheriff Meier. The components of the weapon—a piece of wood and a piece of hard wire—were originally part of a toilet brush he had appropriated, dismantled, and hidden under his mattress. Late at night, when the only noises were snores and coughs and the lugubrious whistle-wailings of Santa Fe trains rumbling through the darkened town, he honed the wire against the concrete floor of the cell. And while he worked he schemed.

Once, the winter after he finished high school, he had hitchhiked across Kansas and Colorado. "This was when I was looking for a job," he recalled one day. "Well, I was riding in

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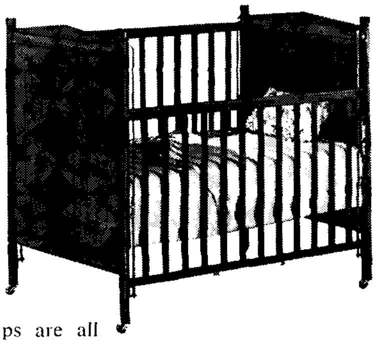

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a truck, and the driver, me and him got into a little argument, no reason exactly, but he beat up on me. Shoved me out. Just left me there. High the hell up in the Rockies. It was sleeting, like, and I walked miles, my nose bleeding like fifteen pigs. Then I come to a bunch of cabins on a wooded slope. Summer cabins, all locked up and empty that time of year. And I broke into one of them. There was firewood and canned goods, even some whiskey. I laid up there over a week, and it was one of the best times I ever knew. Despite the fact my nose hurt so and my eyes were green and yellow. But when the snow stopped, the sun came out. You never saw such skies. Like Mexico. If Mexico was in a cold climate. I hunted through the other cabins and found some smoked hams and a radio and a rifle. It was great. Out all day with a gun. With the sun in my face. Boy, I felt good. I felt like Tarzan. And every night I ate beans and fried ham and rolled up in a blanket by the fire and fell asleep listening to music on the radio. Nobody came near the place. I bet I could've stayed till spring." That, provided the escape succeeded, was the course he had determined upon: to head for the Colorado mountains, and find there a cabin where he could hide until spring—alone, of course. (Perry's future did not concern him.) The prospect of so idyllic an interim added to the inspired stealth with which he whetted his wire, filed it to a limber stiletto fineness.

"THURSDAY *10 March. Sheriff had a shake-out. Searched through all the cells and found a shiv tucked under D's mattress. Wonder what he had in mind* (*smile*)." Not that Perry really considered it a smiling matter, for Dick, flourishing a dangerous weapon, could have played a decisive role in plans he himself was forming.

As the weeks went by, Perry had become familiar with life on Courthouse Square—its habitués and their habits. The cats, for example, the two thin gray toms who appeared with every twilight and prowled the square, stopping to examine the cars parked around its periphery: behavior puzzling to him until Mrs. Meier explained that the cats were hunting food—dead birds caught in the vehicles' engine grilles—and thereafter it pained him to watch their maneuvers, "because most of my life I've done what they're doing, the equivalent." And there was one man of whom he had grown especially aware: a robust, upright gen-

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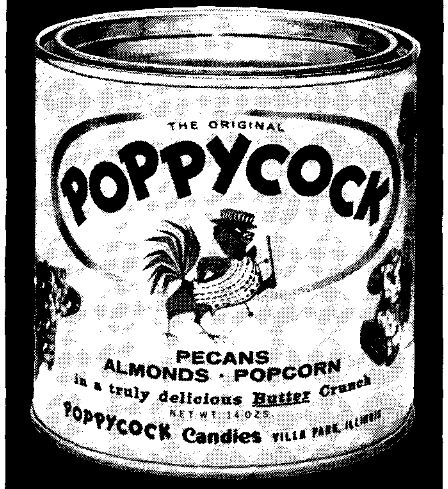
tleman with hair like a gray-and-silver skullcap; his face, filled out, firm-jawed, was somewhat cantankerous in repose, the mouth down-curved, the eyes downcast as though in mirthless reverie—a picture of unsparing sternness. And yet this was at least a partly inaccurate impression, for now and again the prisoner glimpsed him as he paused to talk to other men, joke with them, and laugh, and then he seemed carefree, jovial, generous, "the kind of person who might see the human side"—an important attribute, for the man was Roland H. Tate, Judge of the Thirty-second Judicial District, the jurist who would preside at the trial of the State of Kansas vs. Hickock and Smith. The name Tate, as Perry soon learned, was an old and awesome one in western Kansas. The judge was rich, he raised horses, he owned much land, and his wife was said to be very beautiful. He was the father of two sons, but the younger had died—a tragedy that had greatly affected the parents and had led them to adopt a small boy who appeared one day in court as an abandoned, homeless child. "He sounds softhearted to me," Perry once said to Mrs. Meier. "Maybe he'll give us a break." But that was not what Perry really believed. He believed what he'd written to Don Cullivan, with whom he now corresponded regularly: his crime was "unforgivable," and he fully expected to "climb those thirteen steps." However, he was not altogether without hope, for he, too, had plotted an escape. It depended upon a pair of young men whom he had often observed observing him. One was red-haired, the other dark. Sometimes, standing in the square under the tree that touched the cell window, they smiled and signalled to him—or so he *imagined*. Nothing was ever said, and always, after perhaps a minute, they drifted away. But the prisoner had convinced himself that the young men, possibly motivated by a desire for adventure, meant to help him escape. Accordingly, he drew a map of the square, indicating the points at which a "getaway car" could most advantageously be stationed. Beneath the map he wrote, "I need a Hacksaw Blade 5″. Nothing else. But do you realize the consequences if you get caught (nod your head if you do)? It could mean a long stretch in prison. Or you might get killed. All for someone you don't know. YOU BETTER THINK IT OVER!! Seriously! Besides, how do I know I can trust you? How do I know it isn't a trick to get me out there and gun me down? What



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It *is* frightfully impressive, that dignified little gold sticker that says you paid two dollars for a can of Poppycock. But go ahead, rip it off and watch what happens. People accept a chunk, expecting something akin to caramel corn. Then there's a sort of "boi-n-ng" as they bite into a luscious amalgamation of whole toasted almonds, pecans, and fluffy popcorn, all in a buttery crunch. Suddenly the subject changes from politics to Poppycock. Invariably, someone asks the price. You try to recall..."oh yes...two dollars." Sold mostly in fancier department and food stores.

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If they're hand sewn, they assume the suit is hand tailored.

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For a suit to merit the label "hand tailored", it must be put together with a substantial number of hand operations.

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Or it can be made the Sussex way: two separate pieces (for extra body) sewn together by hand to form a single collar. Then hand sewn again to the back of the jacket, the tailor bending the collar cloth in his fingers, shaping it to the contour of the neck, as he sews.

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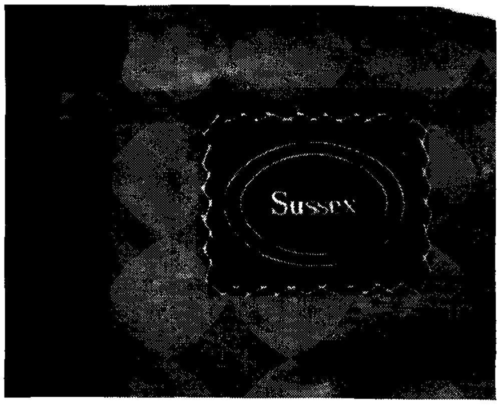

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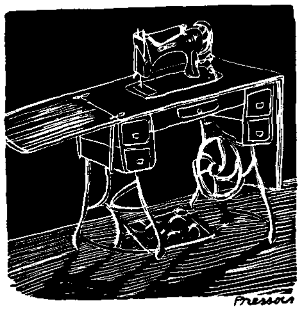
about Hickock? All preparations must include him." He kept this document on his desk, wadded and ready to drop out the window the next time the young men appeared. But they never did; he never saw them again. Eventually, he wondered if perhaps he had invented them. (He once mentioned a notion that he "might not be normal, maybe insane." This had troubled him "even when I was little," he said, recalling, "My sisters laughed because I liked moonlight. To hide in the shadows and watch the moon.")

Whether the young men were phantoms or not, he ceased to think of them. Another method of escape, suicide, replaced them in his musings, and despite the jailer's precautions (no mirror, no belt or tie or shoelaces), he had devised a way to do it. For in his cell, too, was a ceiling bulb that burned constantly; also, unlike Hickock, he had in his cell a broom, and by pressing the broom brush against the bulb he could unscrew it. One night, he dreamed that he had unscrewed the bulb, broken it, and, with the broken glass, cut his wrists and ankles. "I felt all breath and light leaving me," he said, in a subsequent description of his sensations. "The walls of the cell fell away, the sky came down, I saw the big yellow bird." Throughout his life—as a child, poor and meanly treated; as a footloose youth; as an imprisoned man—the yellow bird, huge and parrot-faced, had soared across his dreams, an avenging angel who savaged his enemies or, as now, rescued him in moments of mortal danger. "It lifted me," he said. "I could have been light as a mouse. We went up, up. I could see the square below, men running, yelling, the sheriff shooting at us, everybody sore as hell because I was free, I was flying, I was better than any of *them*."



THE trial was scheduled to start March 22nd. In the weeks preceding that date, the defense attorneys frequently consulted the defendants. The advisability of requesting a change of venue was discussed, but the elderly Mr. Fleming warned his client, "It wouldn't matter where in Kansas the trial was held. Sentiment's the same all over the state. We're probably better off in Garden City. This is a religious community. Eleven thousand population and twenty-eight churches. And most of the ministers are opposed to capital punishment, say it's immoral, unchristian. Even the Reverend Mr. Cowan, the Clutters' own minister and a close friend of the family—he's been preaching against the death penalty in this very case. Remember, all we can hope is to save your lives. I think we stand as good a chance here as anywhere."

Soon after the original arraignment of Perry and Dick, their advocates appeared before Judge Tate to argue a motion urging comprehensive psychiatric examinations for the accused. Specifically, the court was asked to permit the State Hospital in Larned, Kansas—a mental institution with maximum-security facilities, a hundred miles east of Garden City—to take custody of the prisoners for the purpose of ascertaining whether they were "insane, imbeciles or idiots, unable to comprehend their position and aid in their defense." Hickock's attorney, Harrison Smith, informed the court that he had driven to Larned the previous day and conferred with several of the hospital's staff. "We have no qualified psychiatrists in our own community," the attorney noted. "In fact, Larned is the only place within a radius of two hundred and twenty-five miles where you'll find such men—doctors trained to make serious psychiatric evaluations. That takes time—four to eight weeks. But the personnel with whom I discussed the matter said they were willing to start work at once—and, of course, Larned being a state institution, it won't cost the county a nickel."

This plan was opposed by the special assistant prosecuting attorney, Logan Green, who, certain that temporary insanity was the defense his antagonists would attempt to sustain in the forthcoming trial, feared that the ultimate outcome of the proposal would be, as he predicted in private conversation, the appearance on the witness stand of "a pack of head-healers" sympathetic to the defendants. ("Those fellows, they're always crying over the killers. Never a thought for the victims.") Mr. Green, a short, pugnacious man, a Kentuckian by birth, began by pointing out to the court that Kansas law in regard to sanity adheres to the M'Naghten Rule, the ancient British importation contending that if the delinquent knew the nature of his act and knew that it was wrong, then he is mentally competent and responsible for his actions. Furthermore, said

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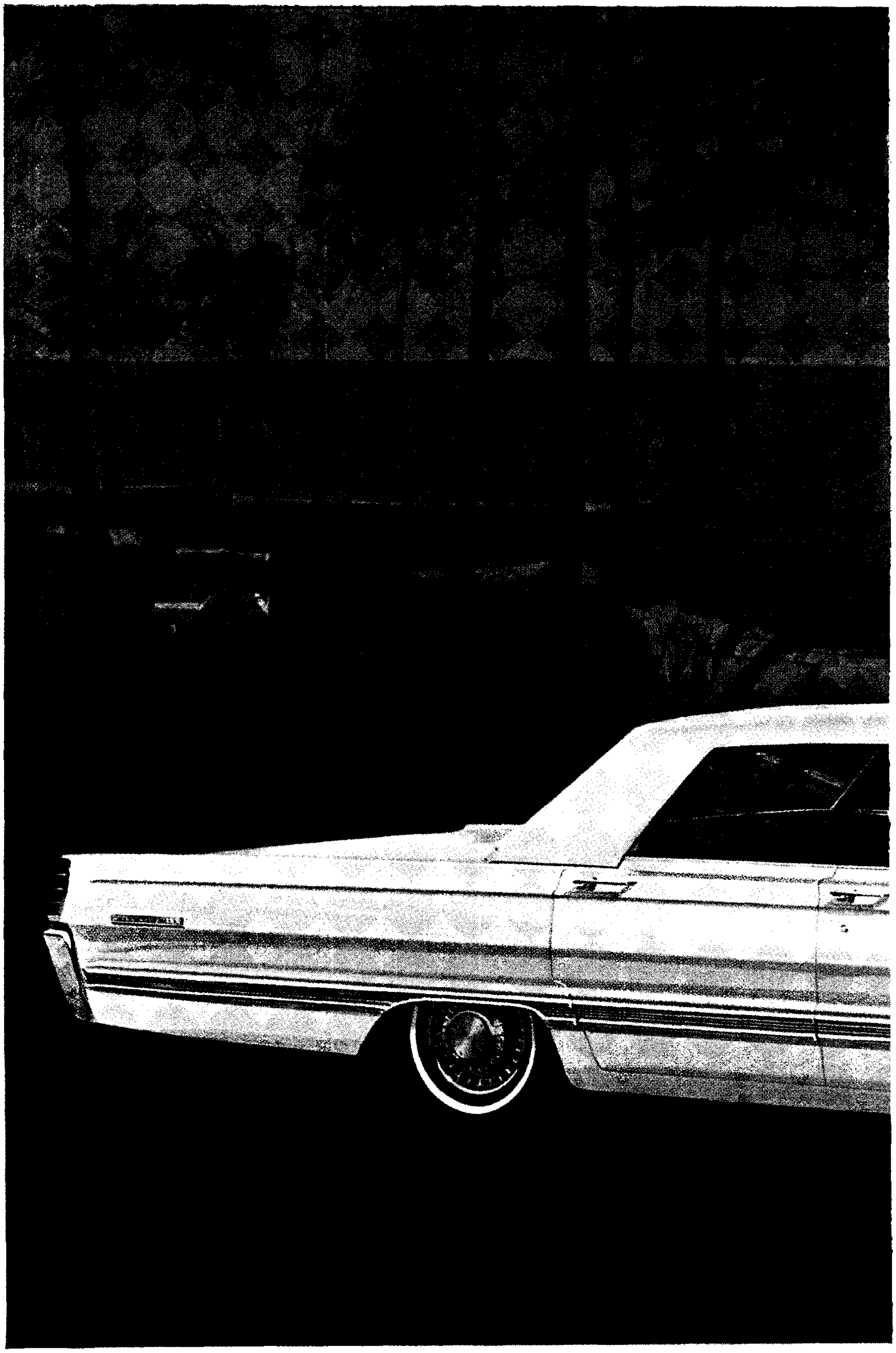

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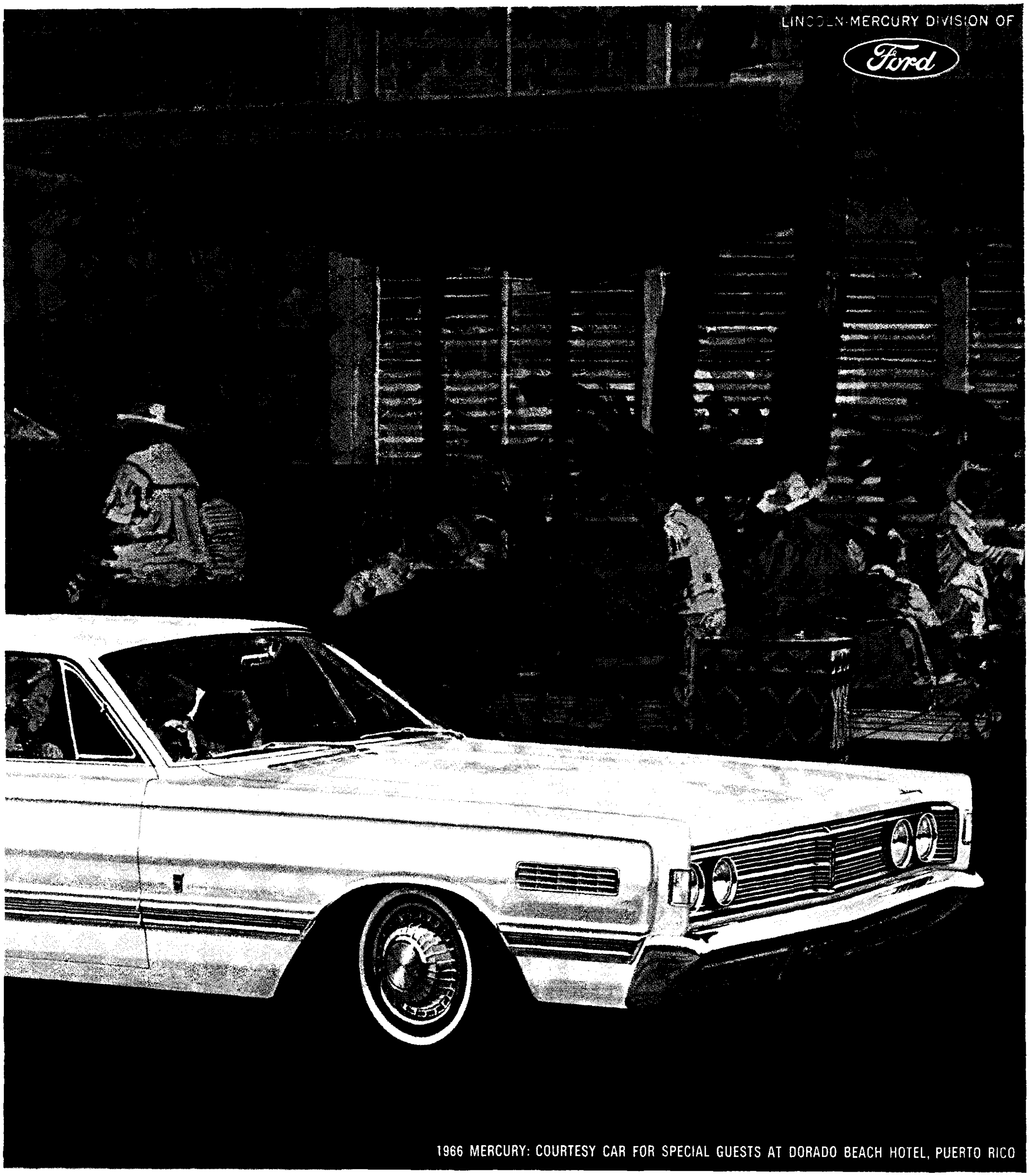

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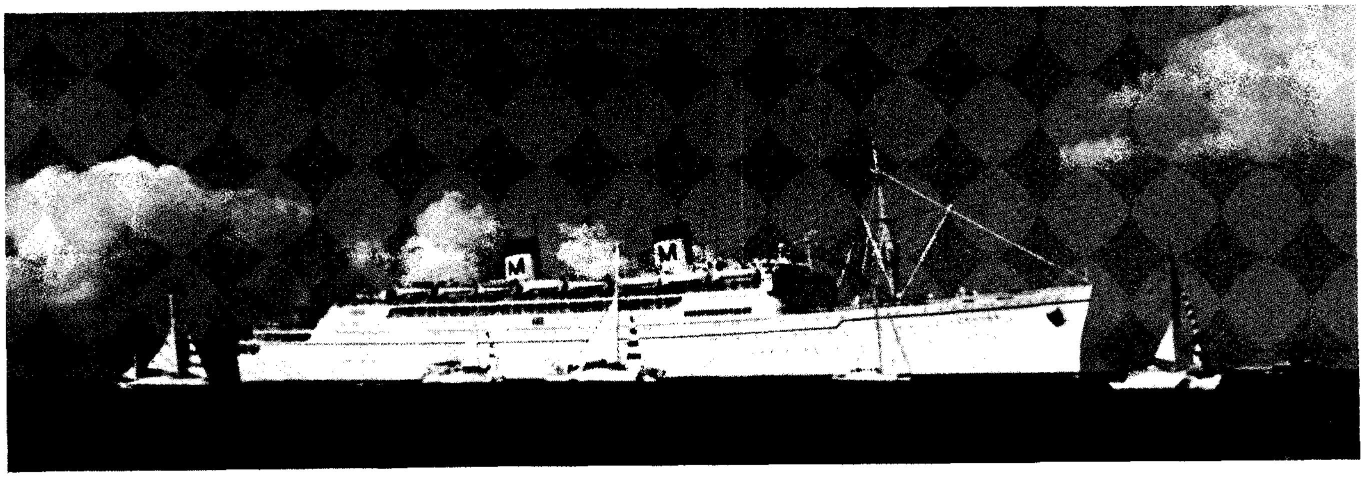

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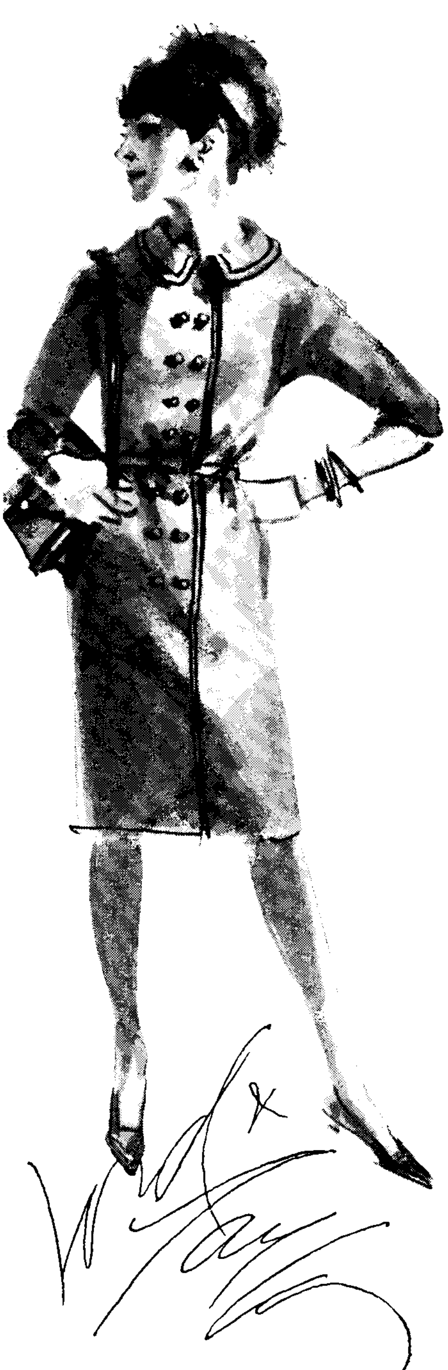
Green, there was nothing in the Kansas statutes indicating that the physicians chosen to determine a defendant's mental condition must have any particular qualifications. "Just plain doctors," he explained. "Medical doctors in general practice. That's all the law requires. We have sanity hearings in this county every year for the purpose of committing people to the institution. We never call anybody in from Larned or psychiatric institutions of any kind. Our own local physicians attend to the matter. It's no great job to find whether a man is insane or an idiot or an imbecile. It is entirely unnecessary, a waste of time, to send the defendants to Larned."

In rebuttal, Counsellor Smith suggested that the situation in question was "far graver than a simple sanity hearing in probate court." Pleading with the judge quite directly, he added, "Two lives are at stake. Whatever their crime, these men are entitled to examination by persons of training and experience. Psychiatry has matured rapidly in the past twenty years. The federal courts are beginning to keep in tune with this science as related to people charged with criminal offenses. It just seems to me we have a golden opportunity to face up to the new concepts in this field."

It was an opportunity that the judge preferred to reject, for, as a fellow-jurist once remarked, "Tate is what you might call a lawbook lawyer; he never experiments, he goes strictly by the text." But this critic also said of him, "If I were innocent, he's the first man I'd want on the bench. If I were guilty, the last." Judge Tate did not entirely deny the motion; rather, he did exactly all that the law demanded by appointing a commission of three Garden City doctors and directing them to pronounce a verdict upon the mental capacities of the prisoners. In due course, the medical trio met the accused, and after an hour or so of conversational prying they announced that neither man suffered from any mental disorder. When Perry was told of their diagnosis, he said, "How would they know? They just wanted to be entertained—hear all the morbid details from the killer's own terrible lips. Oh, their eyes were shining!" Hickock's attorney was angry, too, and he at once travelled to Larned State Hospital, where he appealed for the unpaid services of a psychiatrist willing to go to Garden City and interview the defendants. One man volunteered, Dr. W. Mitchell Jones, and he was exceptionally competent—a



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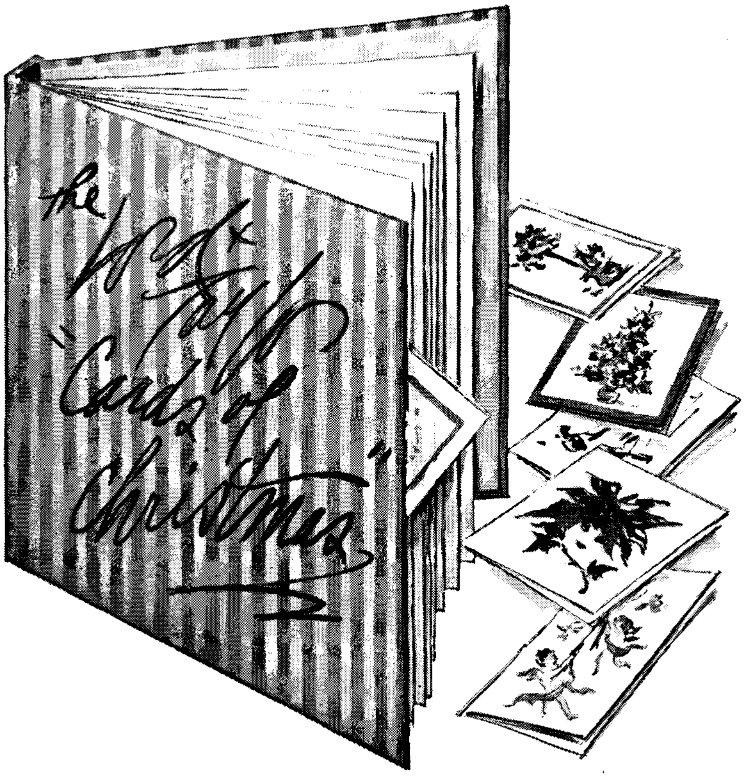

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sophisticated specialist in criminal psychology and the criminally insane, who had worked and studied in Europe and the United States. Dr. Jones agreed to examine Smith and Hickock, and, should his findings warrant it, to testify in their behalf.

On the morning of March 14th, counsel for the defense again stood before Judge Tate, on this occasion to plead for a postponement of the trial, which was then eight days distant. Two reasons were given. The first was that a "most material witness," Hickock's father, was currently too ill to testify. The second was subtler. During the past week, a boldly lettered notice had begun to appear in the town's shopwindows; it was also displayed in banks, in restaurants, and at the railroad station, and it read, "H. W. CLUTTER ESTATE AUCTION SALE * 21 MARCH 1960 * AT THE CLUTTER HOMESTEAD."

"Now," said Harrison Smith, addressing the bench, "I realize it is almost impossible to prove prejudice. But this sale, an auction of the victim's estate, occurs one week from today—in other words, the very day before the trial begins. Whether that's prejudicial to the defendants, I'm not able to state. But these signs, coupled with newspaper advertisements, and advertisements on the radio, will be a constant reminder to every citizen in the community, among whom one hundred and fifty have been called as prospective jurors."

The judge was not impressed. He denied the motion without comment.

EARLIER in the year, Hideo Ashida, Mr. Clutter's Japanese neighbor, had auctioned his farming equipment and moved to Nebraska. The Ashida sale, which was considered a success, attracted not quite a hundred customers. Slightly more than five thousand people attended the auction at River Valley Farm, the Clutter place, in Holcomb. Holcomb's citizenry had expected an unusual turnout—the Ladies' Circle of the Holcomb Community Church had converted one of the Clutter barns into a cafeteria stocked with two hundred homemade pies, two hundred and fifty pounds of hamburger meat, and sixty pounds of sliced ham—but no one had been prepared for the largest auction crowd in the history of western Kansas. Cars converged on Holcomb from half the counties in the state and from Oklahoma, Colorado, Texas, and Nebraska. They crawled bumper to bumper down the lane leading to River Valley Farm. It

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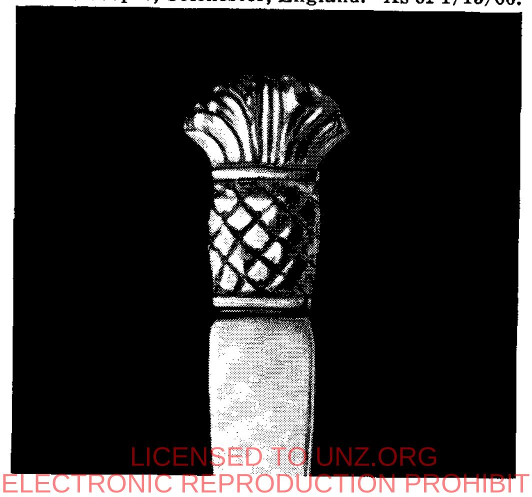

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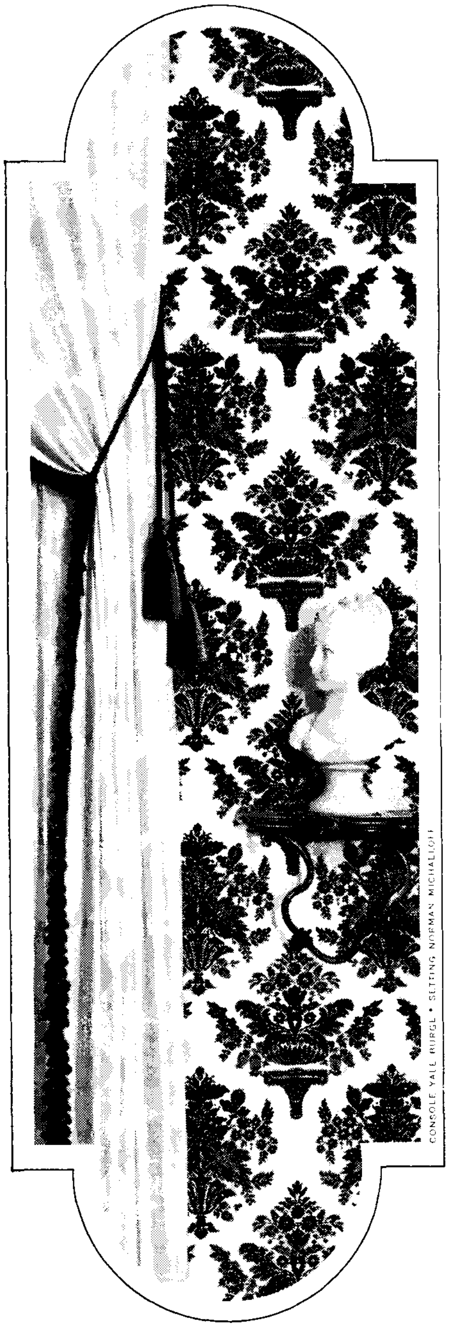

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was the first time the public had been permitted to visit the Clutter place since the discovery of the murders, and this circumstance explained the presence of perhaps a third of the immense congregation—those who had come out of curiosity. And, of course, the weather was an aid to attendance, for by mid-March winter's high snows had dissolved, and the earth beneath, thoroughly thawed, had emerged as acre upon acre of ankle-deep mud; there was not much a farmer could do until the ground hardened. "Land's so wet and nasty, can't work nohow," said Mrs. Bill Ramsey, the wife of a farmer. "We figured we might as well drive on out to the sale." Actually, it was a beautiful day. Spring. Though mud abounded underfoot, the sun, so long shrouded by cloud, seemed an object freshly made, and the trees—Mr. Clutter's orchard of pear and apple trees, the elms shading the lane—were lightly veiled in a haze of green. The fine lawn surrounding the Clutter house was also newly green, and trespassers upon it, women anxious to have a closer look at the uninhabited home, crept across the grass and peered through the windows as though hopeful but fearful of discerning, in the gloom beyond the pleasant flower-print curtains, grim apparitions.

Shouting, the auctioneer praised his wares—tractors, trucks, wheelbarrows, nail kegs, sledgehammers, unused lumber, milk buckets, branding irons, horses, horseshoes, everything needed to run a ranch, from rope and harness to sheep dip and tin washtubs—and it was the prospect of buying this merchandise at bargain prices that had lured most of the crowd. Though the hands of bidders flickered shyly—work-roughened hands timid of parting with hard-earned cash—nothing went unsold. There was even someone keen to acquire a bunch of rusty keys, and a youthful cowboy wearing pale-yellow boots bought Kenyon Clutter's "coyote wagon," a dilapidated truck that the dead boy had used to harass coyotes, chasing them on moonlit nights. The sceneshifters—the men who hauled the smaller items on and off the auctioneer's platform—were Paul Helm, Vic Irsik, and Alfred Stoecklein, each of them an old, still faithful employee of the late Herbert W. Clutter. Assisting at the disposal of his possessions was their final service, for today was their last day at River Valley Farm; the property had been leased to an Oklahoma rancher, and thenceforward strangers would live and work there. As the auction progressed, and Mr.

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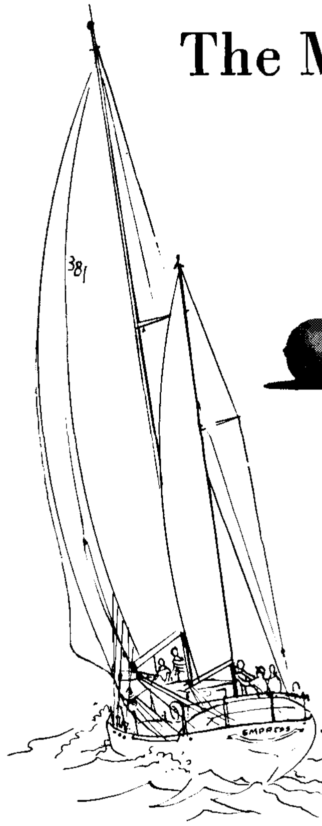

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Clutter's worldly domain dwindled, gradually vanished, Paul Helm, remembering the burial of the murdered family, said, "It's like a second funeral."

The last things to go were three horses, including a dappled mare much beyond her prime, Nancy's horse, big, fat Babe. When bidding on the horse began, it was late afternoon, school was out, and several schoolmates of Nancy's were among the spectators. Susan Kidwell, Nancy's closest friend, was there. Sue, who had adopted another of Nancy's orphaned pets, a cat, wished she could give Babe a home, for she loved the old horse and knew how much Nancy had loved her. The two girls had often gone riding together on Babe's wide back—jogged through the wheat fields on hot summer evenings, and down to the river, and into the water, the mare wading against the current until, as Sue once described it, "the three of us were cool as fish." But Sue, because she lived with her mother in a small apartment, had no place to keep a horse. "I hear fifty . . . sixty-five . . . seventy . . ." The bidding was laggardly. Nobody seemed really to want Babe, and the man who got her—a Mennonite farmer, who said he might use her for plowing—paid seventy-five dollars. As he led Babe out of the corral, Sue Kidwell ran toward the horse. She raised her hand as though to wave goodbye, but instead she clasped it over her mouth.

THE Garden City *Telegram*, the day before the trial started, printed the following editorial:

> Some may think the eyes of the entire nation are on Garden City during this sensational murder trial. But they are not. Even a hundred miles west of here in Colorado few persons are even acquainted with the case—other than just remembering some members of a prominent family were slain. This is a sad commentary on the state of crime in our nation. Since the four members of the Clutter family were killed last fall, several other such multiple murders have occurred in various parts of the country. Just during the few days leading up to this trial at least three mass-murder cases broke into the headlines. As a result, this crime and trial are just one of many such cases people have read about and forgotten. . . .

Although the eyes of the nation were not upon them, the demeanor of the event's main participants, from the court recorder to the judge himself, was, on the morning of the court's first convening, unmistakably self-aware. The lawyers, all four of them, sported new suits, and the new shoes of

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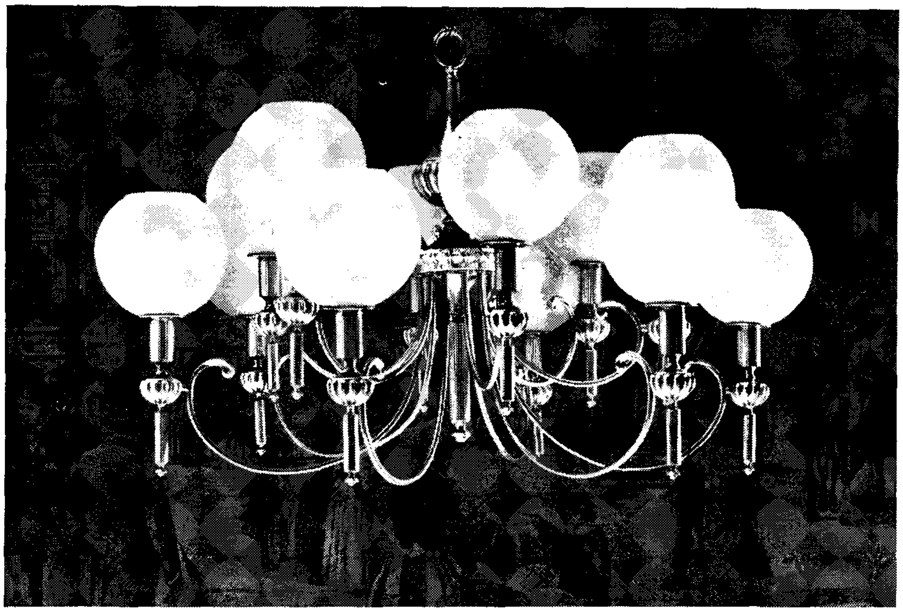

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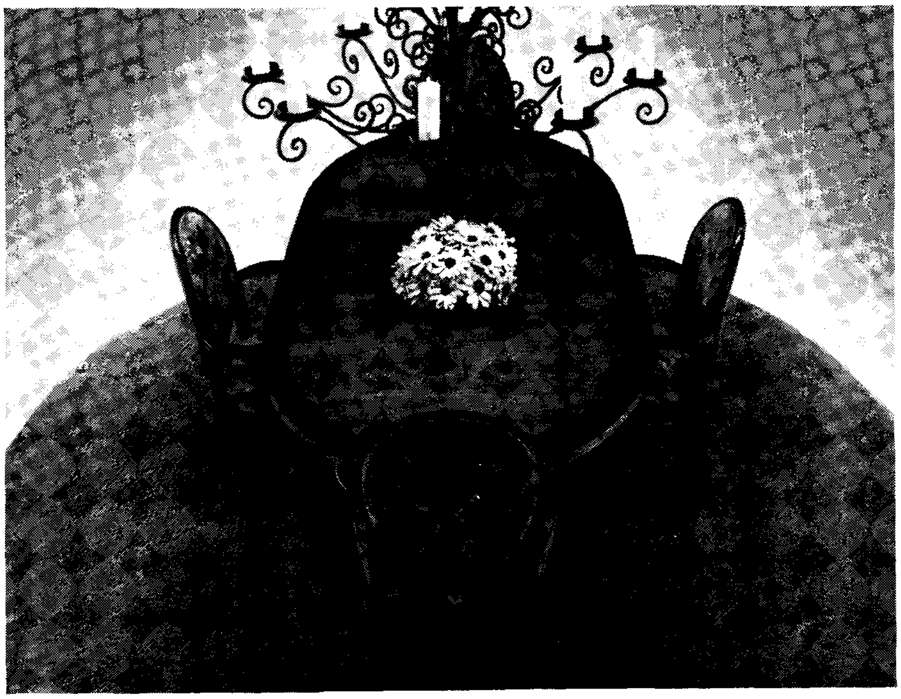

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the big-footed County Attorney creaked and squealed with every step. Dick Hickock, too, was sharply dressed, in clothes provided by his parents—trim blue serge trousers, a white shirt, a narrow dark-blue tie. Only Perry Smith, who owned neither jacket nor tie, seemed sartorially misplaced. Wearing an open-necked shirt (borrowed from Mr. Meier) and blue jeans rolled up at the cuffs, he looked as lonely and inappropriate as a seagull in a wheat field.

The courtroom, an unpretentious chamber on the third floor of the Finney County Courthouse, had dull white walls and furnishings of darkly varnished wood. The spectator benches could seat a hundred and sixty persons. On the morning of Tuesday, March 22nd, the benches were occupied exclusively by the venire of Finney County residents—all male—from which a jury was to be selected. Not many of the summoned citizenry seemed eager to serve. (One potential juror, in conversation with another, said, "They can't use me. I can't hear well enough," to which his friend, after a bit of sly reflection, replied, "Come to think of it, my hearing's not too good either.") It was generally thought that the choosing of the jury would take several days. As it turned out, the process was completed within four hours. Moreover, the jury, including two alternate members, was extracted from the first forty-four candidates. Seven were rejected on peremptory challenge by the defense, and three were excused at the request of the prosecution; twenty more won dismissal either because they opposed capital punishment or because they admitted to having already formed a firm opinion regarding the guilt of the defendants. The fourteen men ultimately elected consisted of a half-dozen farmers, a pharmacist, a nursery manager, an airport employee, a well driller, two salesmen, a machinist, and the manager of a bowling alley. They were all family men (several had five children or more), and were seriously affiliated with one or another of the local churches. During the *voir-dire* examination, four of them told the court that they had been personally, though not intimately, acquainted with Mr. Clutter, but each of these, upon further questioning, said he did not feel that this circumstance would hinder his ability to reach an impartial verdict. The airport employee, a middle-aged man named N. L. Dunnan, said when he was asked his opinion of capital punishment, "Ordinarily I'm against it. But in this case no"—a declaration that to some who

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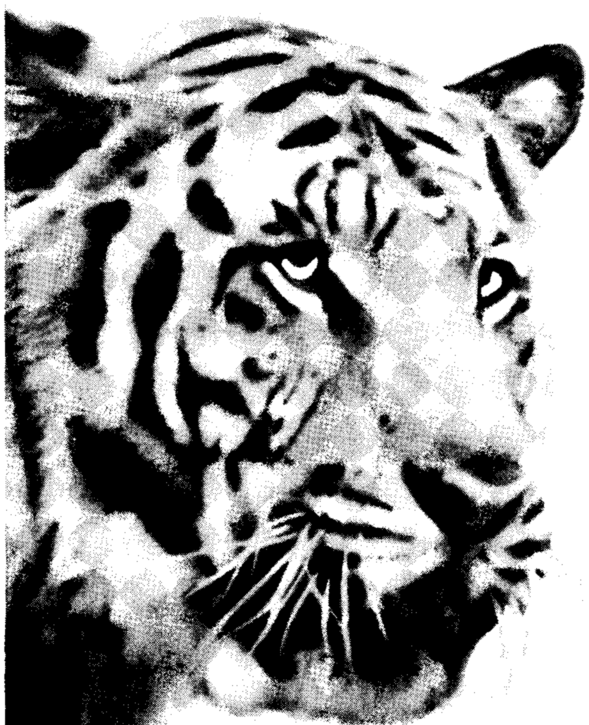

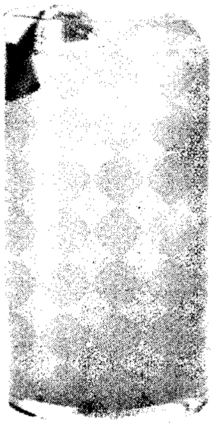

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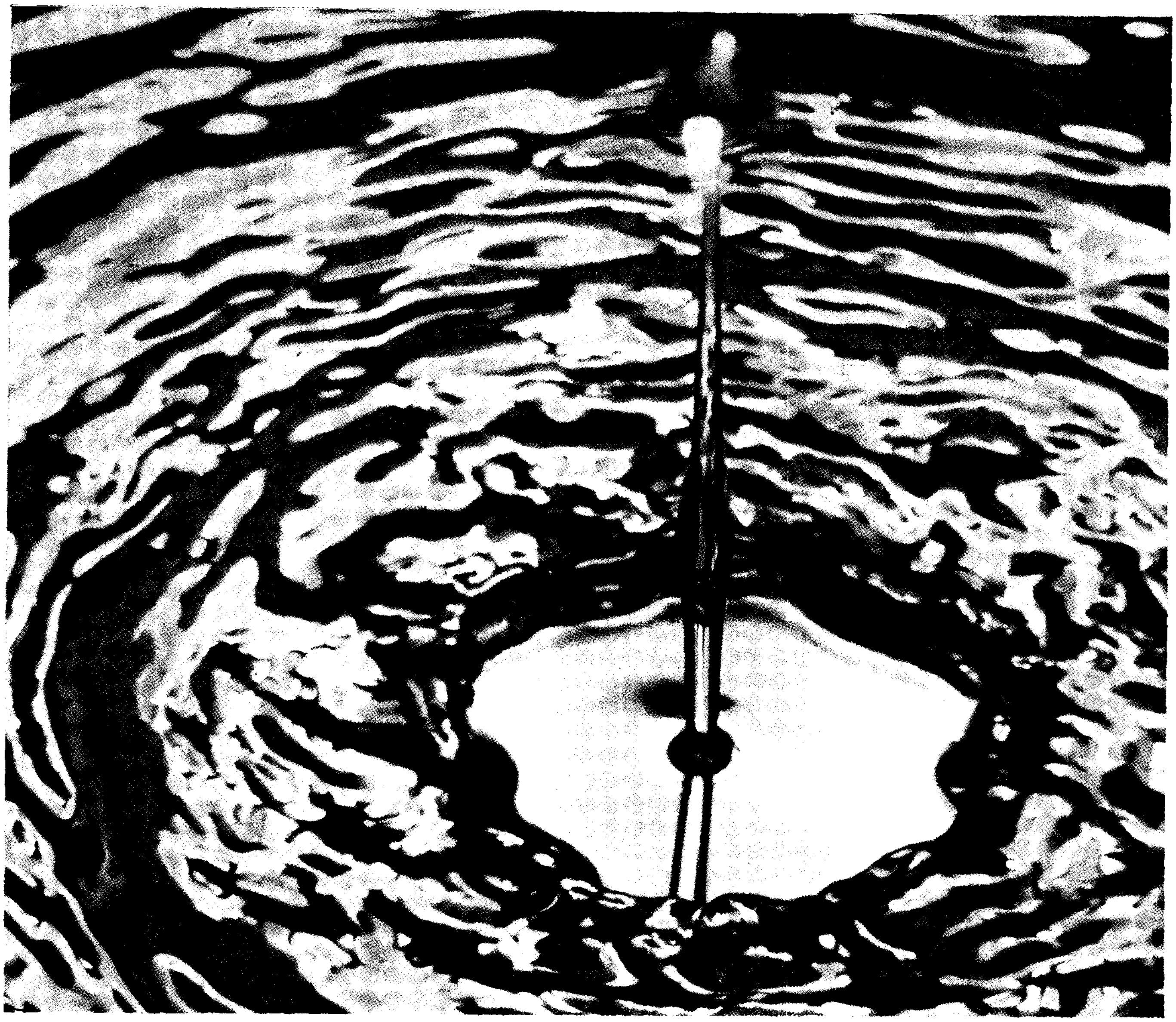

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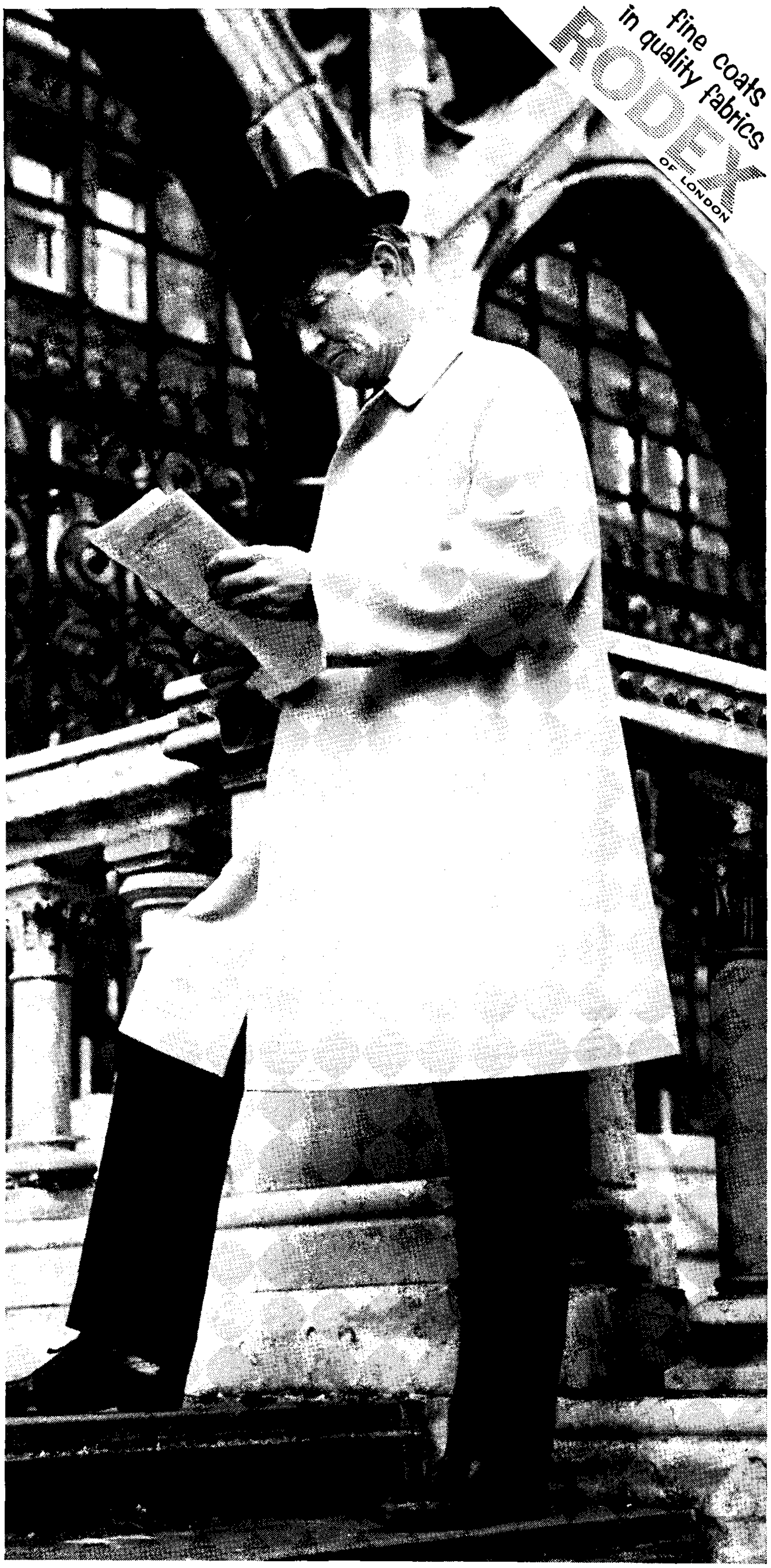
heard it seemed clearly indicative of prejudice. Dunnan was nevertheless accepted as a juror.

The defendants were inattentive observers of the *voir-dire* proceedings. The previous day, Dr. Jones, the psychiatrist who had volunteered to examine them, had interviewed each of them for approximately two hours. At the end of each interview, he had suggested that its subject write for him an autobiographical statement, and it was the act of drawing up these statements that occupied the accused throughout the hours spent assembling a jury. Seated at opposite ends of their counsel's table, Dick worked with a pen and Perry with a pencil.

Smith wrote, "I was born Perry Edward Smith Oct. 27 1928 in Huntington, Elko County, Nevada, which is situated way out in the boon docks, so to speak. I recall that in 1929 our family had ventured to Juneau, Alaska. In my family were my brother Tex Jr. (he later changed his name to James because of the ridicule of the name 'Tex' & also I believe he hated my father in his early years—my mother's doing). My sister Fern (she also changed her name—to Joy). My sister Barbara. And myself. . . . In Juneau, my father was making bootleg hooch. I believe it was during this period my mother became acquainted with alcohol. Mom & Dad began having quarrels. I remember my mother was 'entertaining' some sailors while my father was away. When he came home a fight ensued, and my father, after a violent struggle, threw the sailors out & proceeded to beat my mother. I was frightfully scared, in fact all us children were terrified. Crying. I was scared because I thought my father was going to hurt me, also because he was beating my mother. I really didn't understand why he was beating her but I felt she must have done something dreadfully wrong. The next thing I can vaguely recall is living in Fort Bragg, Calif. My brother had been presented a B.B. gun. He had shot a hummingbird, and after he had shot it he was sorry. I asked him to let me shoot the B.B. gun. He pushed me away, telling me I was too small. It made me so mad I started to cry. After I finished crying, my anger mounted again, and during the evening when the B.B. gun was behind the chair my brother was sitting in, I grabbed it & held it to my brother's ear & hollered BANG! My father (or mother) beat me and made me apologize. My brother used to shoot at a big white horse riden by a neighbor who went



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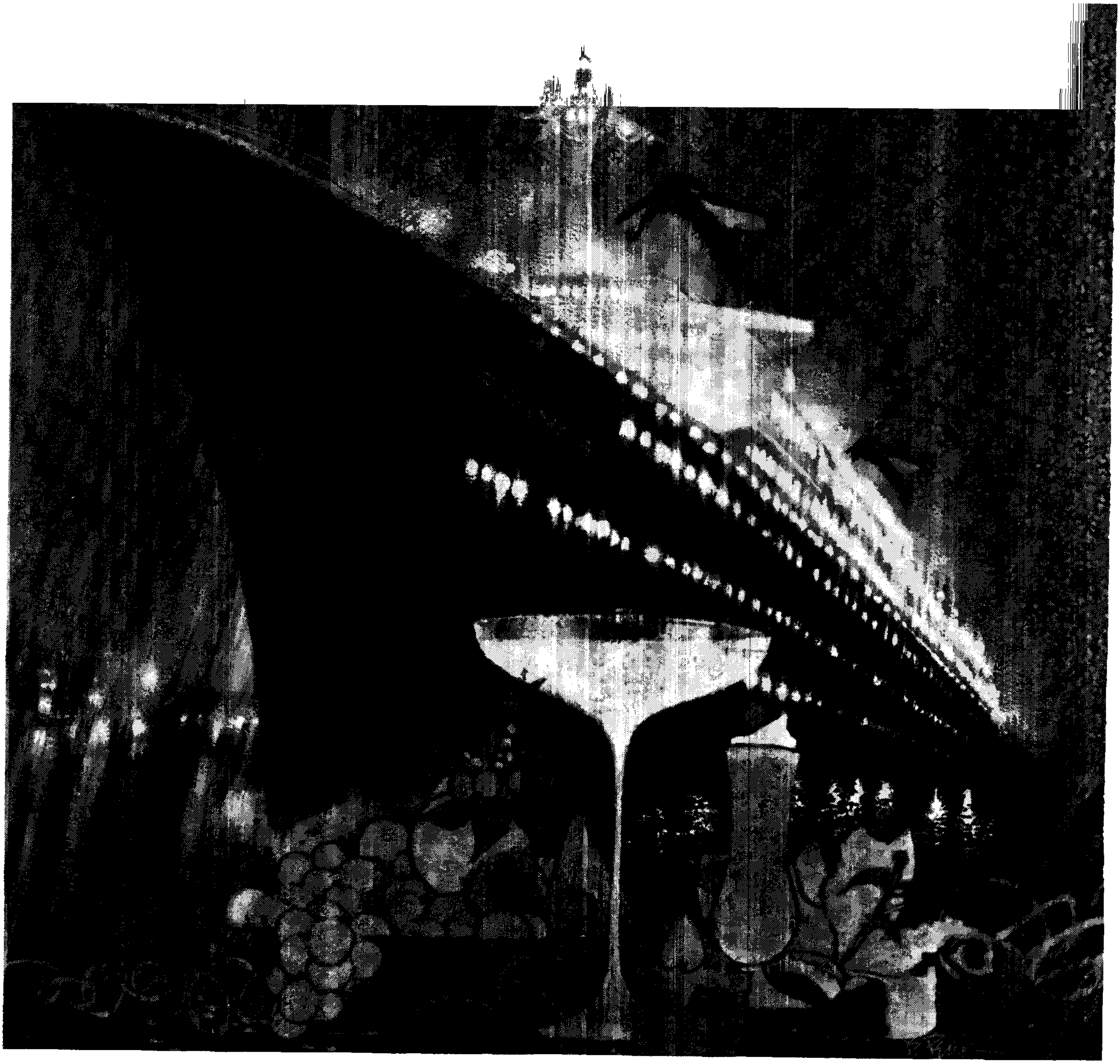

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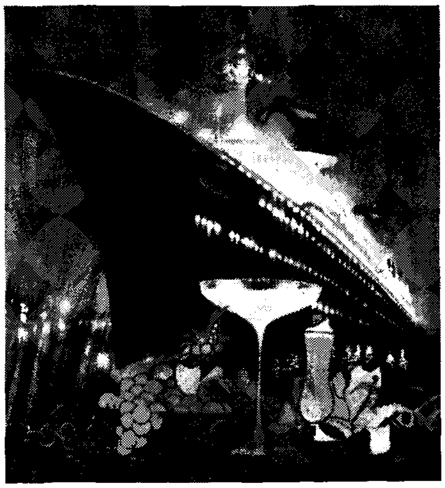

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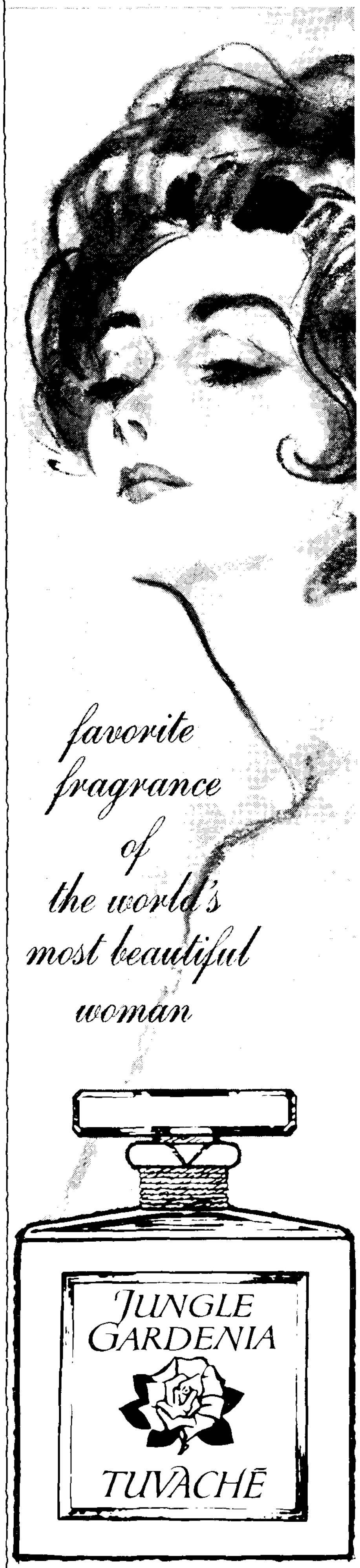
by our place on his way to town. The neighbor caught my brother and I hiding in the bushes and took us to Dad & we got a beating & brother had his B.B. gun taken away & I was *glad* he had his gun taken away! . . . This is about all I remember when we lived in Fort Bragg. (Oh! We kids used to jump from a hay-loft, holding an umbrella, onto a pile of hay on the ground.) My next recollection is several years later when we were living in Calif.? Nevada? I recall a very odious episode between my mother and a Negro. We children slept on a porch in the summertime. One of our beds was directly under my mother and father's room. Everyone of us kids had taken a good look through the partly open curtain and seen what was going on. Dad had hired a Negro (Sam) to do odd jobs around the farm, or ranch, while he was working somewhere down the road. He used to come home late in the evening in his Model A truck. I do not recall the chain of events but assumed Dad had known or suspected what was happening. It ended in a seperation between Mom & Dad & Mom took us kids to San Francisco. She run off with Dad's truck & all of the many souvenirs he brought from Alaska. I believe this was in 1935. In Frisco I was continuously in trouble. I had started to run around with a gang, all of which were older than myself. My mother was always drunk, never in a fit condition to properly provide and care for us. I run as free & wild as a coyote. There was no rule or discipline, or anyone to show me right from wrong. I came & went as I pleased—until my first encounter with Trouble. I was in & out of Detention Homes many many times for running away from home & stealing. I remember one place I was sent to. I had weak kidneys & wet the bed every night. This was very humiliating to me, but I couldn't control myself. I was very severly beaten by the cottage mistress, who had called me names and made fun of me in front of all the boys. She used to come around at all hours of the night to see if I wet the bed. She would throw back the covers & furiously beat me with a large black leather belt—pull me out of bed by my hair & drag me to the bathroom & throw me in the tub & turn the cold water on & tell me to wash myself and the sheets. Every night was a nightmare. Later on she thought it was very funny to put some kind of ointment on my penis. This was almost unbearable. It burned something ter-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rible. She was later discharged from her job. But this never changed my mind about her & what I wished I could have done to her & all the people who made fun of me.”

Then, because Dr. Jones had said he must have the statement that very afternoon, Perry skipped forward to early adolescence and the years he and his father had lived together, the two of them wandering all over the Middle West and Far West, prospecting, trapping, doing odd jobs: “I loved my father but there were times when this love and affection I had for him drained from my heart like wasted water. Whenever he would not try to understand my problems. Give me a little consideration & voice & responsibility. I had to get away from him. When I was sixteen I joined the Merchant Marine. In 1948 I joined the army—the recruiting officer gave me a break and upped my test. From this time on I started to realize the importance of an education. This only added to the hatred and bitterness I held for others. I began to get into fights. I threw a Japanese policeman off a bridge into the water. I was court-martialled for demolishing a Japanese cafe. I was court-martialled again in Kyoto, Japan, for stealing a Japanese taxicab. I was in the army almost four years. I had many violent outbursts of anger while I served time in Japan & Korea. I was in Korea 15 months, was rotated and sent back to the states—and was given special recognition as being the first Korean Vet to come back to the territory of Alaska. Big write up, picture in paper, paid trip to Alaska by air, all the trimmings. I finished my army service in Ft. Lewis, Washington.”

Now Perry hurried toward more recent history, including the motorcycle accident that had crippled him, and the burglary in Phillipsburg, Kansas, that had led to his first prison sentence: “I was sentenced to 5 to 10 years for grand larceny, burglary and jailbreak. I felt I was very unjustly dealt with. I became very bitter while I was in prison. Upon my release I was supposed to go to Alaska with my father—I didn't go—I worked for awhile in Nevada and Idaho—went to Las Vegas and continued to Kansas where I got into the situation I'm in now. No time for more.” He signed his name, and added a postscript: “Would like to speak to you again. There's much I haven't said that may interest you. I have always felt a remarkable exhilaration being among people with a purpose and sense of dedication to carry out that

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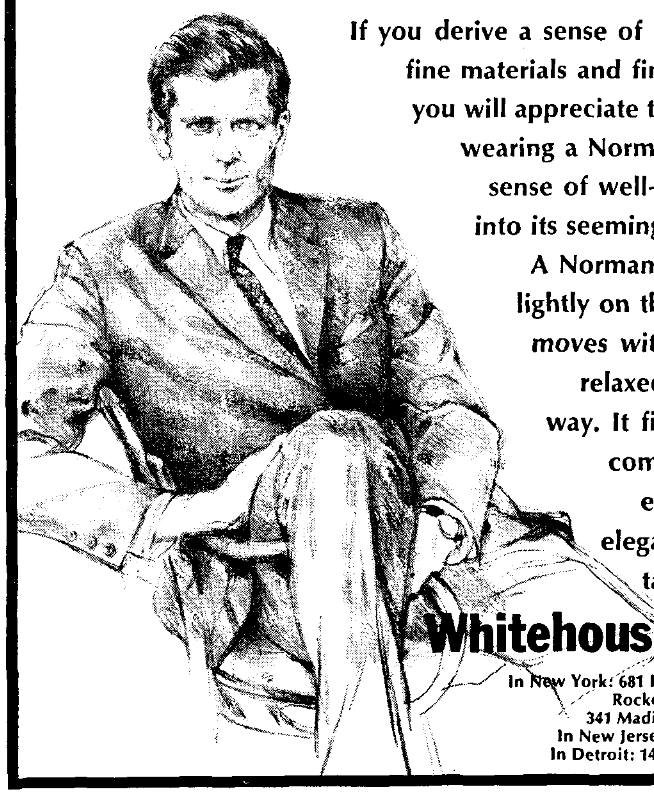

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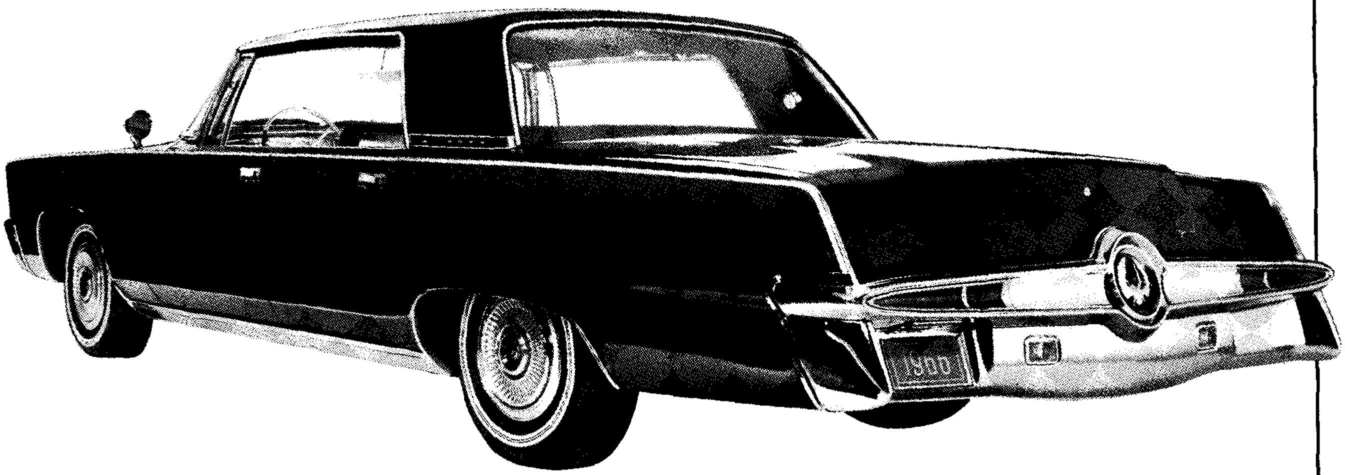

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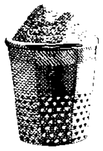

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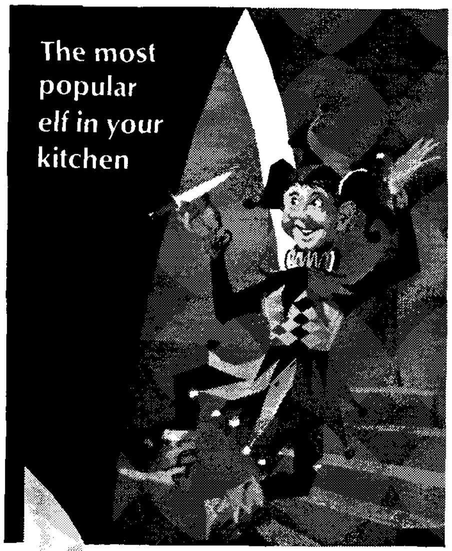
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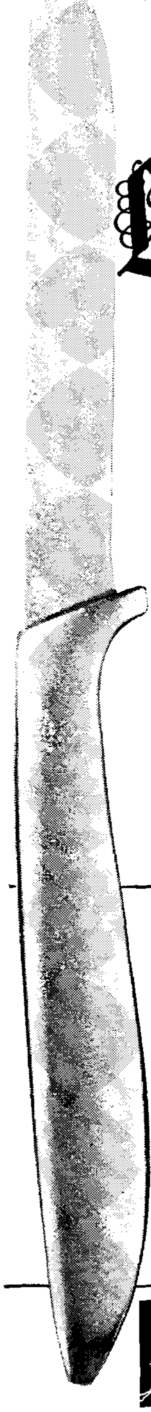

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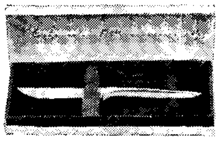

Pc Pixie in cardboard gift box, $4

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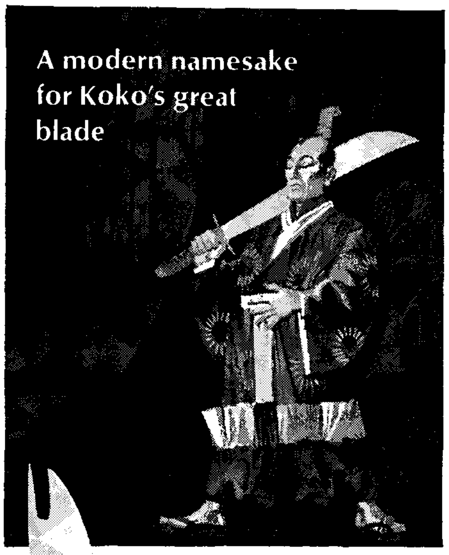
purpose. I felt this about you in your presence."

Dick did not write with his companion's intensity. He occasionally stopped to listen to the questioning of a prospective juror or to stare at the faces around him—particularly, and with evident displeasure, at the muscular face of the County Attorney, Duane West, who was his own age, twenty-eight. But his statement, written in a stylized script that looked like slanting rain, was finished before the court adjourned for the day. He wrote, "I will try to tell you all I can about myself, though most of my early life is vague to me—up until about my tenth birthday. My school years went quite the same as most other boys my own age. I had my share of fights, girls, and other things that go with a growing boy. My home life was also normal, but as I told you before, I was hardly ever allowed to leave my yard and visit with playmates. My father was always strict about us boys [Dick and his brother] in that line. Also I had to help my dad quite a lot around the house. I can only remember my mother and dad having one argument that amounted to anything. What it was about, I don't know. My dad bought me a bicycle once, and I believe that I was the proudest boy in town. It was a girl's bike and he changed it over to a boy's. He painted it all up and it looked like new. But I had a lot of toys when I was little, a lot for the financial condition that my folks were in. We were always what you would call semi-poor. Never down and out, but several times on the verge of it. My dad was a hard worker and did his best to provide for us. My mother also was always a hard worker. Her house was always neat, and we had clean clothes aplenty. I remember my dad used to wear those old fashioned flat crown caps, and he would make me wear them too, and I didn't like them. In high-school I did real well, made above average grades the first year or two. But then started falling off a little. I had a girl friend. She was a nice girl, and I never once tried to touch her anyway but just kissing. It was a real clean courtship. While in school I participated in all the sports, and received 9 letters in all. Basketball, football, track and baseball. My senior year was best. I never had any steady girl, just played the field. That was when I had my first relationship with a girl. Of course I told the boys that I'd had a lot of girls. I got offers from two colleges to play ball, but never attended any of them. After I graduated from school I went to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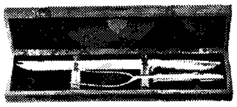
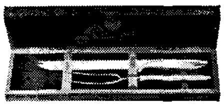


SR Snickersnee and Ron, the holding fork, in walnut chest, $27.50



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work for the Santa Fe railroad, and stayed until the following winter when I got layed off. The following spring I got a job with the Roark Motor Company. I had been working there about four months when I had a automobile wreck with a company car. I was in the hospital several days with extensive head injurys. While I was in the condition I was in I couldn't find another job, so I was unemployed most of the winter. Meantime, I had met a girl and fallen in love. Her dad was a Baptist preacher and resented me going with her. In July we were married. All hell broke loose from her dad until he learned she was pregnant. But still he never wished me good luck and that has always gone against the grain. After we were married, I worked at a service-station near Kansas City. I worked from 8 at night till 8 in the morning. Sometimes my wife stayed with me all night—she was afraid I couldn't keep awake, so she came to help me. Then I got an offer to work at Perry Pontiac, which I gladly accepted. It was very satisfactory, though I didn't make a lot of money—$75 a week. I got along good with the other men, and was well liked by my boss. I worked there five years. During my employment there was the beginning of some of the lowest things I have ever done." Here he revealed that he had pedophilic tendencies, and after describing several sample experiences he wrote, "I know it is wrong. But at the time I never give any thought to whether it is right or wrong. The same with stealing. It seems to be an impulse. One thing I never told you about the Clutter deal is this. Before I ever went to their house I knew there would be a girl there. I think the main reason I went there was not to rob them but to rape the girl. Because I thought a lot about it. That is one reason why I never wanted to turn back when we started to. Even when I saw there was no safe. I did make some advances toward the Clutter girl when I was there. But Perry never gave me a chance. I hope no one finds this out but you, as I haven't even told my lawyer. There were other things I should have told you, but I'm afraid of my people finding them out. Because I am more ashamed of them (these things I did) than hanging. I have had sickness. I think caused from the car wreck I had. Spells of passing out, and sometimes I would hemorage at the nose and left ear. I had one at some peoples house by the name of Crist—they live south of my parents. Not long ago I had a piece of glass work out of

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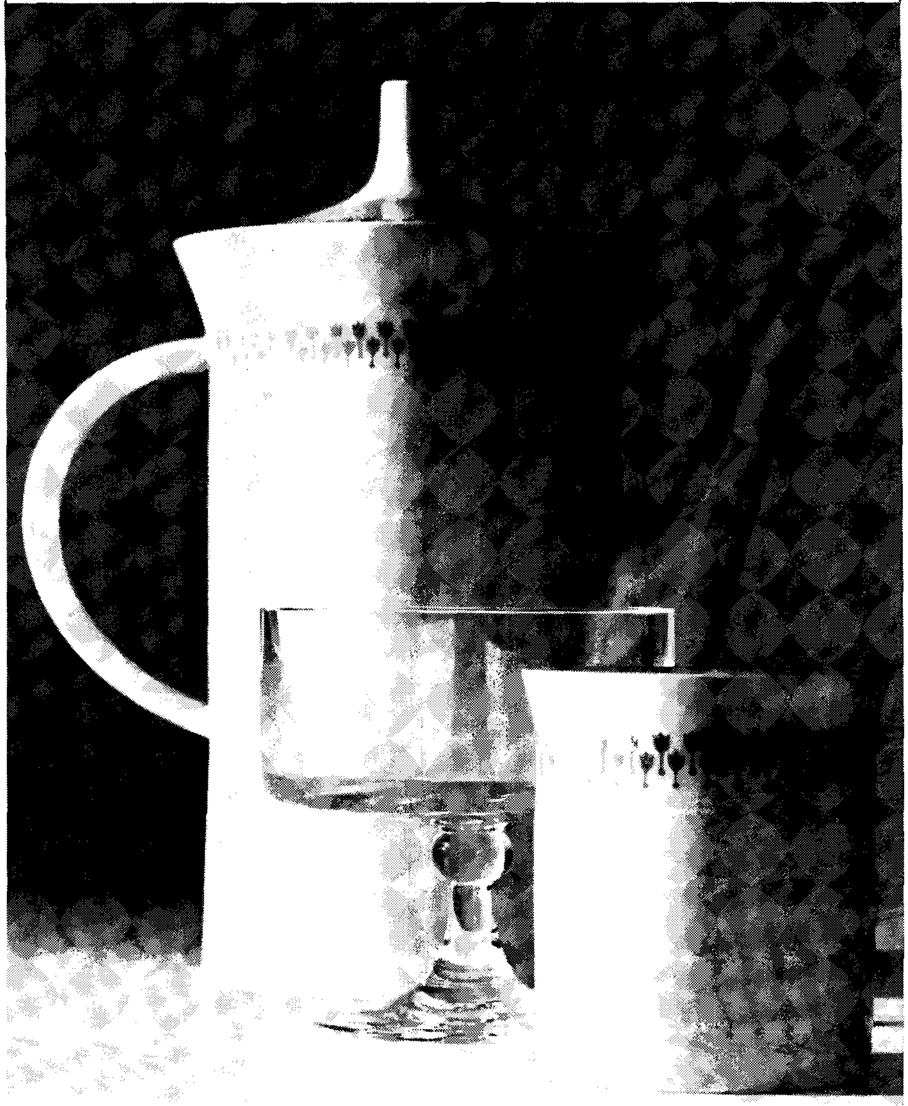

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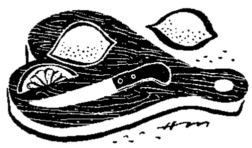
my head. It came out the corner of my eye. My dad helped me to get it out. I figure I should tell you the things that led to my divorce, and things that caused me to go to prison. It started the early part of 1957. My wife and I were living in a apartment in Kansas City. I had quit my job at the automobile company, and went into the garage business for myself. I was renting the garage from a woman who had a daughter-in-law named Margaret. I met this girl one day while I was at work, and we went to have a cup of coffee. Her husband was away in the Marine Corps. To make a long story short, I started going out with her. My wife sued for divorce. I began thinking I never really loved my wife. Because if I had, I wouldn't have done all the things I'd done. So I never fought the divorce. I started drinking, and was drunk for almost a month. I neglected my business, spent more money than I earned, wrote bad checks, and in the end became a thief. For this last I was sent to the penitentiary. My lawyer said I should be truthful with you as you can help me. And I need help, as you know."



THE next day, Wednesday, was the proper start of the trial; it was also the first time ordinary spectators were admitted into the courtroom—an area too small to accommodate more than a modest percentage of those who applied at the door. The best seats had been reserved for twenty members of the press and for such special personages as Hickock's parents and Donald Cullivan—who, at the request of Perry Smith's lawyer, had travelled from Massachusetts to appear as a character witness in behalf of his former Army friend. It had been rumored that the two surviving Clutter daughters would be present; they were not, nor did they attend any subsequent session. The family was represented by Mr. Clutter's younger brother Arthur, who had driven a hundred miles to be there. He told newsmen, "I just want to get a good look at them [Smith and Hickock]. I just want to see what kind of animals they are. The way I feel, I could tear them apart." Instead, he took a seat directly behind the defendants and fixed them with a gaze of unique persistence, as though he planned to paint their portraits from memory. Presently—and it was as if Arthur Clutter had willed him to do it—Perry Smith turned and looked at him, and recognized a face very like the face of the man he had killed: the same mild eyes, narrow lips, firm chin. Perry, who was chewing gum, stopped chewing; he lowered his eyes, a minute elapsed, then slowly his jaws began to move again. Except for this moment, Smith—and, for the most part, Hickock, too—affected a courtroom attitude that was simultaneously uninterested and disinterested. They chewed gum; they tapped their feet with languid impatience as the state summoned its first witness.

Nancy Ewalt. And, after Nancy, Susan Kidwell. The young girls described certain observations they had made upon entering the Clutter house on Sunday, November 15th: the quiet rooms, an empty purse on a kitchen floor, sunshine in a bedroom, and their schoolmate Nancy Clutter surrounded by her own blood. The defense waived cross-examination, a policy they also pursued with the next three witnesses—Nancy Ewalt's father, Clarence, and Sheriff Earl Robinson, and the county coroner, Dr. Robert Fenton—each of whom added to the narrative of events of that sunny November morning: the discovery, finally, of all four victims, and accounts of how they looked, and, from Dr. Fenton, a clinical diagnosis of why ("Severe traumas to brain and vital cranial structures inflicted by a shotgun").

Then Richard G. Rohleder took the stand. Rohleder is chief investigator for the Garden City Police Department. His hobby is photography, and he is good at it. Rohleder had taken pictures that, when developed, revealed Hickock's dusty footprints in the Clutter cellar—prints that the camera could discern, though not the human eye. And he had photographed the corpses—death-scene images that Alvin Dewey had pondered continuously while the murders were still unsolved. The point of Rohleder's testimony was to establish the fact of his having made these pictures, which the prosecution proposed to put in evidence. Dick Hickock's attorney objected: "The sole reason the pictures are being introduced is to prejudice and inflame the minds of the jurors." Judge Tate overruled the objection, and allowed the photographs to be put in evidence, which meant that they must be shown to the jury. While this was being done, Dick Hickock's father, addressing a journalist seated near him, said, "The judge up there! I never seen a man so prejudiced. Just no sense having a trial. Not with him

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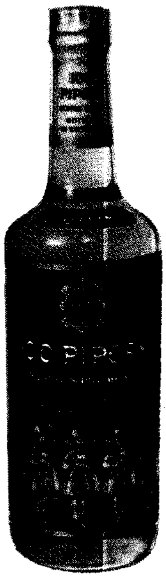

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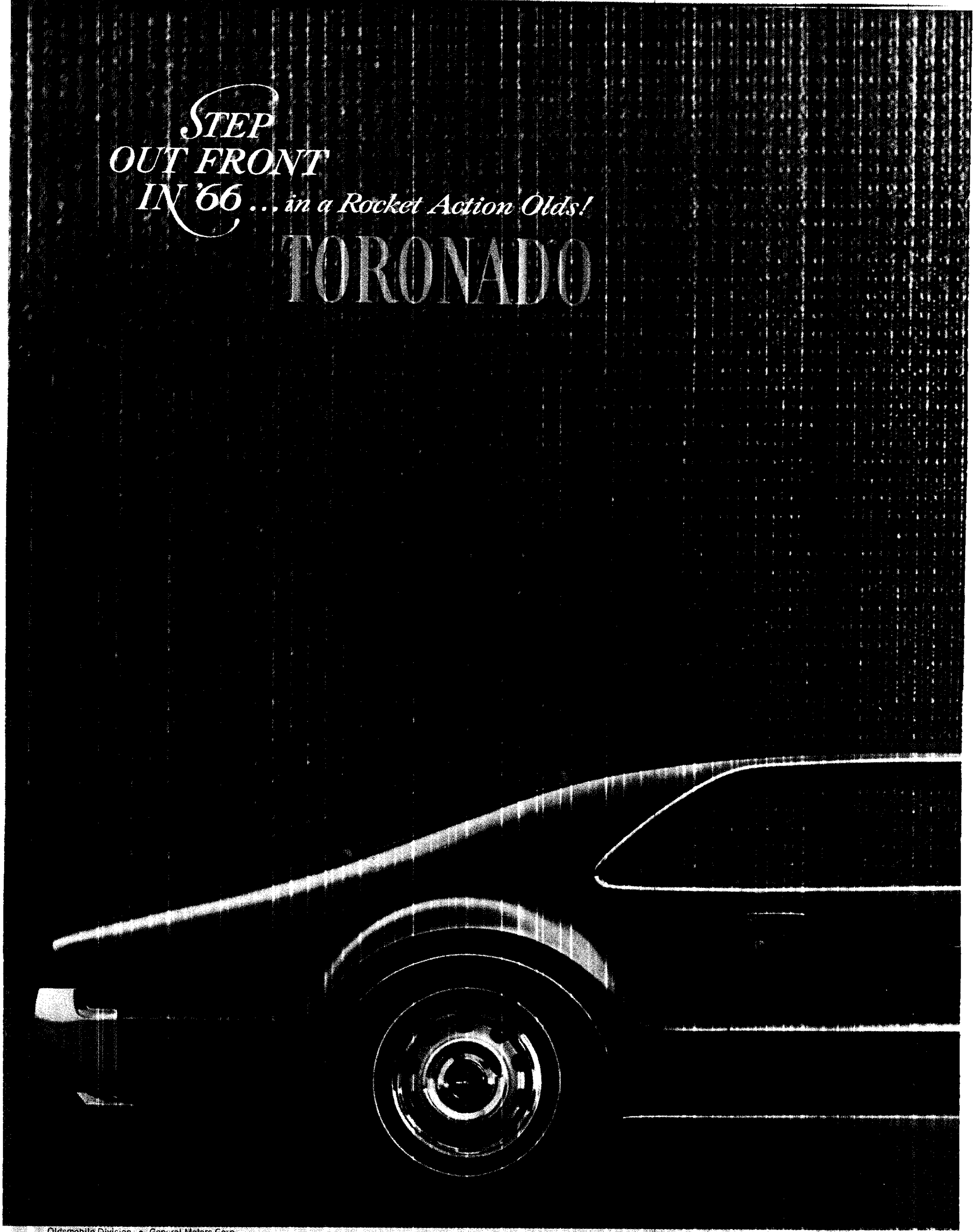
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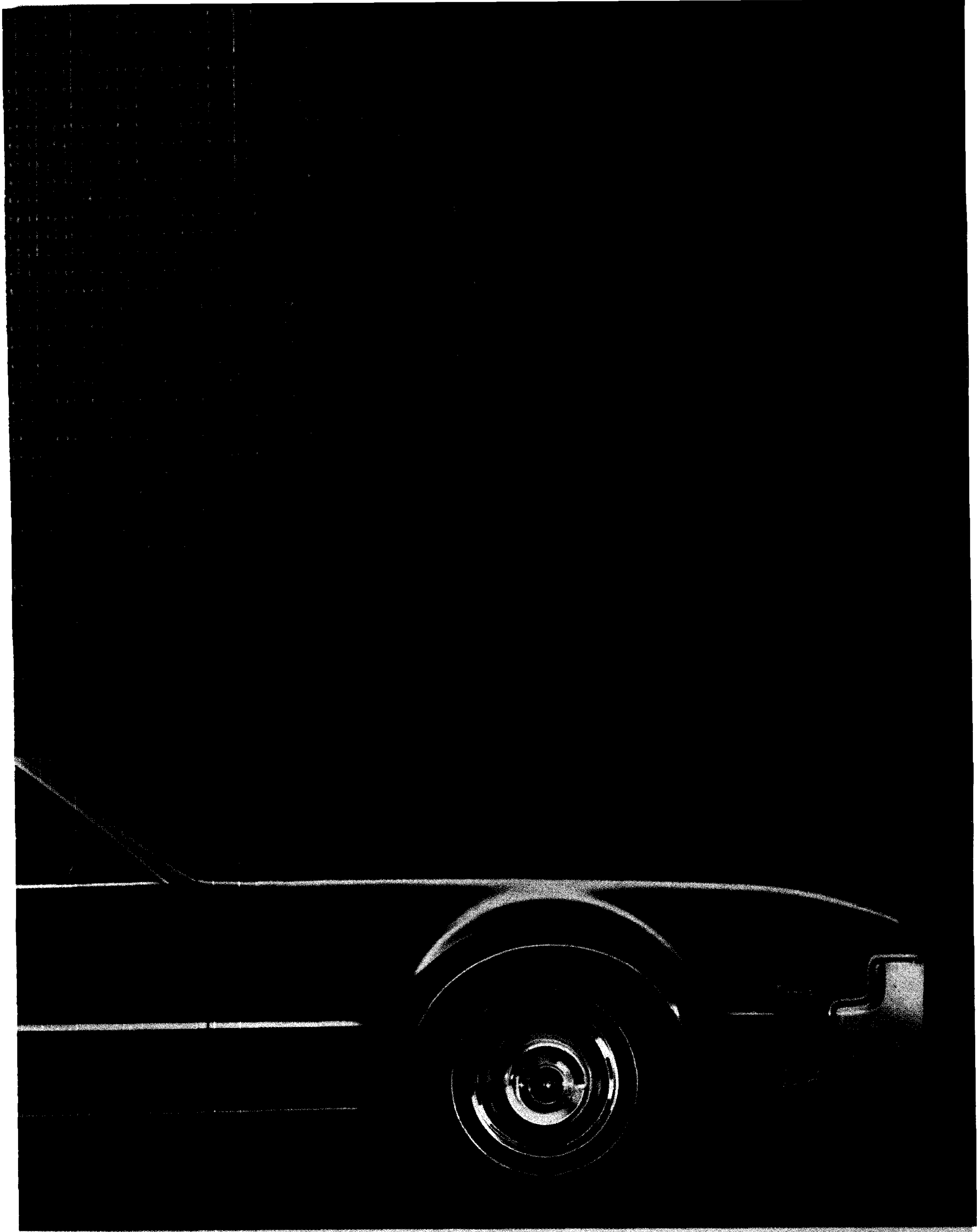

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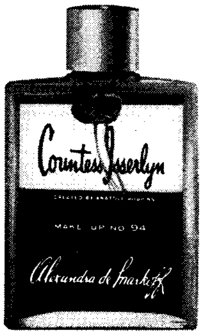

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in charge. Why, that man was a pallbearer at the funeral!" (Actually, Tate had been but slightly acquainted with the victims, and had not been present at their funeral in any capacity.) Mr. Hickock's was the only voice heard in an exceedingly silent courtroom. Altogether, there were seventeen prints, and as they were passed from hand to hand, the jurors' expressions reflected the impact that the pictures made: one man's cheeks reddened as if he had been slapped, and a few, after the first distressing glance, obviously had no heart for the task, for it was as though the photographs had prized open their mind's eye, and forced them at last really to see the true and pitiful thing that had happened to a neighbor, his wife, and his children. It amazed them, it made them angry, and several of them—the pharmacist, the manager of the bowling alley—stared at the defendants with total contempt. The elder Mr. Hickock, wearily wagging his head, murmured again and again, "No sense. Just no sense having a trial."

The prosecution had promised to produce as the day's final witness a "mystery man." It was the man who had supplied the information that led to the arrest of the accused—Floyd Wells, Dick Hickock's former cellmate. Because Wells was still serving a sentence at Kansas State Penitentiary, and was therefore in danger of retaliation from other inmates, he had not previously been publicly identified as the informer. Now, in order that he might safely testify at the trial, he had been removed from the prison and lodged in a small jail in an adjacent county. Nevertheless, his passage across the courtroom toward the witness stand was oddly stealthy—as though he expected to encounter an assassin along the way—and when he walked past Dick, Dick's lips moved as he whispered a few atrocious words. Wells pretended not to notice, but, like a horse that has heard the hum of a rattlesnake, he shied away from the betrayed man's venomous vicinity. Taking the stand, Wells stared straight ahead—a somewhat chinless little farm-boyish fellow wearing a decent dark-blue suit, which the State of Kansas had bought for the occasion, the state being concerned that its most important witness should look respectable, and consequently trustworthy. His testimony, perfected by pre-trial rehearsal, was as tidy as his appearance. Encouraged by sympathetic prompting from the special assistant prosecuting attorney, Logan Green, the witness acknowledged that he had once,

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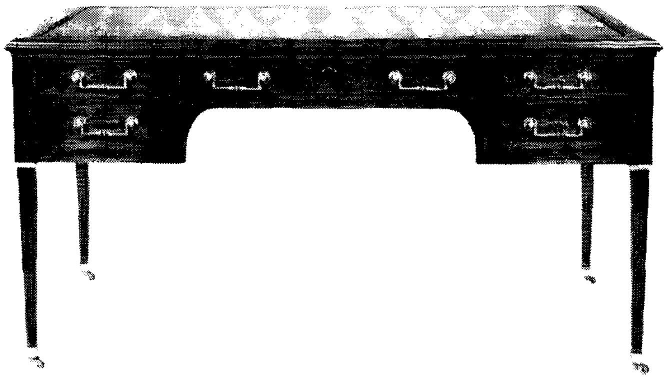

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for approximately a year, worked as a hired hand at River Valley Farm; he went on to say that some ten years later, following his conviction on a burglary charge, he had become friendly with another imprisoned burglar, Richard Hickock, and had described to him the Clutter farm and family.

"Now," Green asked, "during your conversations with Mr. Hickock, what was said about Mr. Clutter by either of you?"

"Well, we talked quite a bit about Mr. Clutter," Wells said. "Hickock said he was about to be paroled, and he was going to go West looking for a job; he might stop to see Mr. Clutter to get a job. I was telling him how wealthy Mr. Clutter was."

"Did that seem to interest Mr. Hickock?"

"Well, he wanted to know if Mr. Clutter had a safe around there."

"Mr. Wells, did you think at the time there was a safe in the Clutter house?"

"Well, it has been so long since I worked out there. I thought there was a safe. I knew there was a cabinet of some kind. The next thing I knew, he [Hickock] was talking about robbing Mr. Clutter."

"Did he tell you anything about how he was going to commit the robbery?"

"He told me if he done anything like that he wouldn't leave no witnesses."

"Did he actually say what he was going to do with the witnesses?"

"Yes. He told me he would probably tie them up and then rob them and then kill them."

Having established premeditation in great degree, Green left the witness to the ministrations of the defense. Old Mr. Fleming, a classic country lawyer, more happily at home with land deeds than with crimes of violence, opened the cross-examination. The intent of his queries, as he soon established, was to introduce a subject that the prosecution had conspicuously avoided—the question of Wells' own role in the murder plot, and his own moral liability.

Hastening to the heart of the matter, Fleming said, "You didn't say anything at all to Mr. Hickock to discourage him from coming out here to rob and kill the Clutter family?"

"No. Anybody tells you anything about that up there [Kansas State Penitentiary], you don't pay any attention to it, because you think they are just talking anyway."

"You mean you talked that way and didn't *mean* anything? Didn't you mean to convey to him [Hickock] the

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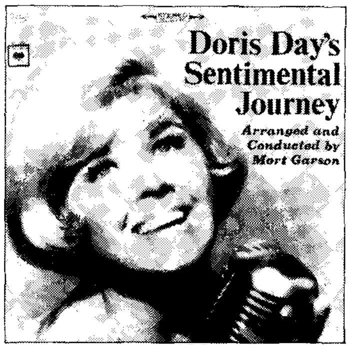
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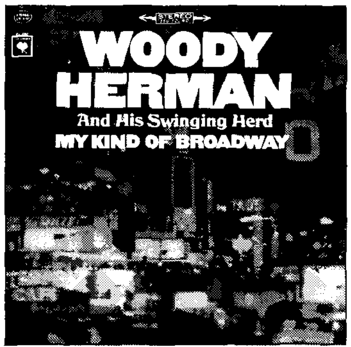
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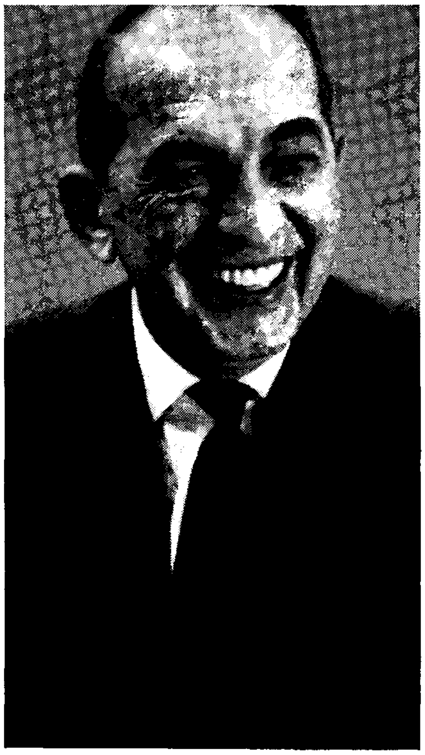

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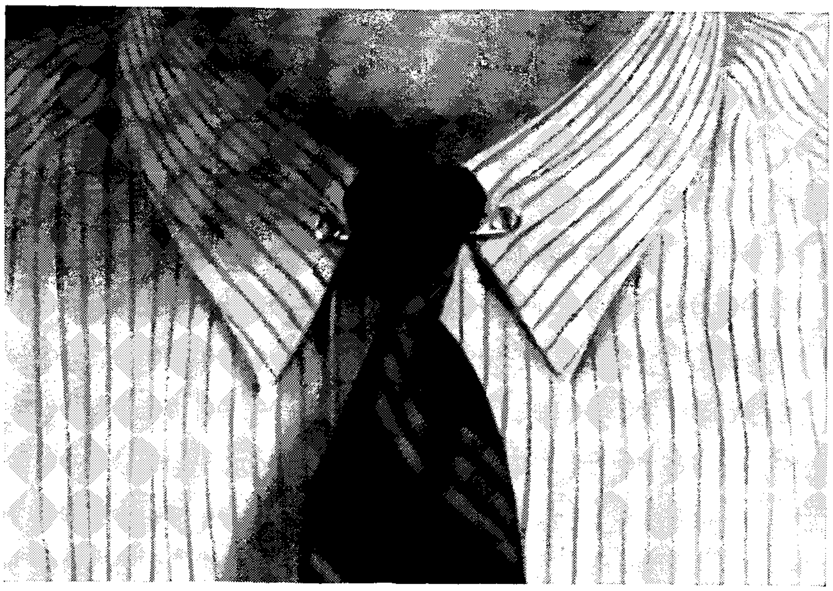

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idea that Mr. Clutter had a safe? You wanted Mr. Hickock to believe that, did you not?"

In his quiet way, Fleming was giving the witness a rough time. Wells plucked at his tie, as though the knot were suddenly too tight.

"And you meant for Mr. Hickock to believe that Mr. Clutter had a lot of money, didn't you?"

"I told him Mr. Clutter had a lot of money, yes."

Fleming elicited a repetition of the account of how Hickock had fully informed Wells of his violent plans for the Clutter family. Then, as though veiled in a private grief, the lawyer very wistfully said, "And even after all of that you did nothing to discourage him?"

"I didn't believe he'd do it."

"You didn't believe him. Then why, when you heard about the thing that happened out here, why did you think he was the one that was guilty?"

Wells cockily replied, "Because it was done just like he said he was going to do!"

Harrison Smith, the younger half of the defense team, took charge. Assuming an aggressive, sneering manner, which seemed forced—really he is a mild and lenient man—the lawyer asked the witness if he had a nickname.

"No. I just go by Floyd."

The lawyer snorted. "Don't they call you Squealer now? Or do they call you Snitch?"

"I just go by Floyd," Wells repeated, rather hangdog.

"How many times have you been in jail?"

"About three times."

"Some of those times for lying, were they?"

Denying this, the witness said that once he had gone to jail for driving without a license, that the reason for his second incarceration was burglary, and that the third, a ninety-day hitch in an Army stockade, had been the outcome of something that happened while he was a soldier: "We was on a train-trip guard. We got a little intoxicated on the train, done a little extra shooting at some windows and lights."

Everyone laughed—everyone except the defendants (Hickock spat on the floor) and Harrison Smith, who now asked Wells why, after learning of the Holcomb tragedy, he had tarried several weeks before telling the authorities what he knew. "Weren't you waiting for something to come out? Maybe like a reward?" he pursued.

"No."

"You didn't hear anything about a

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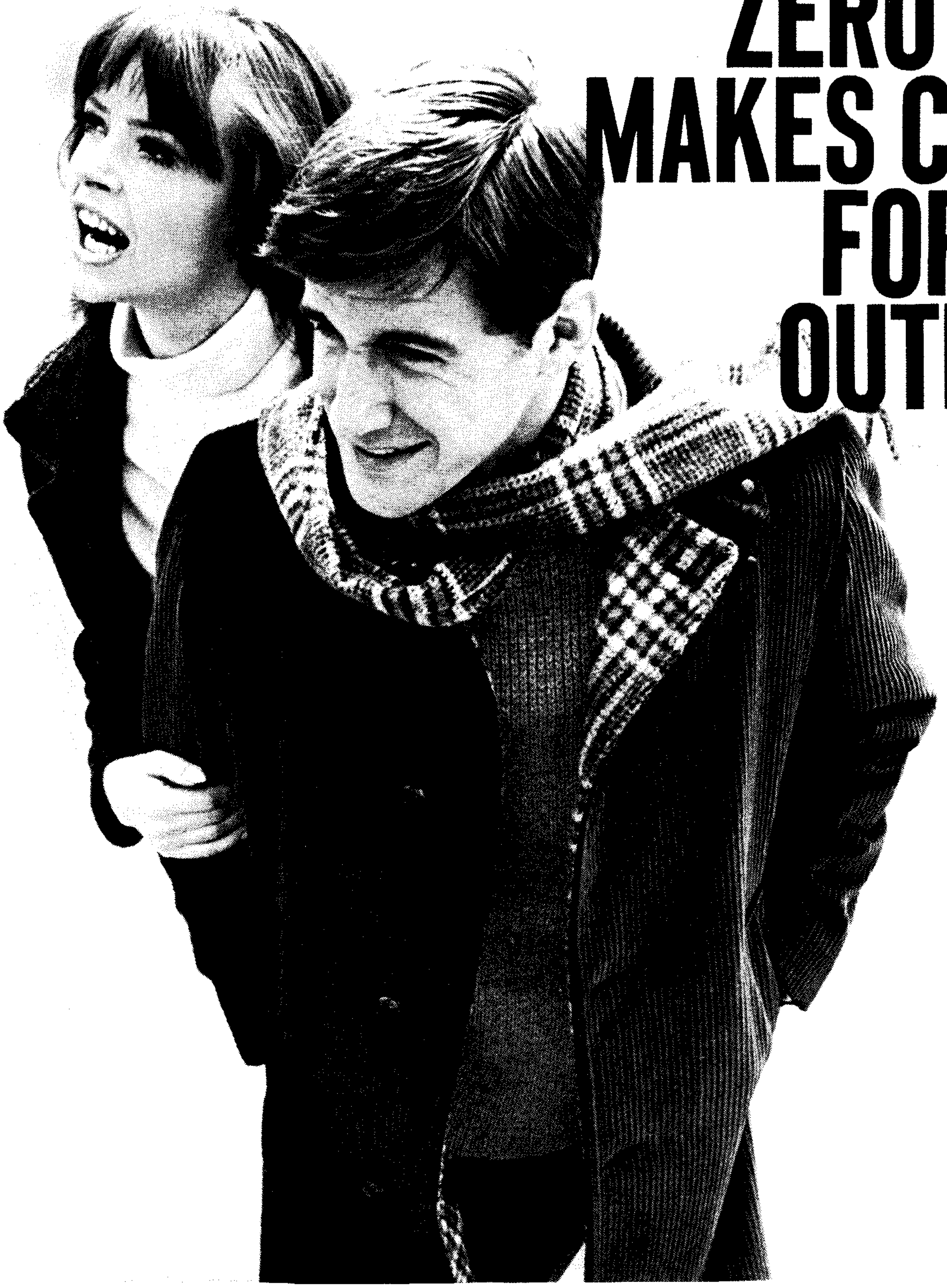

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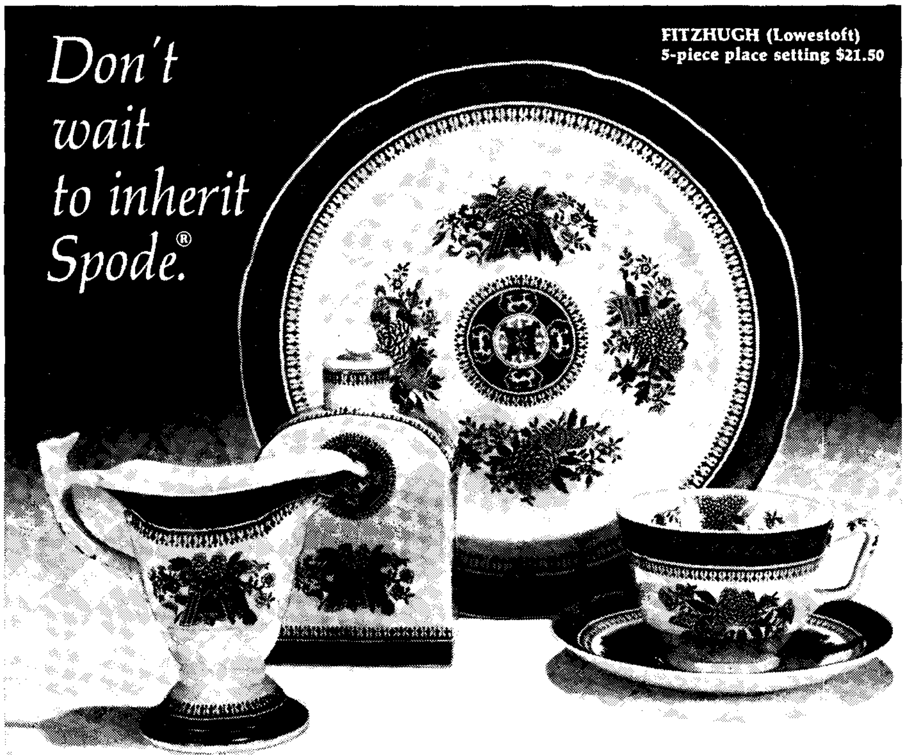

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reward?" The lawyer was referring to a reward of a thousand dollars that had been offered by a Kansas paper, the Hutchinson *News*, for information that would result in the arrest and conviction of the Clutter murderers.

"I seen it in the paper."

"That was before you went to the authorities, wasn't it?"

And when the witness admitted that this was true, Harrison Smith triumphantly continued by asking, "What kind of immunity did the County Attorney offer you for coming up here today and testifying?"

Logan Green protested. "We object to the form of the question, Your Honor. There's been no testimony about immunity to anybody."

The objection was sustained, and the witness was dismissed. As he left the stand, Hickock announced to everyone within earshot, "Son of a bitch. Anybody ought to hang, *he* ought to hang. Look at him. Gonna walk out of here and get that money and go scot-free." This prediction proved correct, for not long afterward Floyd Wells collected both the reward and a parole. His good fortune was short-lived, however. He was soon in trouble again, and, over the years, has experienced many vicissitudes. At present, he is an inmate of the Mississippi State Prison, in Parchman, Mississippi, where he is serving a thirty-year sentence for armed robbery.

BY Friday, when the court recessed for the weekend, the state had completed its case, which encompassed the appearance of four Special Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, in Washington, D.C. These men, laboratory technicians who were skilled in various categories of scientific crime detection, had studied the physical evidence connecting the accused to the murders—blood samples, footprints, cartridge shells, rope, and tape—and each of them certified the undoubted validity of the exhibits. Finally, four K.B.I. agents provided accounts of interviews with the prisoners and of the confessions that the prisoners eventually made. In cross-examining the K.B.I. personnel, the defense attorneys, a beleaguered pair, argued that the admissions of guilt had been obtained by improper means—brutal interrogation in sweltering, brightly lighted, closetlike rooms. The allegation, which was untrue, irritated the detectives into expounding very convincing denials. And later Hickock's lawyer, in reply to a reporter who asked him why he had dogged this misleading scent at such length, said, "What am I supposed to

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do? Hell, I'm playing without any cards. But I can't just sit here like a dummy. I've got to sound off once in a while."

The prosecution's most damaging witness proved to be Alvin Dewey. His testimony, the first public rendering of the events detailed in Perry Smith's confession, earned large headlines ("UNVEIL MUTE MURDER HORROR—COLD, CHILLING FACTS TOLD"), and shocked his listeners, none more than Richard Hickock, who came to a startled and chagrined attention when Dewey said in the course of his commentary, "There is one incident Smith related to me that I haven't as yet mentioned. And that was that after the Clutter family was tied up, Hickock said to him how well built he thought Nancy Clutter was, and that he was going to rape her. Smith said he told Hickock there wasn't going to be anything like that go on. Smith told me he had no respect for anyone who couldn't control their sexual desires, and that he would have fought Hickock before allowing him to rape the Clutter girl." Theretofore, Hickock had not known that his partner had informed the police of the proposed assault, nor was he yet aware that, in a friendlier spirit, Perry had altered his original story to claim that he alone had shot the four victims. This fact was revealed by Dewey as he neared the end of his testimony: "Perry Smith told me he wished to change two things in the statement he had given us. He said everything else in that statement was true and correct. Except these two things. And that was that he wanted to say he killed Mrs. Clutter and Nancy Clutter—not Hickock. He told me that Hickock . . . didn't want to die with his mother thinking he had killed any members of the Clutter family. And he said the Hickocks were good people. So why not have it that way."

Hearing this, Mrs. Hickock wept. Throughout the trial, she had sat quietly beside her husband, her hands worrying a handkerchief. As often as she could, she caught her son's eye, nodded at him, and simulated a smile—an expression that, though flimsily constructed, affirmed her loyalty. Now her control was clearly exhausted. A few spectators glanced at her, and glanced away, embarrassed; the rest seemed oblivious of the raw dirge counterpointing Dewey's continuing recital. Even her husband, perhaps because he believed it unmanly to take notice, remained aloof. At last, a woman reporter—the only one present—led her

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out of the courtroom and into the privacy of a ladies' room.

Once Mrs. Hickock's anguish had subsided, she expressed a need to confide. "There's nobody much I can talk to," she told her companion. "I don't mean people haven't been kind—neighbors, and all. And strangers, too—strangers have wrote letters to say they know how hard it must be and how sorry they are. Nobody's said a mean word, either to Walter or to me. Not even here, where you might expect it. Everybody here has gone out of their way to be friendly. The waitress over at the place where we take our meals, she puts ice cream on the pie and don't charge for it. I tell her don't, I can't eat it. Used to be I could eat anything didn't eat me first. But she puts it on. To be nice. Sheila, that's her, she says it's not our fault what happened. But it seems to me like people are looking at me and thinking, Well, she must be to blame somehow. The way I raised Dick. Maybe I did do something wrong. Only I don't know what it could have been; I get headaches trying to remember. We're plain people, just country people, getting along the same as everybody else. We had some good times at our house. I taught Dick the fox trot. Dancing, I was always crazy about it, it was my whole life when I was a girl, and there was a boy, gosh, he could dance like Christmas—we won a silver cup waltzing together. For a long time, we planned to run away and go on the stage. Vaudeville. It was just a dream. Children dreaming. He left town, and one day I married Walter, and Walter Hickock couldn't do Step One. He said if I wanted a hoofer I should've married a horse. Nobody ever danced with me again until I learned Dick, and he didn't take to it exactly, but he was sweet. Dick was the best-natured little kid." She removed the spectacles she was wearing, polished the smeared lenses, and resettled them on her pudgy, agreeable face. "There's lots more to Dick than what you hear back there in the courtroom. The lawyers jabbering how terrible he is—no good at all. I can't make any excuses for what he did. His part in it. I'm not forgetting that family; I pray for them every night. But I pray for Dick, too. And this boy Perry. It was wrong of me to hate him; I've got nothing but pity for him now. And you know—I believe Mrs. Clutter would feel pity, too. Being the kind of woman they say she was."

Court had adjourned. The noises of the departing audience clattered in the

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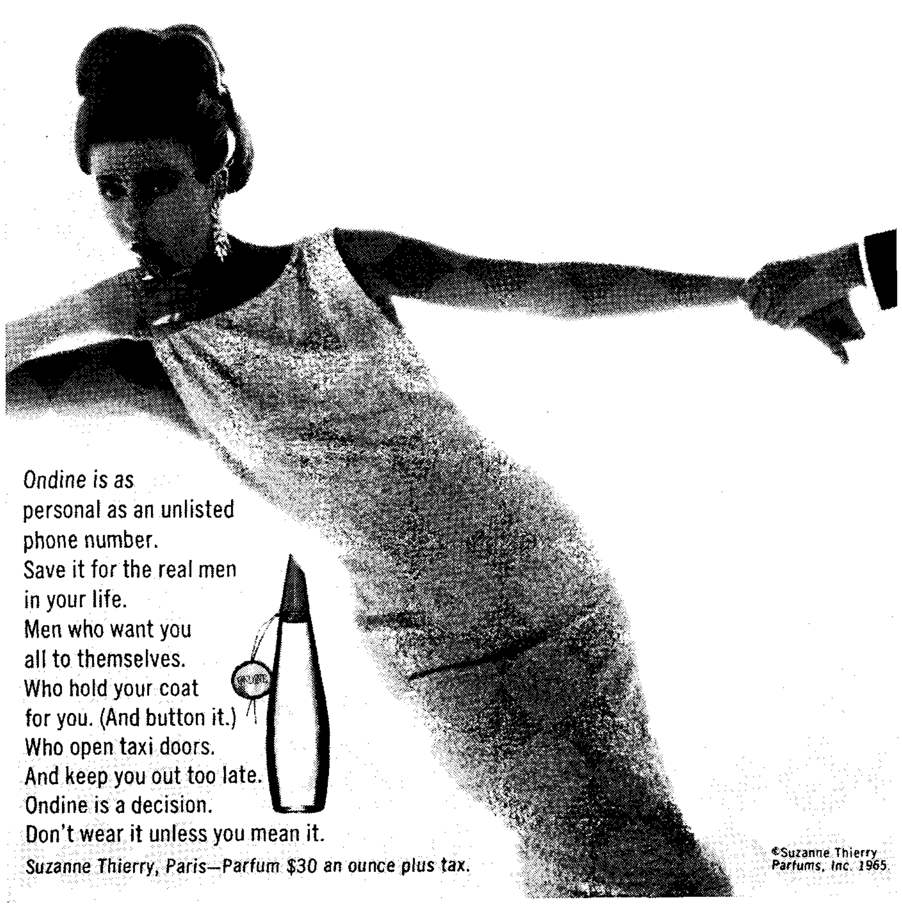

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corridor beyond the lavatory door. Mrs. Hickock said she must go and meet her husband. "He's dying," she said. "I don't think he minds anymore."

MANY observers of the trial scene were baffled by the visitor from Boston, Donald Cullivan. They could not quite understand why this staid young Catholic, a successful engineer who had taken his degree at Harvard, a husband and the father of three children, should choose to befriend an uneducated, homicidal half-breed whom he knew but slightly and had not seen in nine years. Cullivan himself said, "My wife doesn't understand it, either. Coming out here was something I couldn't afford to do—it meant using a week of my vacation, and money we really need for other things. On the other hand, it was something I couldn't afford not to do. Perry's lawyer wrote me asking if I would be a character witness. The moment I read the letter, I knew I had to do it. Because I'd offered this man my friendship. And because—well, I believe in the life everlasting. All souls can be saved for God."

The salvation of a soul—namely, Perry Smith's—was an enterprise in which the deeply Catholic under-sheriff and his wife were eager to assist, even though Mrs. Meier had been rebuffed by Perry when she herself suggested a consultation with Father Goubeax, a local priest. (Perry had said, "Priests and nuns have had their chance with me. I'm still wearing the scars to prove it.") And so, during the weekend recess, the Meiers invited Cullivan to eat Sunday dinner with the prisoner in his cell.

The opportunity to entertain his friend—to play host, as it were—delighted Perry. He planned the menu—wild goose, stuffed and roasted, with gravy and creamed potatoes and string-beans, aspic salad, hot biscuits, cold milk, freshly baked cherry tarts, cheese, and coffee. The dinner seemed to concern him more than the outcome of the trial (which, to be sure, he did not consider a suspenseful matter, saying, "Those prairiebillies, they'll vote to hang fast as pigs eat slop. Look at their eyes. I'll be damned if I'm the only killer in the courtroom"). All Sunday morning, he made his preparations for receiving his guest. The day was warm and a little windy, and leaf shadows, supple emanations from the tree boughs that brushed the barred window of the cell, tantalized Big Red, Perry's tamed squirrel. Big Red chased the swaying patterns while his master swept and

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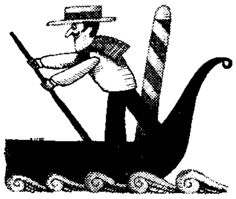

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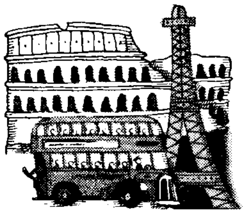

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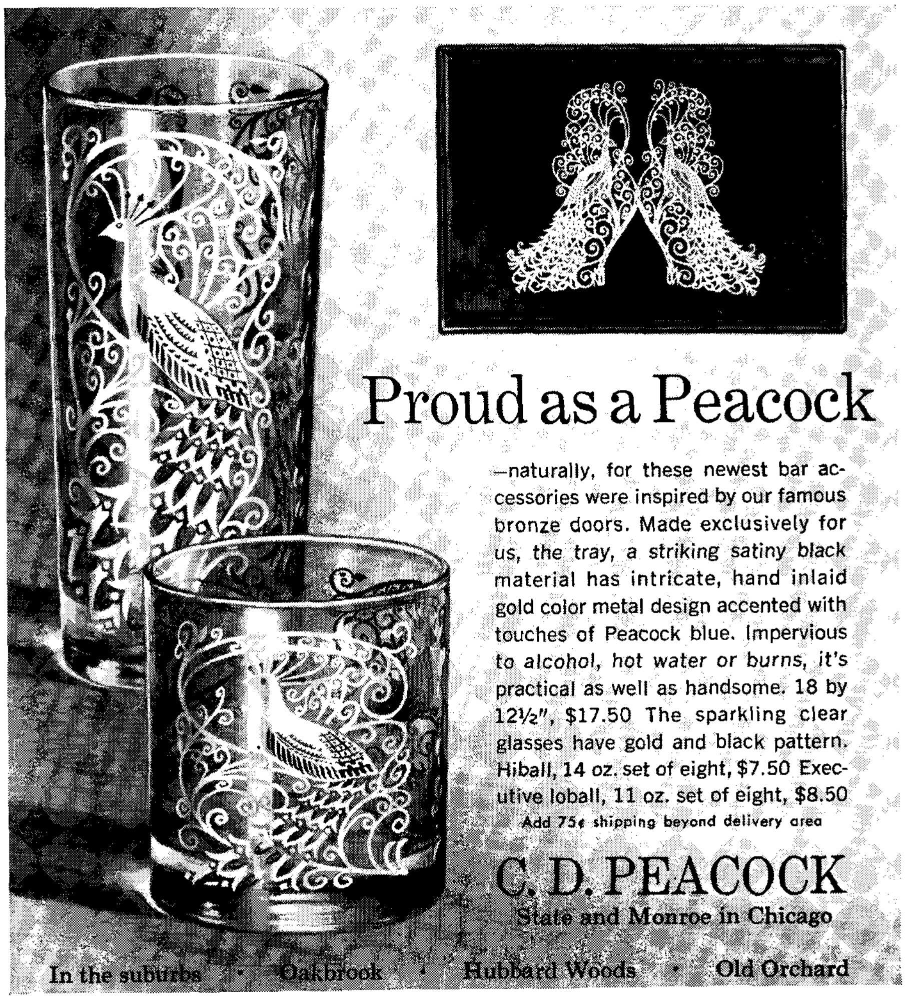

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dusted, scrubbed the floor and scoured the toilet, and cleared the desk of literary accumulations. The desk was to be the dining table, and once Perry had finished setting it, it looked most inviting, for Mrs. Meier had donated a linen tablecloth, starched napkins, and her best china and silver.

Cullivan was impressed—he whistled when the feast, arriving on trays, was placed upon the table—and before sitting down he asked the host if he might offer a blessing. The host, head unbowed, cracked his knuckles as Cullivan, with head bowed and palms together, intoned, "Bless us, O Lord, and these Thy gifts which we are about to receive from Thy bounty, through the mercy of Christ, our Lord. Amen."

Then Perry remarked that in his opinion any credit due belonged to Mrs. Meier. "She did all the work," he said. Heaping his guest's plate, he went on, "Well, it's good to see you, Don. You look just the same. Haven't changed a bit."

Cullivan, in appearance a cautious bank clerk with depleted hair and a face rather difficult to recall, agreed that outwardly he hadn't changed much. But his interior self, the invisible man, was another matter, he continued. "I was coasting along," he said. "Not knowing God is the only reality. Once you realize that, then everything falls into place. Life has meaning—and so does death. Boy, do you always eat like this?"

Perry laughed. "She's really a terrific cook—Mrs. Meier. You ought to taste her Spanish rice. I've gained fifteen pounds since I got here. Course, I was on the thin side. I'd lost a lot of weight while Dick and me were out on the road riding all to hell and gone—hardly ever eating a square meal, hungry as hell most of the time. Mostly, we lived like animals. Dick was always stealing canned stuff out of grocery stores. Baked beans and canned spaghetti. We'd open it up in the car and gobble it cold. Animals. Dick loves to steal. It's an emotional thing with him. A sickness. I'm a thief, too, but only if I don't have the money to pay. Dick—if he was carrying a hundred dollars in his pocket, he'd steal a stick of chewing gum."

Later, over coffee and cigarettes, Perry returned to the subject of thievery. "My friend Willie-Jay used to talk about it," he said, referring to a onetime fellow-prisoner of his, a chaplain's clerk. "He used to say that all crimes were only 'varieties of theft.' Murder included. When you kill a

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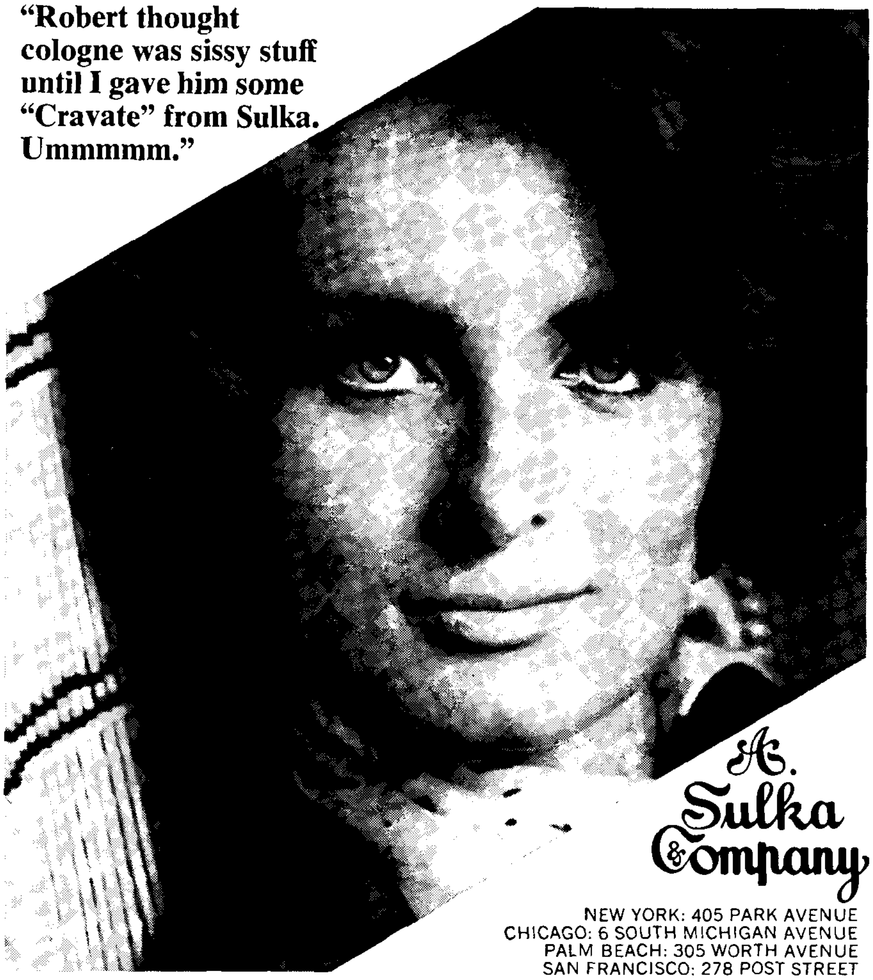

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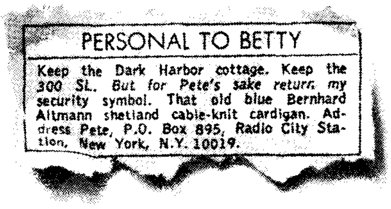

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man you steal his life. I guess that makes me a pretty big thief. See, Don—I did kill them. Down there in court, old Dewey made it sound like I was prevaricating. On account of Dick's mother. Well, I wasn't. Dick helped me—he held the flashlight and picked up the shells. And it was his idea, too. But Dick didn't shoot them, he never could've—though he's damn quick when it comes to running down an old dog. I wonder why I did it." He scowled, as though the problem were new to him—a newly unearthed stone, of a surprising, unclassified color. "I don't know why," he said, as if he were holding it to the light and angling it now here, now there. "I was sore at Dick. The tough guy. The phony brass boy. But it wasn't Dick. Or the fear of being identified. I was willing to take that gamble. And it wasn't because of anything the Clutters did. They never hurt me. Like other people. Like people have all my life. Maybe it's just that the Clutters were the ones who had to pay for it."

Cullivan probed, trying to gauge the depth of what he assumed would be Perry's contrition. Surely he must be experiencing a remorse sufficiently profound to summon a desire for God's mercy and forgiveness?

Perry said, "Am I sorry? If that's what you mean, I'm not. I don't feel anything about it. I wish I did. But nothing about it bothers me a bit. Half an hour after it happened, Dick was making jokes and I was laughing at them. Maybe we're not human. I'm human enough to feel sorry for myself. Sorry I can't walk out of here when you walk out. But that's all."

Cullivan could scarcely credit so detached an attitude: Perry was confused, mistaken; it was not possible for any man to be so devoid of conscience or compassion.

Perry said, "Why? Soldiers don't lose much sleep. They murder, and get medals for doing it. The good people of Kansas want to murder me, and some hangman will be glad to get the work. It's easy to kill. A lot easier than passing a bad check. Just remember: I only knew the Clutters maybe an hour. If I'd really known them, I guess I'd feel different. I don't think I could live with myself. But the way it was, it was like picking off targets in a shooting gallery."

Cullivan was silent, and his silence upset Perry, who seemed to interpret it as implying disapproval. "Hell, Don, don't make me act the hypocrite with *you:* throw a load of bull—how sorry

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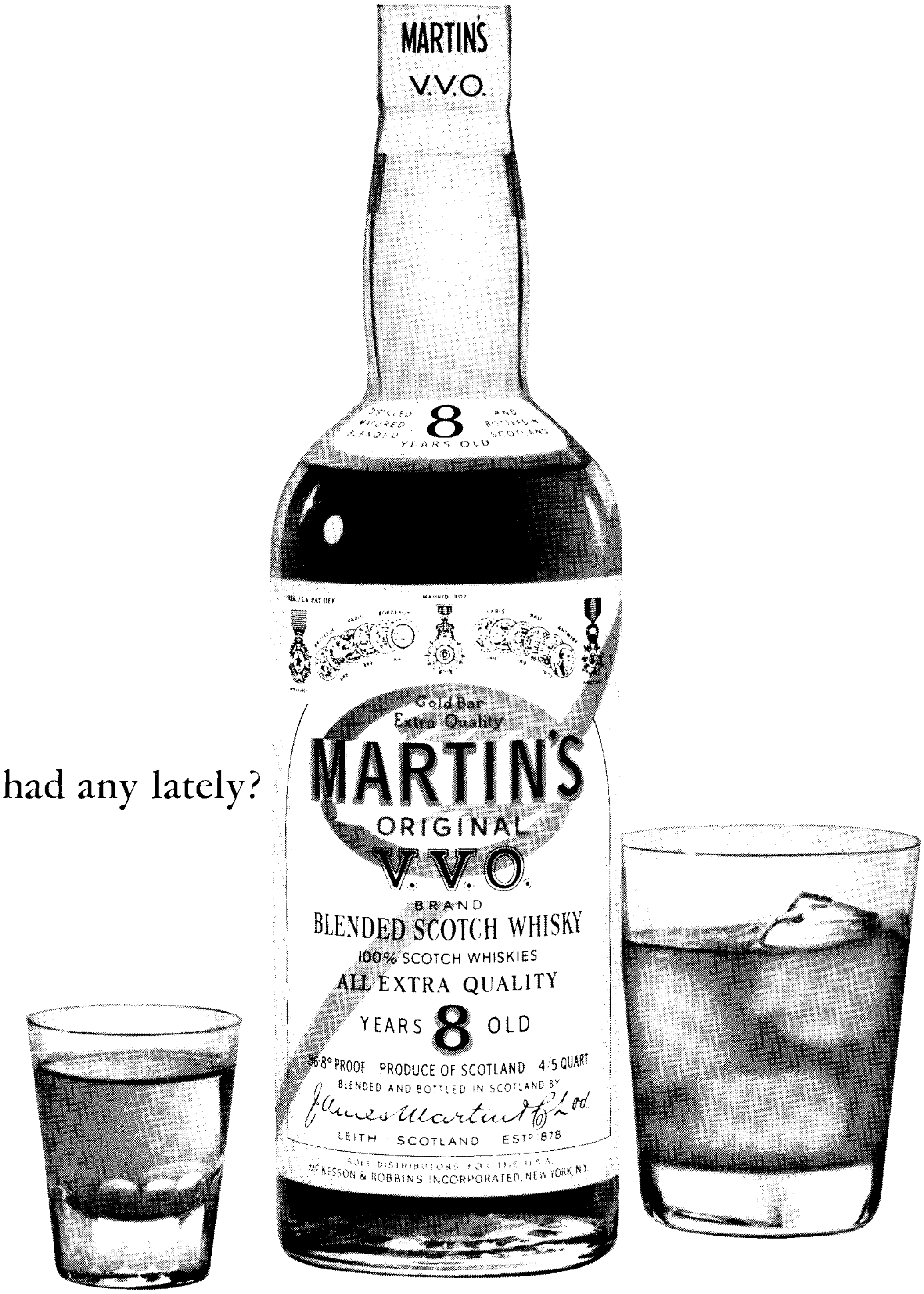

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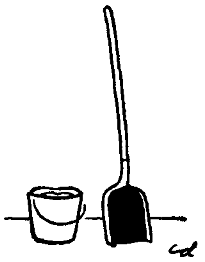
I am, how all I want to do now is crawl on my knees and pray,” he said. “That stuff don't ring with me. I can't accept overnight what I've always denied. The truth is, you've done more for me than any what you call God ever has. Or ever will. By writing to me. By signing yourself ‘friend.’ When I *had no friends*. Except *Joe James*.” Joe James, he explained, was a young Indian logger with whom he had once lived in a forest near Bellingham, Washington. “That's a long way from Garden City. A good two thousand miles. But I sent word to Joe. About the trouble I'm in. Joe's a poor guy, he's got seven kids to feed. But he promised to come here, if he had to walk. He hasn't shown up yet, and maybe he won't, only I think he will. Joe always liked me. Do you, Don?”

“Yes. I like you.”

Cullivan's softly emphatic answer pleased but rather flustered Perry. He smiled, and said, “Then you must be some kind of nut.” Suddenly rising, he crossed the cell and picked up the broom. “I don't know why I should die among strangers. Let a bunch of prairiebillies stand around and watch me strangle. I ought to kill myself first.” He lifted the broom and pressed the bristles against the light bulb that burned in the ceiling. “Just unscrew the bulb and smash it and cut my wrists. That's what I ought to do. While you're still here. Somebody who cares about me a little bit.”



THE trial resumed on Monday morning at ten o'clock. Ninety minutes later, the court adjourned, the case for the defense having been completed in that brief time. The defendants, who had pleaded not guilty by reason of temporary insanity, declined to testify in their own behalf. Therefore, the question of whether Hickock or Smith had been the actual executioner of the Clutter family did not arise.

Of the five witnesses who did appear that morning, the first was the hollow-eyed Mr. Hickock. Though he spoke with a dignified and mournful clarity, he had but one contribution to make that was relevant to a claim of temporary insanity. His son, he said, had suffered head injuries in a car accident in July, 1950. Prior to the accident, Dick had been a “happy-go-lucky boy.” He had done well in school, and been popular with his classmates and considerate of his parents—“no trouble to anybody.”

Harrison Smith, gently guiding the witness, said, “I will ask you if, after July, 1950, you observed any change in the personality and the habits and the actions of your son, Richard?”

“He just didn't act like the same boy.”

“What were the changes you observed?”

Mr. Hickock, between pensive hesitations, listed several: Dick was sulky and restless, he ran around with older men, he drank and gambled. “He just wasn't the same boy.”

The last assertion was immediately challenged by Logan Green, who undertook the cross-examination. “Mr. Hickock, you say you never had any trouble with your son until *after* 1950?”

“I think he got arrested in 1949.”

Green smiled, and asked, “Remember what he was arrested for?”

“He was accused of breaking into a drugstore.”

“Accused? Didn't he admit that he broke into the store?”

“That's right, he did.”

“And that was in 1949. Yet now you tell us your son had a change in his attitude and conduct after 1950?”

“I would say so, yes.”

“You mean that after 1950 he became a *good* boy?”

Hard coughs agitated the old man. “No,” he said, “I wouldn't say that.”

“Then what was the change that took place?”

“Well, that would be pretty hard to explain. He just didn't act like the same boy.”

“You mean he *lost* his criminal tendencies?”

The lawyer's sally induced guffaws—a courtroom flareup that Judge Tate's dour gaze soon extinguished.

Mr. Hickock, presently set free, was replaced on the stand by Dr. W. Mitchell Jones. Dr. Jones identified himself to the court as a “physician specializing in the field of psychiatry,” and, in support of his qualifications, added that he had attended perhaps fifteen hundred patients since 1956, the year he entered a psychiatric residency at Topeka State Hospital. For the past two years, he had served on the staff of Larned State Hospital, where he was in charge of the Dillon Building, a section reserved for the criminally insane.

Harrison Smith asked the witness,

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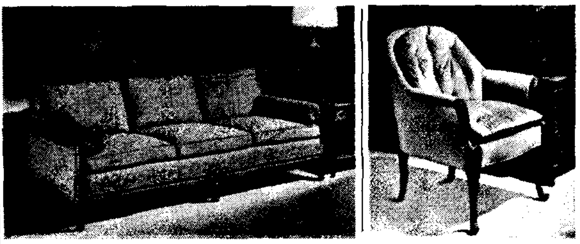

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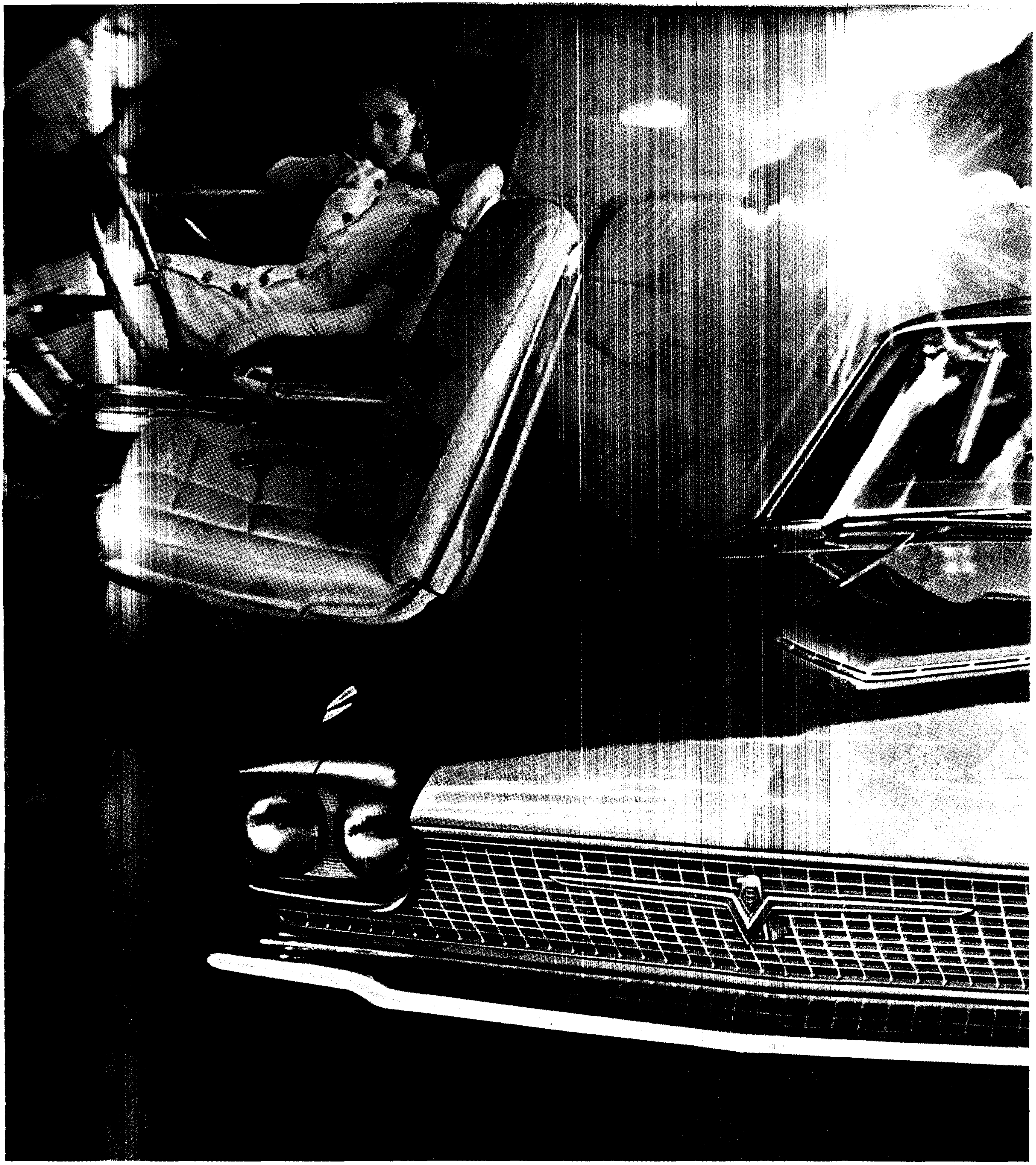

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This year, too, Thunderbird leads the way with unique features like a Safety Convenience Panel mounted overhead in the new Town models. This panel warns the driver if a door is ajar or fuel is low, and reminds him to fasten his seatbelt. A similar unit is dash-mounted, on other models.

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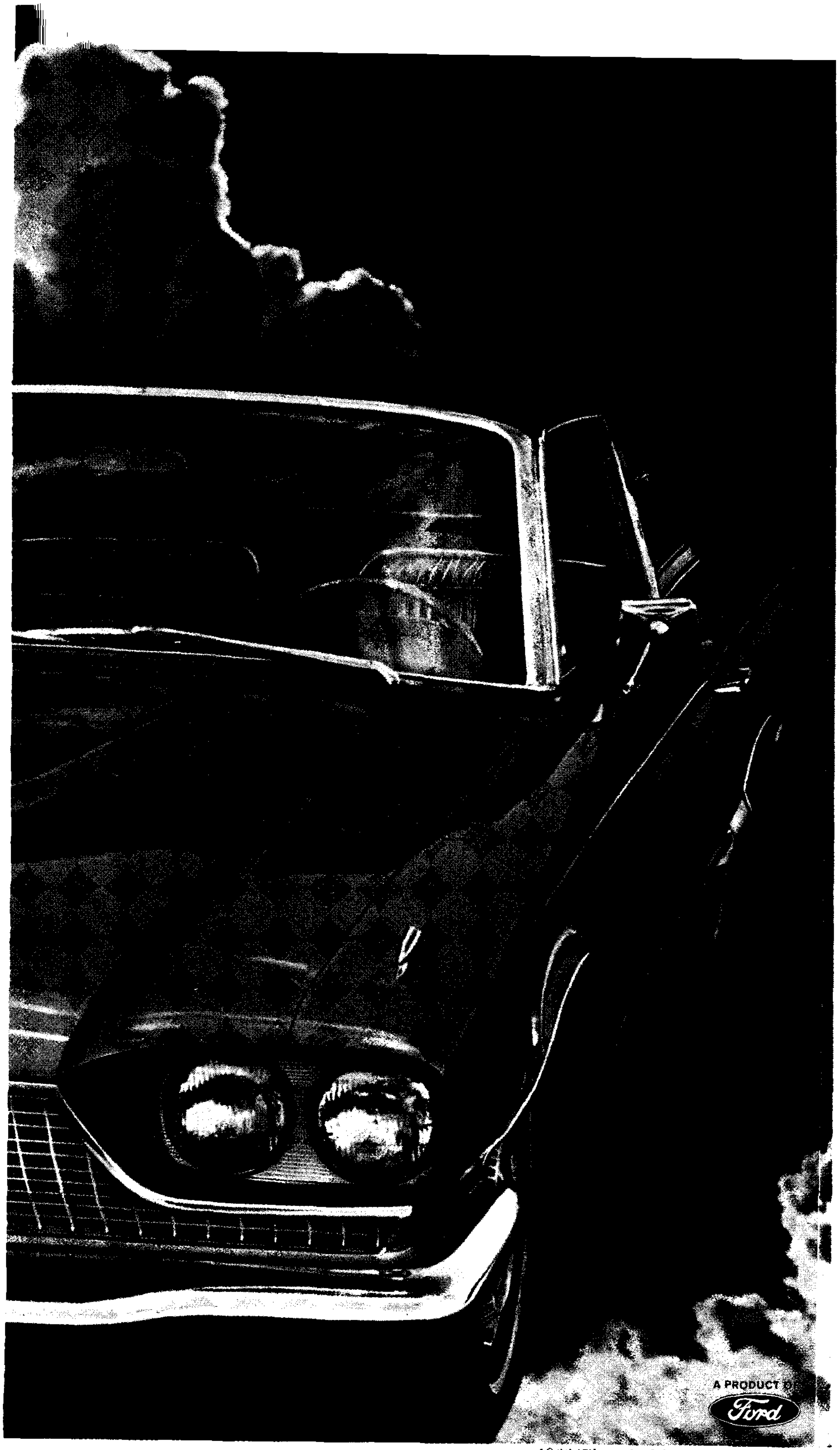

1966 Thunderbird Town Hardtop

bic-inch V-8 is offered as optional equipment. Another distinctive Thunderbird option this year is an AM Radio/Stereo Tape system. You can enjoy over 70 minutes of music with easy-to-load tape cartridges.

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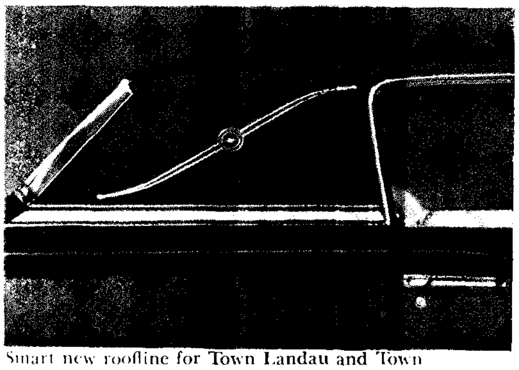
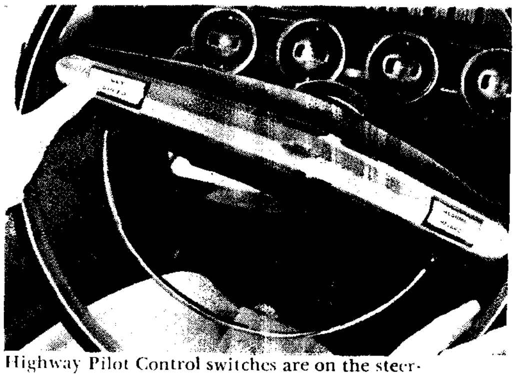
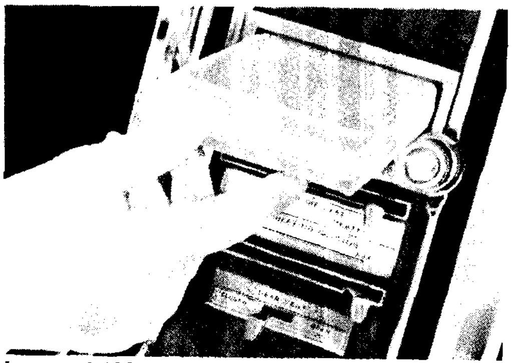
This panel in Town models tells when doors are ajar, seatbelts unfastened, fuel low, emergency flasher is operating.



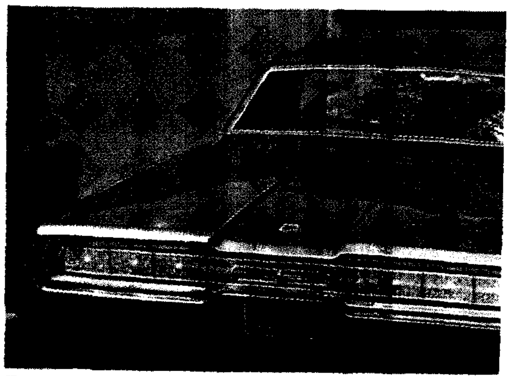
Smart new roofline for Town Landau and Town Hardtop is the newest of Thunderbird's 1966 styling innovations.



Highway Pilot Control switches are on the steering wheel to set, maintain and resume highway speed automatically.



Integrated AM Radio/Stereo-sonic Tape System is cartridge-loaded, snaps in, snaps out, needs no threading.



Thunderbird's unique Sequential Turn Signals in full-width taillights signal each turn with a ripple of light.

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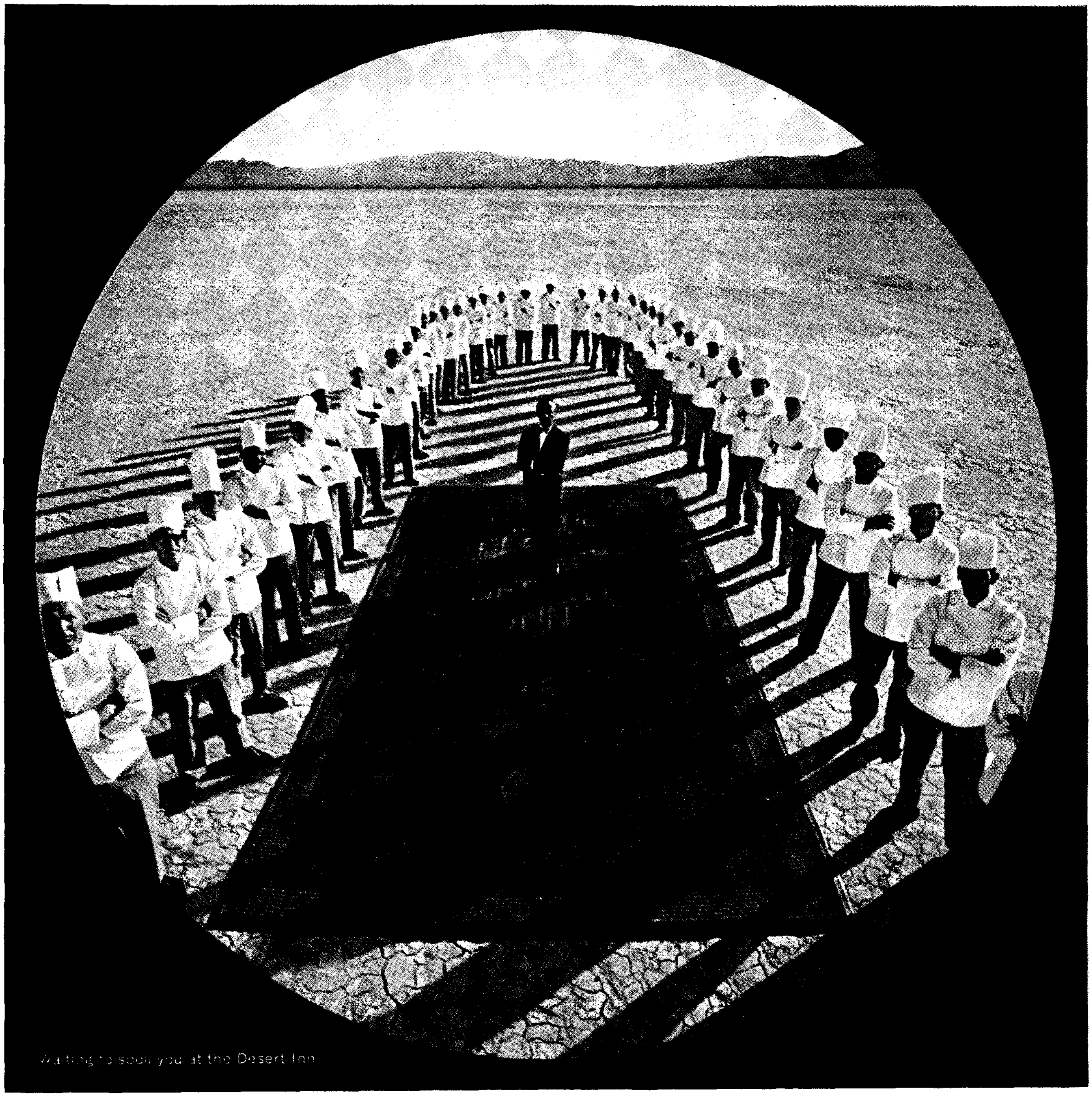

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"Approximately how many murderers have you dealt with?"

"About twenty-five."

"Doctor, I would like to ask you if you know my client, Richard Eugene Hickock?"

"I do."

"Have you had occasion to examine him professionally?"

"Yes, sir. I made a psychiatric evaluation of Mr. Hickock."

"Based upon your examination, do you have an opinion as to whether or not Richard Eugene Hickock knew right from wrong at the time of the commission of the crime?"

The witness, a stout man of twenty-eight with a moon-shaped but intelligent, subtly delicate face, took a deep breath, as though to equip himself for a prolonged reply—which the judge then cautioned him he must not make: "You may answer the question yes or no, Doctor. Limit your answer to yes or no."

"Yes."

"And what is your opinion?"

"I think that within the usual definitions Mr. Hickock did know right from wrong."

Confined as he was by the M'Naghten Rule ("the usual definitions"), a formula quite color-blind to any gradations between black and white, Dr. Jones was impotent to answer otherwise. But, of course, the response was a letdown for Hickock's attorney, who hopelessly asked, "Can you qualify that answer?"

It was hopeless because, though Dr. Jones agreed to elaborate, the prosecution was entitled to object, and did, citing the fact that Kansas law required nothing more than a yes-or-no reply to the pertinent question. The objection was upheld, and the witness was dismissed.

However, had Dr. Jones been allowed to testify further, here is what he had written out and would have said: "Richard Hickock is above average in intelligence, grasps new ideas easily, and has a wide fund of information. He is alert to what is happening around him, and he shows no sign of mental confusion or disorientation. His thinking is well organized and logical, and he seems to be in good contact with reality. Although I did not find the usual signs of organic brain damage—memory loss, concrete-concept formation, intellectual deterioration—this cannot be completely ruled out. He had a serious head injury with concussion and several hours of unconsciousness in 1950—this was verified by me by checking hospital

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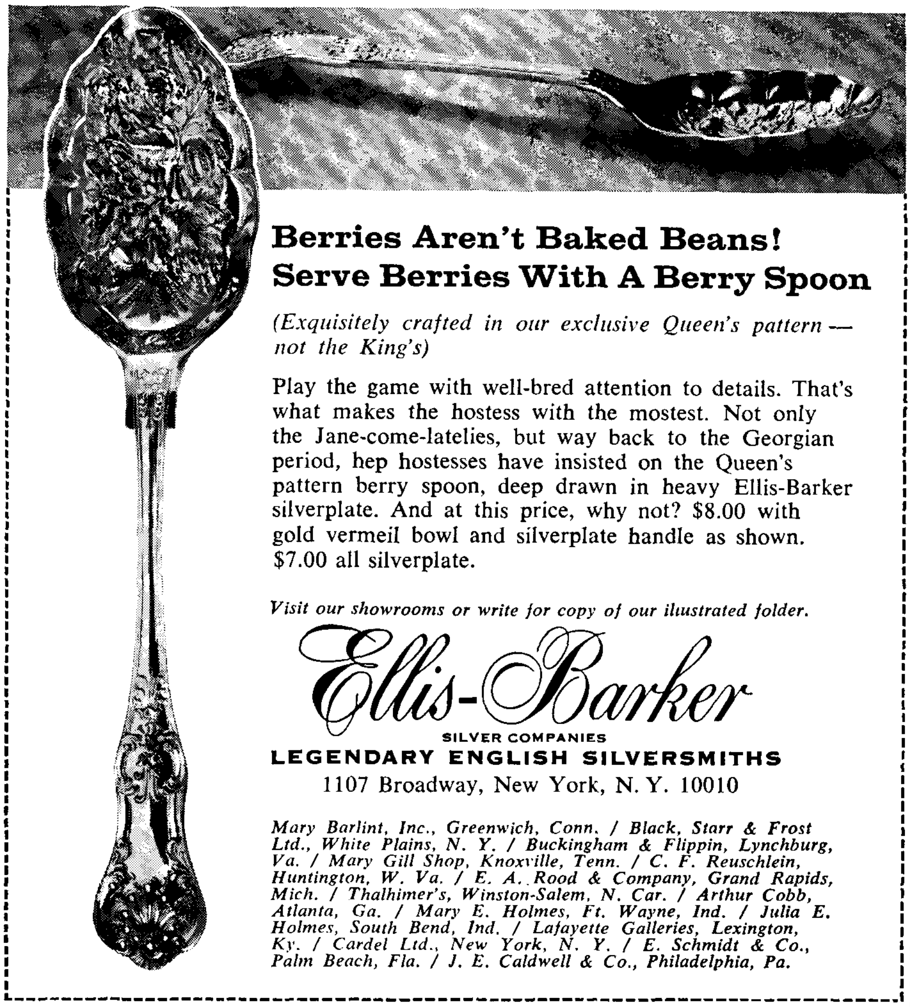
records. He says he has had blackout spells, periods of amnesia, and headaches ever since that time, and a major portion of his anti-social behavior has occurred since that time. He has never had the medical tests which would definitely prove or disprove the existence of residual brain damage. Definitive medical tests are indicated before a complete evaluation can be said to exist. Hickock does show signs of emotional abnormality. That he knew what he was doing and still went ahead with it is possibly the most clear-cut demonstration of this fact. He is a person who is impulsive in action, likely to do things without thought of consequences or future discomfort to himself or to others. He does not seem to be capable of learning from experience, and he shows an unusual pattern of intermittent periods of productive activity followed by patently irresponsible actions. He cannot tolerate feelings of frustration as a more normal person can, and he is poorly able to rid himself of those feelings except through anti-social activity. His self-esteem is very low, and he secretly feels inferior to others and sexually inadequate. These feelings seem to be overcompensated for by dreams of being rich and powerful, a tendency to brag about his exploits, spending sprees when he has money, and dissatisfaction with only the normal slow advancement he could expect from his job. He is uncomfortable in his relationships to other people, and has a pathological inability to form and hold enduring personal attachments. Although he professes usual moral standards, he seems obviously uninfluenced by them in his actions. In summary, he shows fairly typical characteristics of what would psychiatrically be called a severe character disorder. It is important that steps be taken to rule out the possibility of organic brain damage, since, if present, it might have substantially influenced his behavior during the past several years and at the time of the crime."

Aside from a formal plea to the jury, which would not take place until the next day, the psychiatrist's testimony terminated Dick Hickock's planned defense. It was now the turn of Arthur Fleming, Perry Smith's elderly counsellor. He presented four witnesses: the Reverend James E. Post, the Protestant chaplain at Kansas State Penitentiary; Perry's Indian friend Joe James, who, after all, had arrived by bus that morning, having travelled a day and two nights from his wilderness home in the Far Northwest; Donald Cullivan; and, once again, Dr.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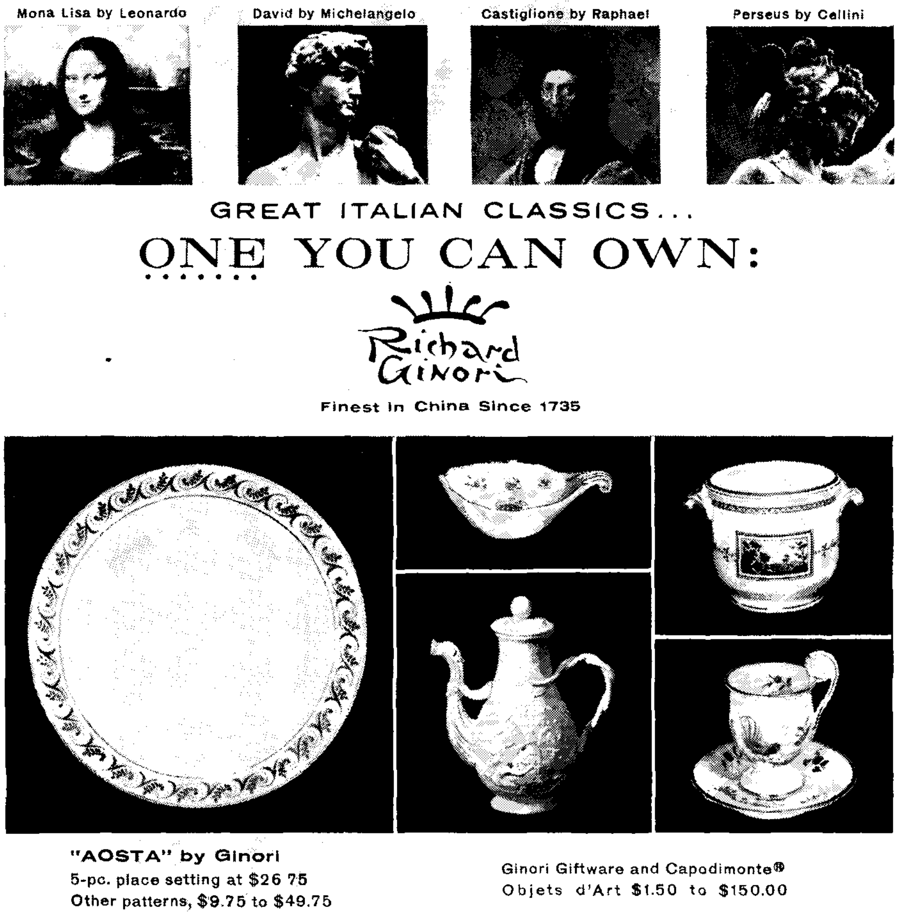

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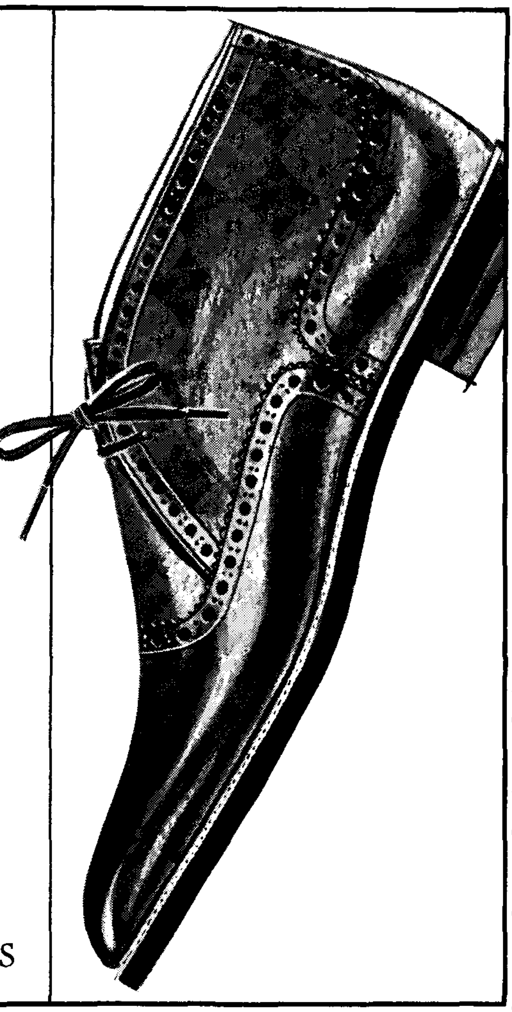

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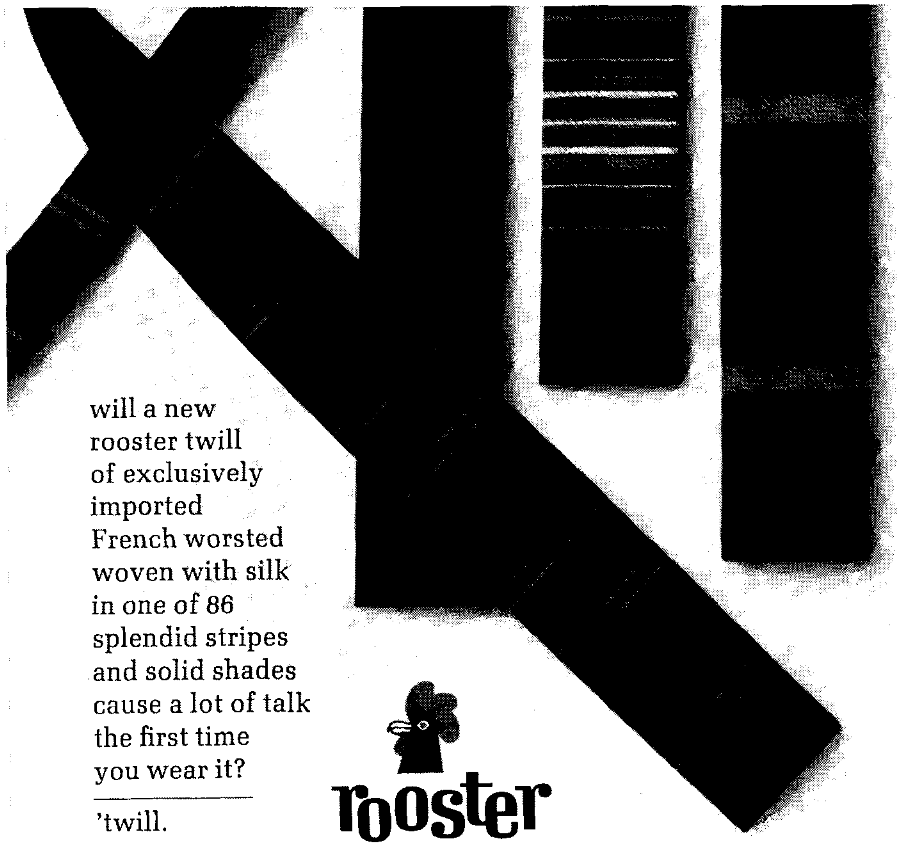

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Jones. Except for the last, these men were offered as "character witnesses"—persons expected to attribute to the accused a few human virtues. They did not fare very well, though each of them managed some skimpily favorable remark before the protesting prosecution, which contended that personal comments of this nature were "incompetent, irrelevant, immaterial," hushed and banished them.

For example, Joe James, a dark-haired man, even darker-skinned than Perry, and a lithe figure who looked, with his huntsman's faded shirt and moccasined feet, as though he had that instant mysteriously emerged from woodland shadows, told the court that the defendant had lived with him off and on for over two years. "Perry was a likable kid, well liked around the neighborhood—he never done one thing out of the way to my knowledge," he said.

The state stopped him there, and it halted Cullivan, too, when Cullivan said, "During the time I knew him in the Army, Perry was a very likable fellow."

The Reverend Mr. Post survived somewhat longer, for he made no direct attempt to compliment the prisoner but described sympathetically an encounter with him at Lansing: "I first met Perry Smith when he came to my office in the prison chapel with a picture he had painted. A head-and-shoulders portrait of Jesus Christ done in pastel crayon. He wanted to give it to me for use in the chapel. It's been hanging on the walls of my office ever since."

Fleming asked, "Do you have a photograph of that painting?"

The Reverend Mr. Post had an envelopeful of photographs, but when he produced them, ostensibly for distribution among the jurors, an exasperated Logan Green leaped to his feet and said, "If Your Honor please, this is going too *far!*"

His Honor saw that it went no further.

Dr. Jones was now recalled, and, following a repetition of the preliminaries that had accompanied his original appearance, Fleming put to him the crucial query: "From your conversations and examination of Perry Edward Smith, do you have an opinion as to whether he knew right from wrong at the time of the offense involved in this action?"

And once more the court admonished the witness: "Answer yes or no, do you have an opinion."

"No."

Amid surprised mutters, Fleming,

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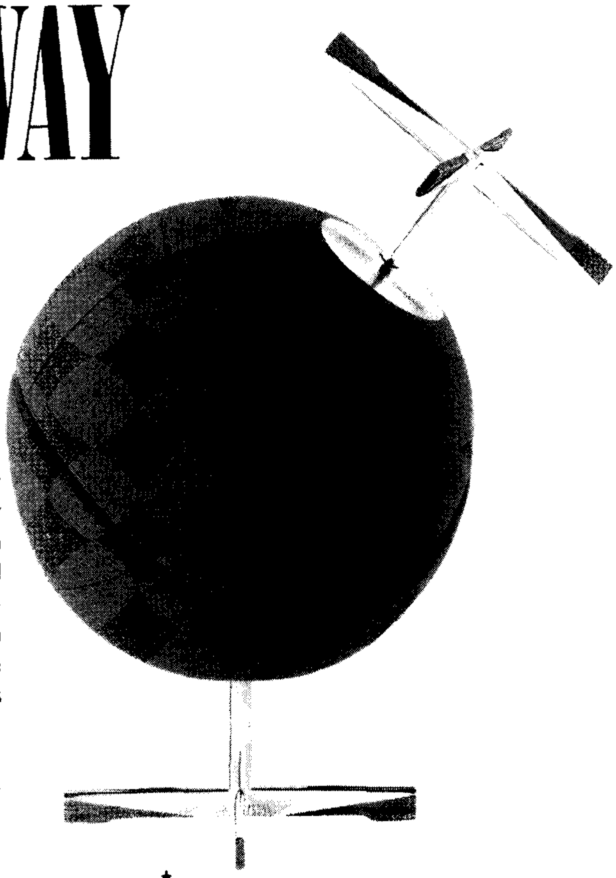

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surprised himself, said, "You may state to the jury why you have no opinion."

Green objected, "The man has no opinion, and that's *it*."

Which it was, legally speaking.

But had Dr. Jones been permitted to discourse on the cause of his indecision, he would have said, "Perry Smith shows definite signs of severe mental illness. His childhood, related to me and verified by portions of the prison records, was marked by brutality and lack of concern on the part of both parents. He seems to have grown up without direction, without love, and without ever having absorbed any fixed sense of moral values. He is oriented, hyper-alert to things going on about him, and shows no sign of confusion. He is above average in intelligence, and has a good range of information, considering his poor educational background. Two features in his personality makeup stand out as particularly pathological. The first is his 'paranoid' orientation toward the world. He is suspicious and distrustful of others, tends to feel that others discriminate against him, and feels that others are unfair to him and do not understand him. He is overly sensitive to criticisms that others make of him, and cannot tolerate being made fun of. He is quick to sense slight or insult in things others say, and frequently may misinterpret well-meant communications. He feels he has great need of friendship and understanding, but he is reluctant to confide in others, and, when he does, expects to be misunderstood, or even betrayed. In evaluating the intentions and feelings of others, he has very poor ability to separate the real situation from his own mental projections. He not infrequently groups all people together as being hypocritical, hostile, and deserving of whatever he is able to do to them. Akin to this first trait is the second, an ever-present, poorly controlled rage—easily triggered by any feeling of being tricked, slighted, or labelled inferior by others. For the most part, his rages in the past have been directed at authority figures—father, brother, Army sergeant, state parole officer—and have led to violent assaultive behavior on several occasions. Both he and his acquaintances have been aware of these rages, which, he says, 'mount up' in him, and of the poor control he has over them. When turned toward himself, his anger has precipitated ideas of suicide. The inappropriate force of his anger and the lack of ability to control or channel it reflect a primary weakness of personality structure. In addition to these traits, the subject shows mild early signs of

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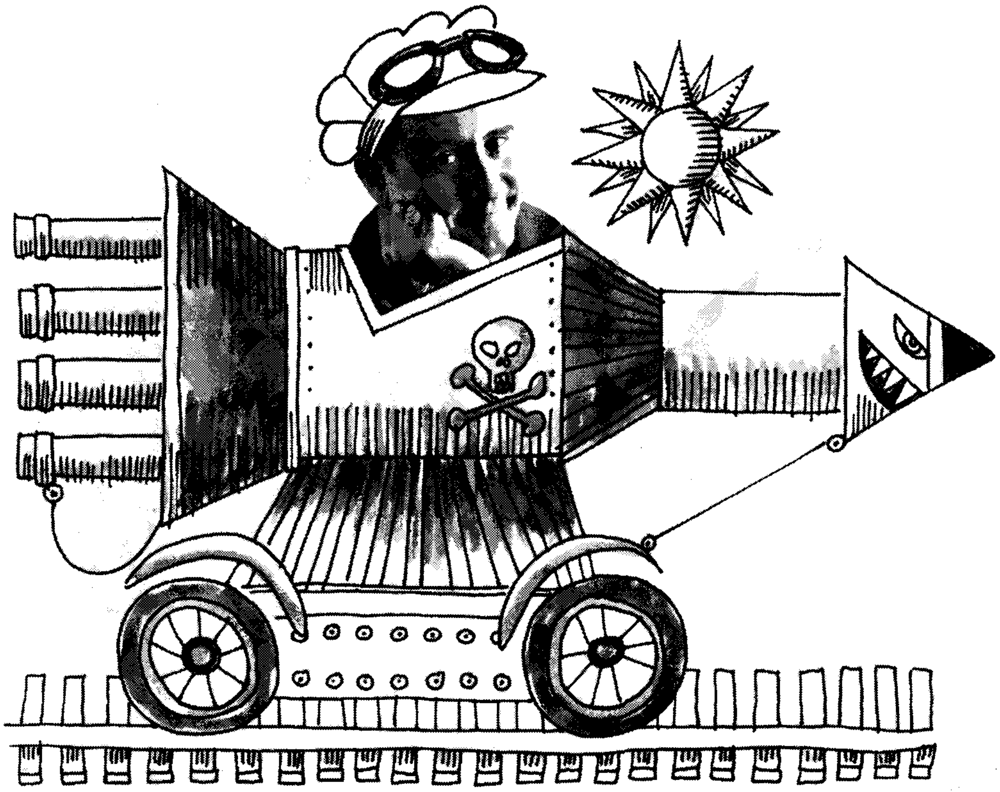

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a disorder of his thought processes. He has poor ability to organize his thinking, he seems unable to scan or summarize his thought, becoming involved and sometimes lost in detail, and some of his thinking reflects a 'magical' quality, a disregard of reality. He has had few close emotional relationships with other people, and these have not been able to stand small crises. He has little feeling for others outside a very small circle of friends, and attaches little real value to human life. This emotional detachment and blandness in certain areas is other evidence of his mental abnormality. More extensive evaluation would be necessary to make an exact psychiatric diagnosis, but his present personality structure is very nearly that of a paranoid schizophrenic reaction."

It is significant that a widely respected veteran in the field of forensic psychiatry, Dr. Joseph Satten, of the Menninger Clinic, in Topeka, consulted with Dr. Jones and endorsed his evaluations of Hickock and Smith. Dr. Satten, who afterward gave the case close attention, suggests that the crime, though it would not have occurred except for a certain frictional interplay between the perpetrators, was essentially the act of Perry Smith, who, he feels, represents a type of murderer he had described in an article called: "Murder Without Apparent Motive: A Study in Personality Disorganization." The article, which was printed in the *American Journal of Psychiatry* for July, 1960, and was written in collaboration with three colleagues—Karl Menninger, Irwin Rosen, and Martin Mayman—states its aim at the outset: "In attempting to assess the criminal responsibility of murderers, the law tries to divide them (as it does all offenders) into two groups, the 'sane' and the 'insane.' The 'sane' murderer is thought of as acting upon rational motives that can be understood, though condemned, and the 'insane' one as being driven by irrational, senseless motives. When rational motives are conspicuous (for example, when a man kills for personal gain) or when the irrational motives are accompanied by delusions or hallucinations (for example, a paranoid patient who kills his fantasied persecutor), the situation presents little problem to the psychiatrist. But murderers who seem rational, coherent, and controlled, and yet whose homicidal acts have a bizarre, apparently senseless quality, pose a difficult problem, if courtroom disagreements and contradictory reports about the same offender are an index. It is our thesis that the psychopathology of such mur-

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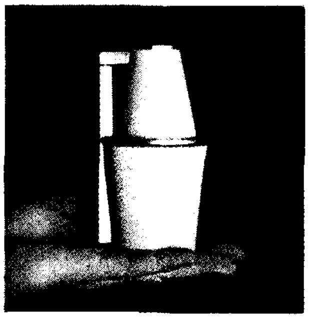

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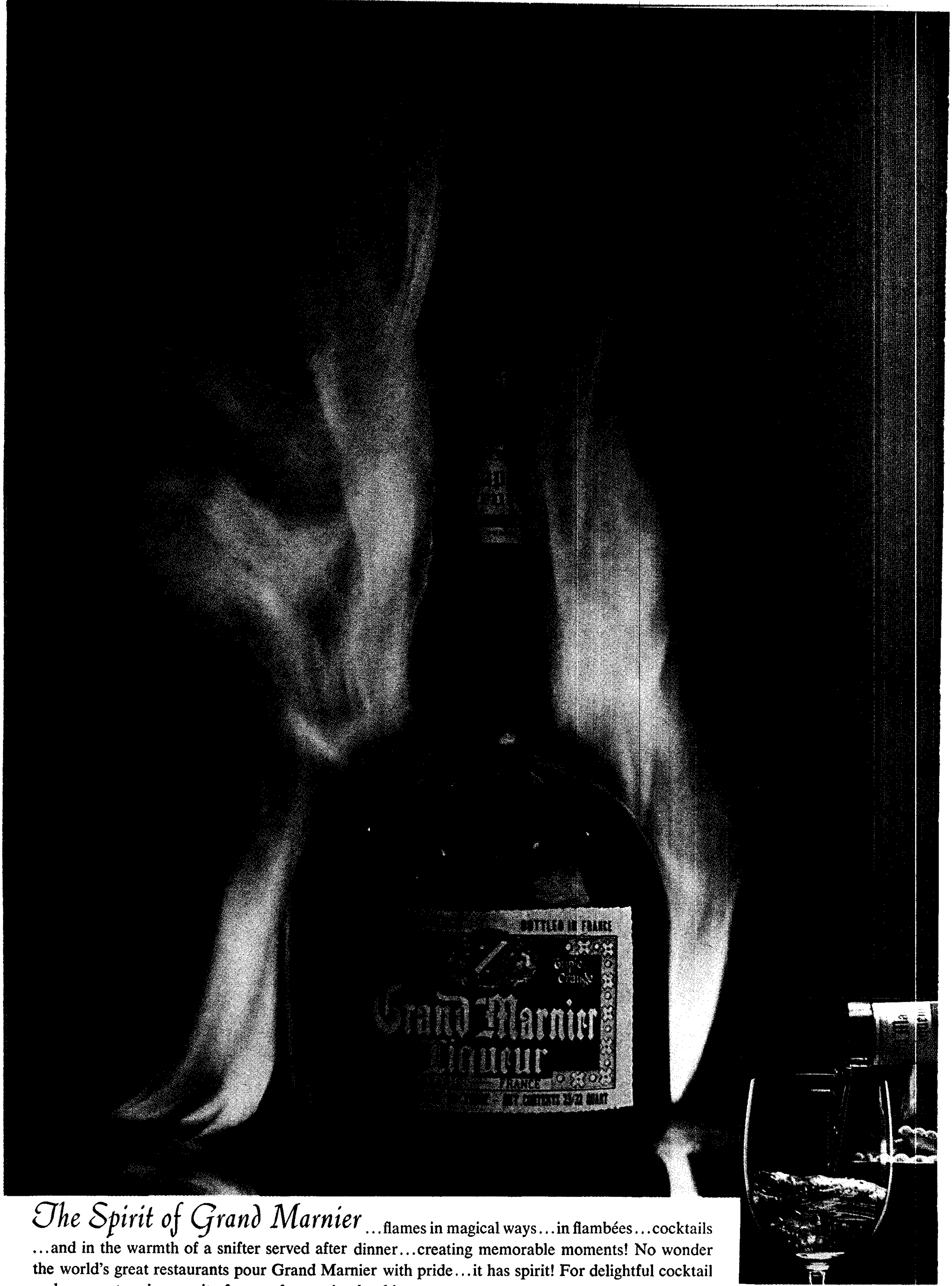
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derers forms at least one specific syndrome, which we shall describe. In general, these individuals are predisposed to severe lapses in ego-control which makes possible the open expression of primitive violence, born out of previous, and now unconscious, traumatic experiences." The authors, as part of an appeals process, had examined four men convicted of seemingly unmotivated murders. All had been examined prior to their trials and found to be "without psychosis" and "sane." Three of the men were under death sentence, and the fourth was serving a long prison sentence. In each of these cases, further psychiatric investigation had been requested, because someone—either the lawyer or a relative or a friend—was dissatisfied with the psychiatric explanations previously given, and, in effect, had asked, "How can a person as sane as this man seems to be commit an act as crazy as the one he was convicted of?" After describing the four criminals and their crimes—a Negro soldier who mutilated and dismembered a prostitute; a laborer who strangled a fourteen-year-old boy when the boy rejected his sexual advances; an Army corporal who bludgeoned to death another young boy, because he imagined that the victim was mocking or making fun of him; and a hospital employee who drowned a girl of nine by holding her head under water—the authors survey the areas of similarity. The men themselves, they write, were puzzled as to why they killed their victims, who were relatively unknown to them, and in each instance the murderer appears to have lapsed into a dreamlike, dissociative trance, from which he awakened to "suddenly discover" himself assaulting his victim. "The most uniform, and perhaps the most significant, historical finding was a long-standing, sometimes lifelong, history of erratic control over aggressive impulses," the authors continue. "For example, three of the men, throughout their lives, had been frequently involved in fights which were not ordinary altercations, and which would have become homicidal assaults if not stopped by others."

Here, in excerpt, are a number of other observations contained in the study: "Despite the violence in their lives, all of the men had ego-images of themselves as physically inferior, weak, and inadequate; and the histories revealed in each a severe degree of sexual inhibition. To all of them, adult women were threatening creatures, and in two cases, there was overt sexual perver-

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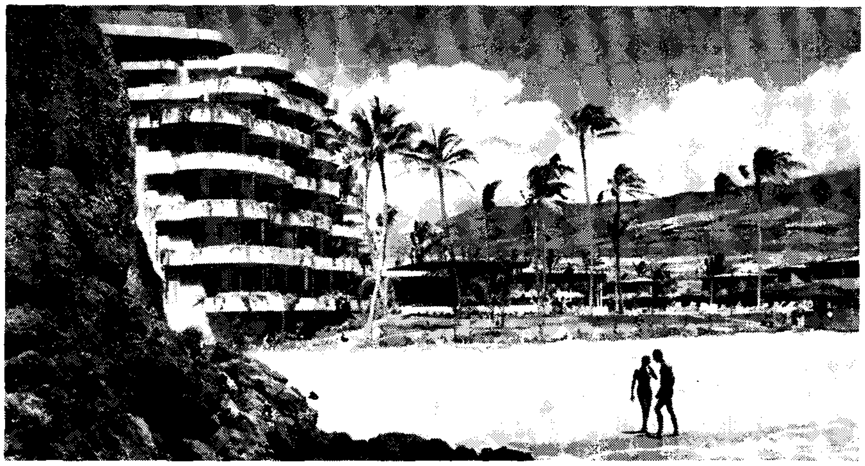

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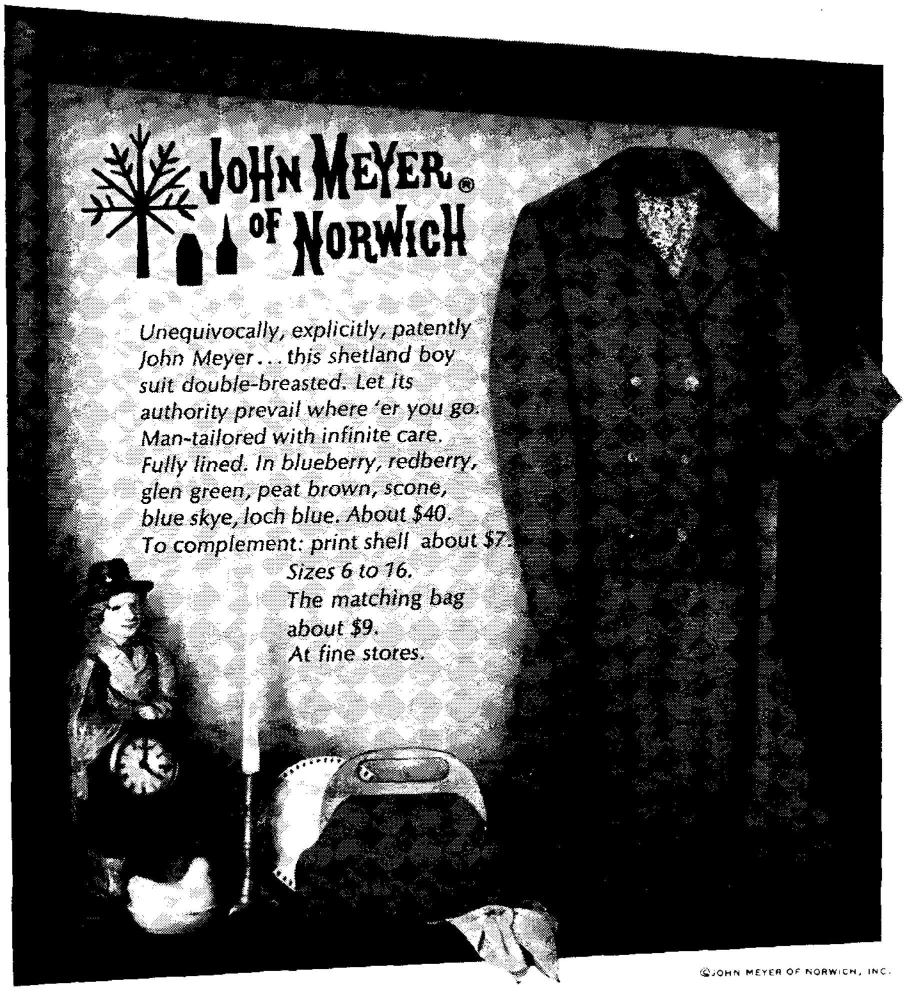

Unequivocally, explicitly, patently John Meyer . . . this shetland boy suit double-breasted. Let its authority prevail where 'er you go. Man-tailored with infinite care. Fully lined. In blueberry, redberry, glen green, peat brown, scone, blue skye, loch blue. About $40.
To complement: print shell about $7.
Sizes 6 to 16.
The matching bag about $9.
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sion. All of them, too, had been concerned throughout their early years about being considered 'sissies,' physically undersized, or sickly. . . . In all four cases, there was historical evidence of altered states of consciousness, frequently in connection with the outbursts of violence. Two of the men reported severe dissociative trancelike states during which violent and bizarre behavior was seen, while the other two reported less severe, and perhaps less well-organized, amnesic episodes. During moments of actual violence, they often felt separated or isolated from themselves, as if they were watching someone else. . . . Also seen in the historical background of all the cases was the occurrence of extreme parental violence during childhood. . . . One man said he was 'whipped every time I turned around.' . . . Another of the men had many violent beatings in order to 'break' him of his stammering and 'fits,' as well as to correct him for his allegedly 'bad' behavior. . . . The history relating to *extreme* violence, whether fantasied, observed in reality, or actually experienced by the child, fits in with the psychoanalytic hypothesis that the child's exposure to overwhelming stimuli, before he can master them, is closely linked to early defects in ego formation and later severe disturbances in impulse control. In all of these cases, there was evidence of severe emotional deprivation in early life. This deprivation may have involved prolonged or recurrent absence of one or both parents, a chaotic family life in which the parents were unknown, or an outright rejection of the child by one or both parents with the child being raised by others. . . . Evidence of disturbances in affect organization was seen. Most typically, the men displayed a tendency not to experience anger or rage in association with violent aggressive action. None reported feelings of rage in connection with the murders, nor did they experience anger in any strong or pronounced way, although each of them was capable of acts of enormous and brutal aggression. . . . Their relationships with others were of a shallow, cold nature, lending a quality of loneliness and isolation to these men. People were scarcely real to them, in the sense of being warmly or positively (or even angrily) felt about. . . . The three men under sentence of death had shallow emotions regarding their own fate and that of their victims. Guilt, depression, and remorse were strikingly absent. . . . The individuals described above can be considered to be murder-prone in the

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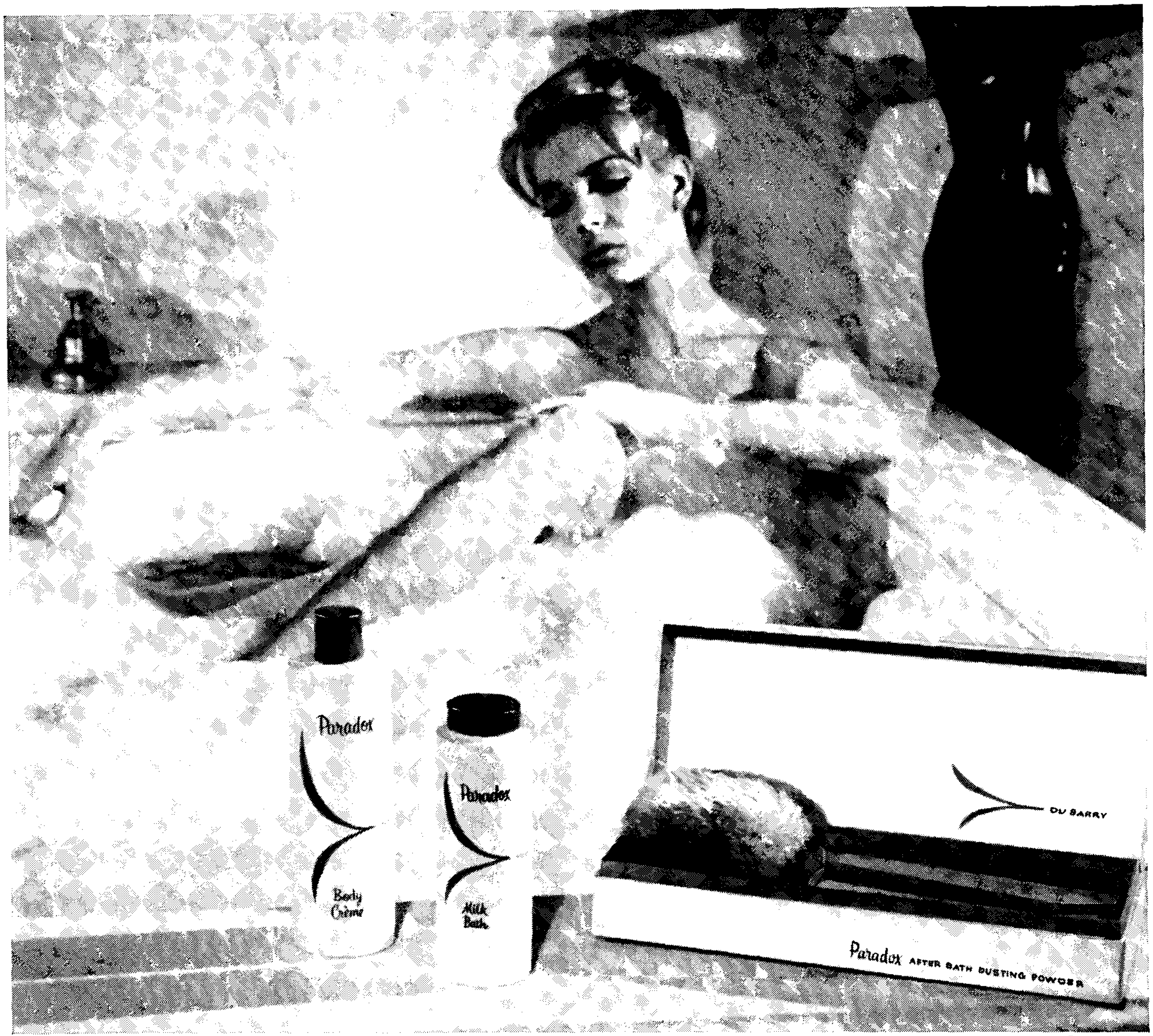

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sense of either carrying a surcharge of aggressive energy or having an unstable ego defense system that periodically allows the naked and archaic expression of such energy. The murderous potential can become activated, especially if some disequilibrium is already present, when the victim-to-be is unconsciously perceived as a key figure in some past traumatic configuration. The behavior, or even the mere presence, of this figure adds a stress to the unstable balance of forces that results in a sudden extreme discharge of violence, similar to the explosion that takes place when a percussion cap ignites a charge of dynamite. . . . The hypothesis of unconscious motivation explains why the murderers perceived innocuous and relatively unknown victims as provocative and thereby suitable targets for aggression. But, why murder? Most people, fortunately, do not respond with murderous outbursts even under extreme provocation. The cases described, on the other hand, were predisposed to gross lapses in reality contact and extreme weakness in impulse control during periods of heightened tension and disorganization. At such times, a chance acquaintance or even a stranger was easily able to lose his 'real' meaning and assume an identity in the unconscious traumatic configuration. The 'old' conflict was reactivated and aggression swiftly mounted to murderous proportions. . . . When such apparently senseless murders occur, they are seen to be an end result of a period of increasing tension and disorganization in the murderer starting before the contact with the victim, who, by fitting the unconscious conflicts of the murderer, unwittingly serves to set into motion his homicidal potential."

Because of the many parallels between the background and personality of Perry Smith and those of the subjects of his study, Dr. Satten feels secure in assigning him a position among their ranks. Moreover, the circumstances of the crime seem to him to fit exactly the concept of "murder without apparent motive." Obviously, three of the murders that Perry Smith committed *were* logically motivated: Nancy, Kenyon, and their mother had to be killed because Mr. Clutter had been killed. But it is Dr. Satten's contention that only the first murder matters psychologically, and that when Smith attacked Mr. Clutter he was in a mental eclipse—deep inside a schizophrenic darkness—for it was not entirely a flesh-and-blood man he "suddenly discovered" himself destroying but "a key figure in some past trau-

KING CHARLES II (1630-1685)

OLD ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL BURNING (The Bettman Archive)

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matic configuration." His father? The orphanage nuns who had derided and beaten him? The hated Army sergeant? The parole officer who had ordered him to "stay out of Kansas"? One of these or all of them. In his confession, he said, "I didn't want to harm the man. I thought he was a very nice gentleman. Soft-spoken. I thought so right up to the moment I cut his throat." And while he was talking to Donald Cullivan, he said of the Clutters, "They never hurt me. Like other people. Like people have all my life. Maybe it's just that the Clutters were the ones who had to pay for it."

So it would appear that, by independent paths, the professional analyst and the amateur analyst reached conclusions that were not dissimilar.

THE aristocracy of Finney County had snubbed the trial. "It doesn't do to seem curious about that sort of thing," the wife of one rich rancher announced. Nevertheless, the last session of the trial found a fair segment of the local Establishment seated alongside the plainer citizenry; its presence was a courteous gesture toward Judge Tate and Logan Green, esteemed members of its own order. Also, a large contingent of out-of-town lawyers, many of whom had journeyed great distances, filled several benches; they were on hand expressly to hear Green's final address to the jury. Green, a suavely tough little septuagenarian, has an imposing reputation among his peers, who admire his stagecraft—a repertoire of actorish gifts that includes an acute sense of timing. An expert criminal lawyer, he usually plays the role of defender, but in this instance the state had retained him as a special assistant to Duane West, for it was felt that the young County Attorney was too unseasoned to prosecute the case without experienced support. And Green, like most star turns, was the last act on the program. Judge Tate's level-headed instructions to the jury preceded him, and so did the County Attorney's summation: "Can there be a single doubt in your minds regarding the guilt of these defendants? No! Regardless of who pulled the trigger on Richard Eugene Hickock's shotgun, both men are equally guilty. There is only one way to assure that these men will never again roam the towns and cities of this land. We request the maximum penalty—death. This request is made not in vengeance but in all humbleness."

Then the pleas of the defense attorneys had to be heard. Fleming's speech, described by one journalist as a "soft

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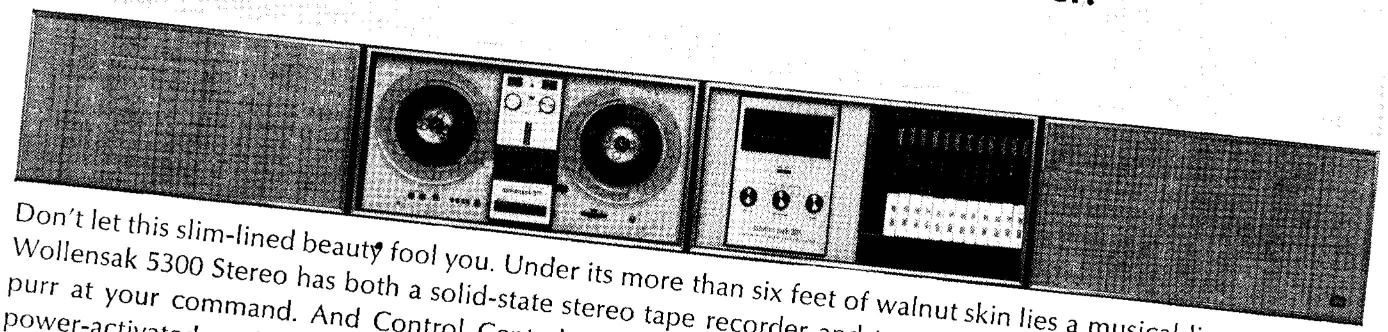

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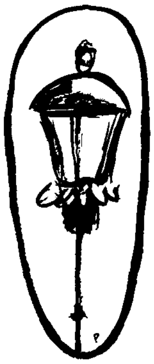
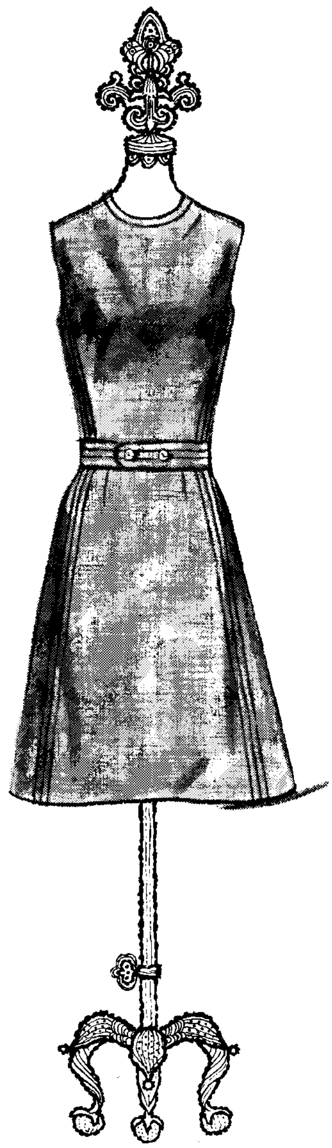
sell," amounted to a mild churchly sermon: "Man is not an animal. He has a body and he has a soul that lives forever. I don't believe man has the right to destroy that house, a temple, in which the soul dwells." Harrison Smith, though he, too, appealed to the jurors' presumed Christianity, took as his main theme the evils of capital punishment: "It is a relic of human barbarism. The law tells us that the taking of human life is wrong, then goes ahead and sets the example. Which is almost as wicked as the crime it punishes. The state has no right to inflict it. It isn't effective. It doesn't deter crime but merely cheapens human life and gives rise to more murders. All we ask is mercy. Surely life imprisonment is small mercy to ask." Not everyone was attentive; one juror, as though he were poisoned by the numerous spring-fever yawns weighting the air, sat with drugged eyes and jaws utterly ajar.

Green woke them up. "Gentlemen," he said, speaking without notes, "you have just heard two energetic pleas for mercy in behalf of the defendants. It seems to me fortunate that these admirable attorneys, Mr. Fleming and Mr. Smith, were not at the Clutter house that fateful night—very fortunate for them that they were not present to plead mercy for the doomed family. Because had they been there—well, come next morning we would have had more than four corpses to count." As a boy, in his native Kentucky (he settled in Kansas after marrying the daughter of a prominent Kentucky family), Green was called Pinky, a nickname he owed to his complexion, freckled and reddish; now, as he strutted before the jury, the stress of his assignment warmed his face, splotching it with patches of pink. "I have no intention of engaging in theological debate," he said. "But I anticipated that defense counsel would use the Holy Bible as an argument against the death penalty. You have heard the Bible quoted. But *I* can read, too." He slapped open a copy of the Bible. "And here are a few things the Good Book has to say on the subject. In Exodus XX, Verse 13, we have one of the Ten Commandments: 'Thou shalt not kill.' This refers to *unlawful* killing. Of course it does, because in the *next* chapter, Verse 12, the penalty for disobedience of that Commandment reads, 'He that smiteth a man, so that he die, shall be surely put to death.' Now, Mr. Fleming would *have you* believe that all this was changed by the coming of Christ. Not so. For Christ says, 'Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.' And, finally . . ." Green fumbled, and seemed to shut the Bible accidentally, whereupon the visiting legal dignitaries grinned and nudged each other, for this is a venerable courtroom ploy—the lawyer who while reading from the Scriptures pretends to lose his place and then remarks, as Green did, "Never mind. I think I can quote from memory." Green continued, "Genesis IX, Verse 6: 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' But I see nothing to be gained by arguing the Bible. Our state provides that the punishment for murder in the first degree shall be imprisonment for life, or death by hanging. That is the law. You, gentlemen, are here to enforce it. And if ever there was a case in which the maximum penalty was justified, this is it. These were strange, ferocious murders. Four of your fellow-citizens were slaughtered like hogs in a pen. And for what reason? Not out of vengeance or hatred. But for money. *Money*. It was the cold and calculated weighing of so many ounces of silver against so many ounces of blood. And how cheaply those lives were bought! For forty dollars' worth of loot! Ten dollars a life!" He whirled and pointed a finger, which moved back and forth between Dick and Perry: "They went armed with a shotgun and a *dag*-ger. They went to rob and kill. . . ." His voice trembled, toppled, disappeared, as though strangled by the intensity of his own loathing for the debonair, gum-chewing defendants. Turning again to the jury, he hoarsely asked, "What are you going to do? What are you going to do with these men that bind a man hand and foot and cut his throat and blow out his brains? Give them the *minimum* penalty? Yes, and that's only one of four counts. What about Kenyon Clutter, a young boy with his whole life before him, tied helplessly in sight of his father's death struggle? Or young Nancy Clutter, hearing the gunshots and knowing her time was next? Nancy, begging for her life: 'Don't! Oh, please don't! Please! Please!' What agony! What unspeakable torture! And there remains the mother, bound and gagged and having to listen as her husband, her beloved children died one





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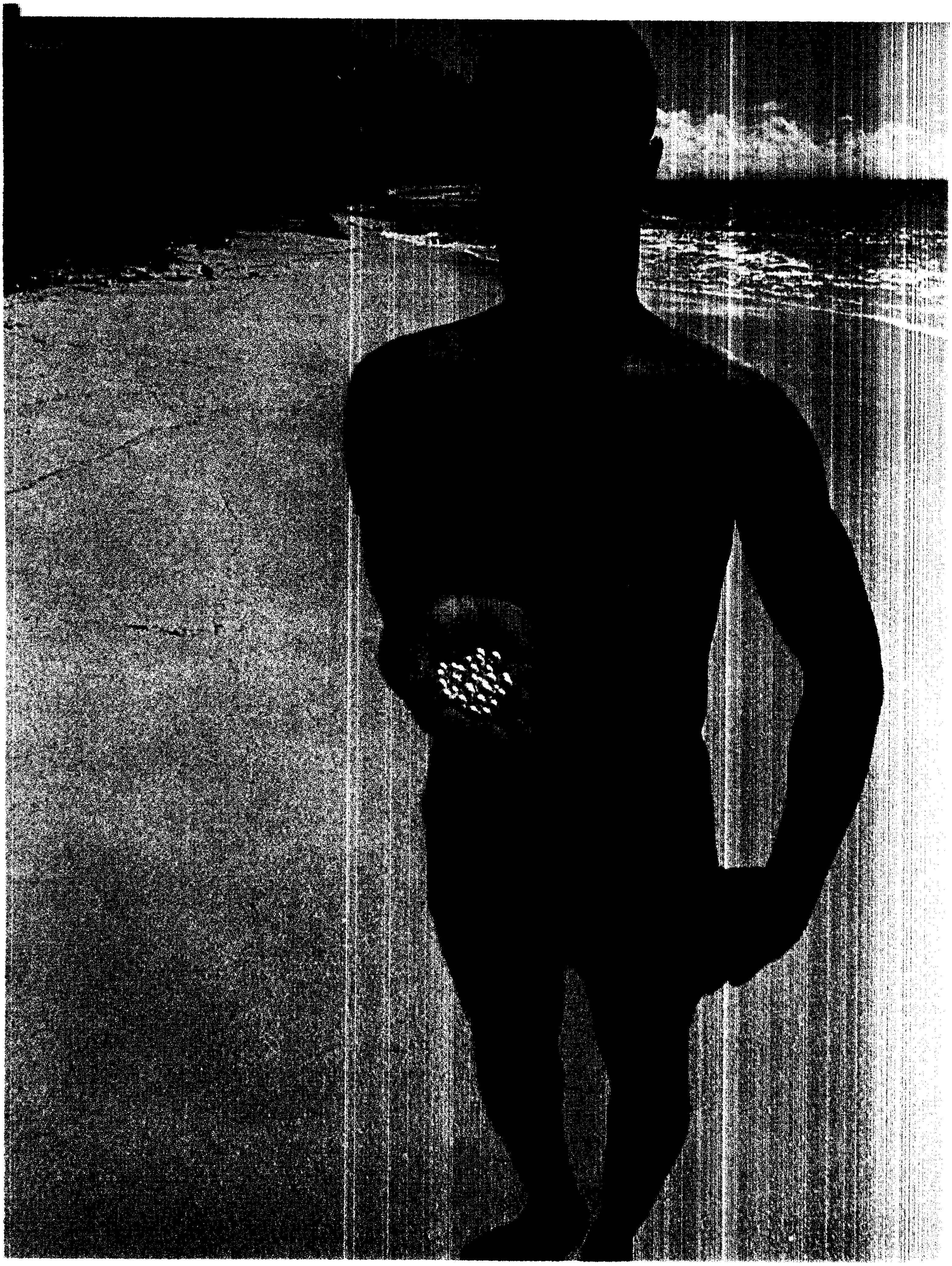

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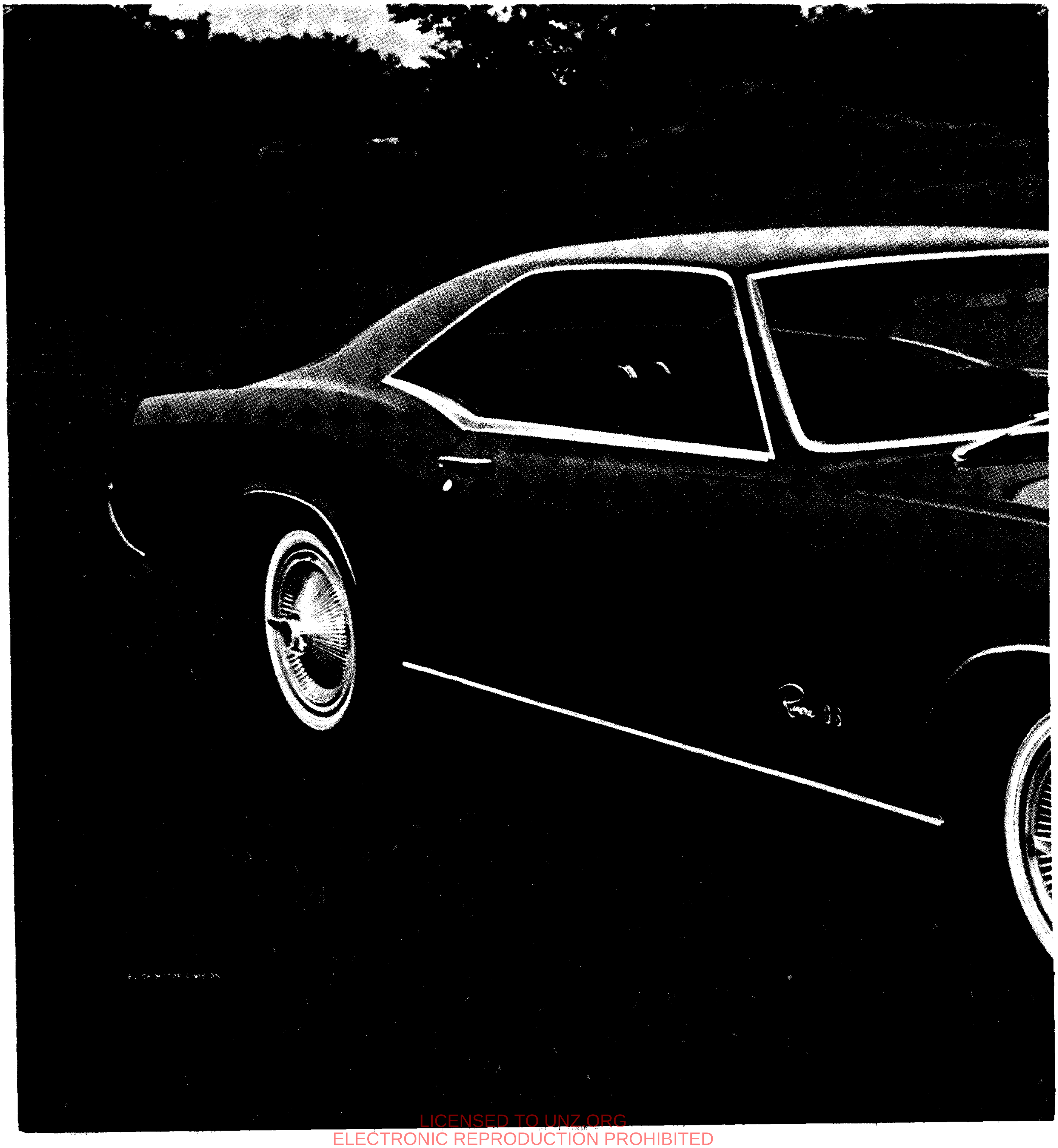

gear. That tests brakes. And ride. And handling. And the test driver's nerve.)

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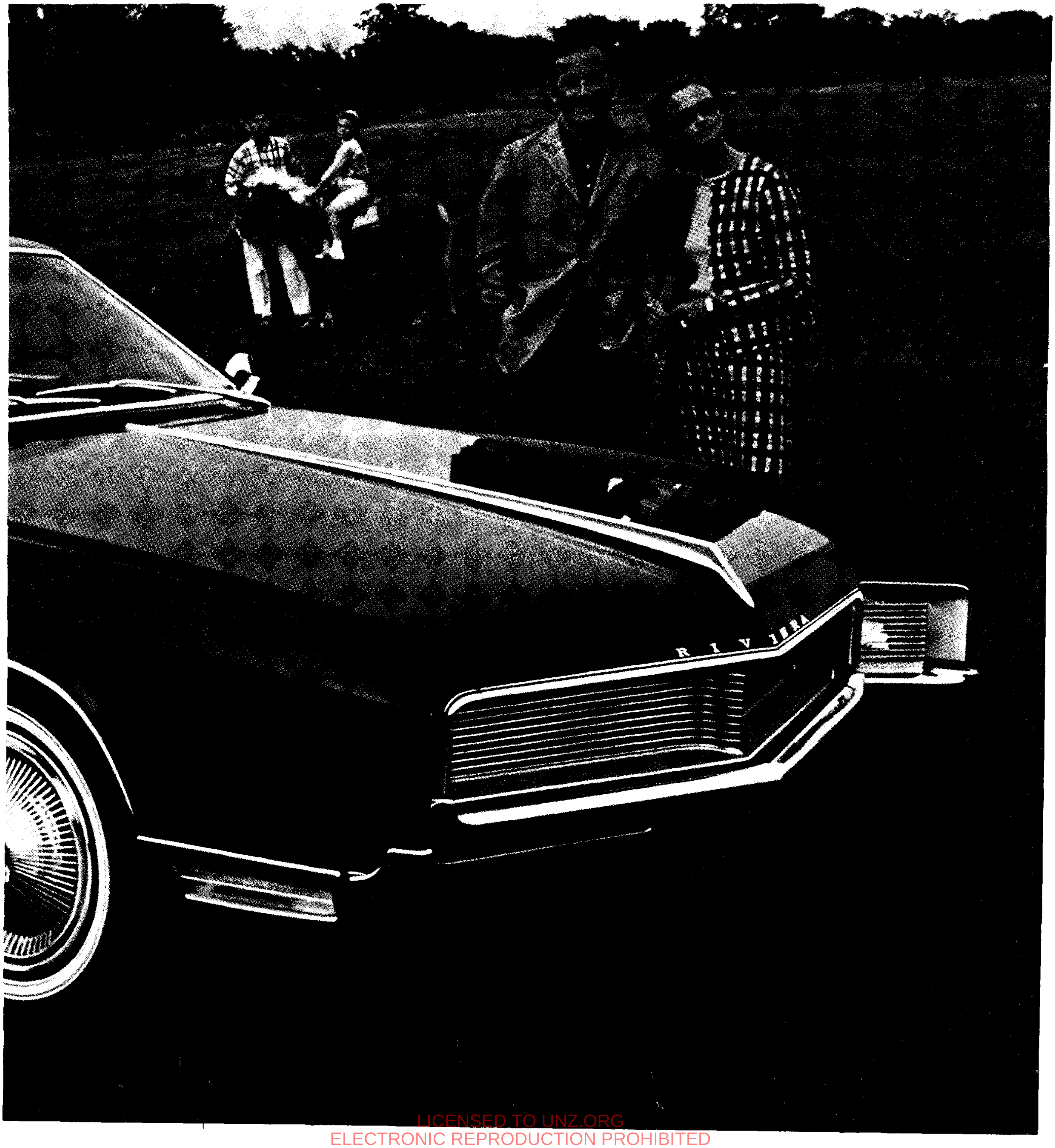
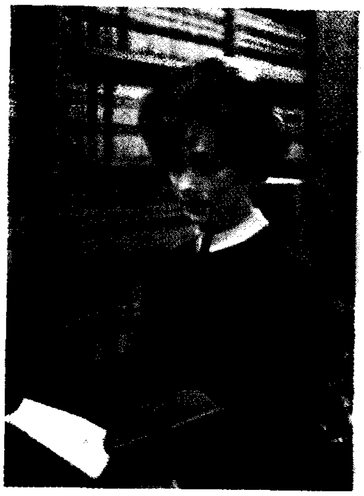
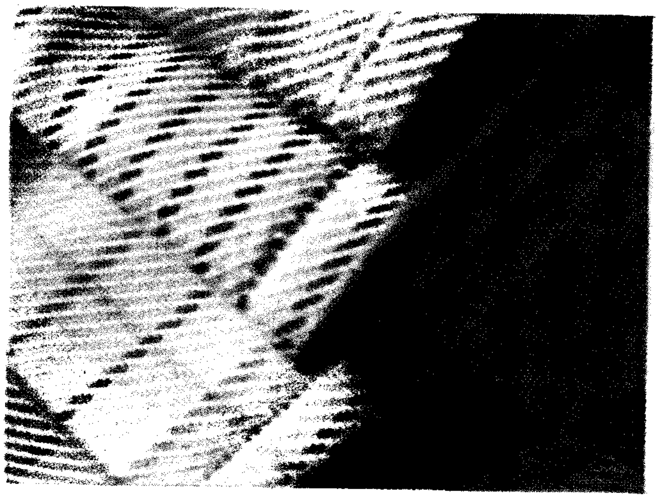
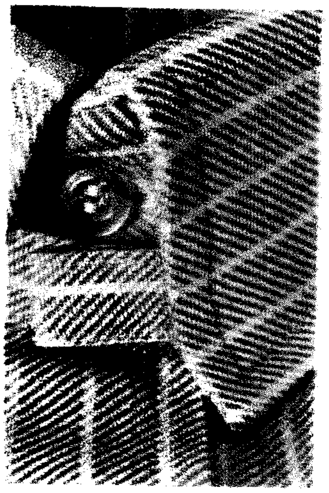
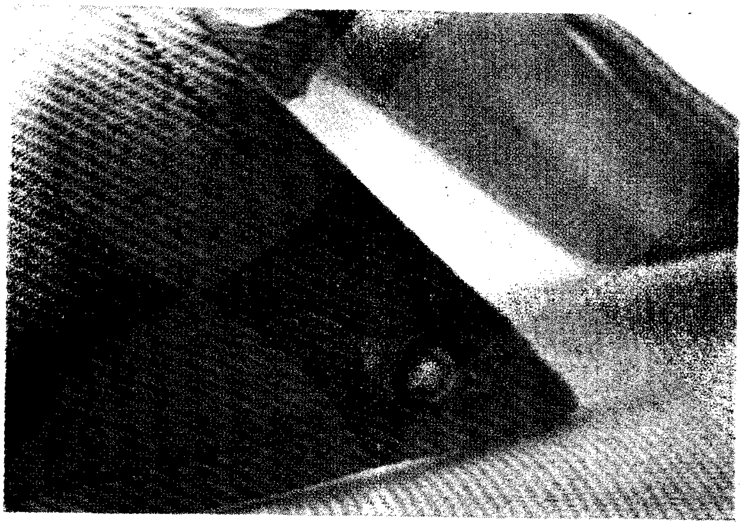
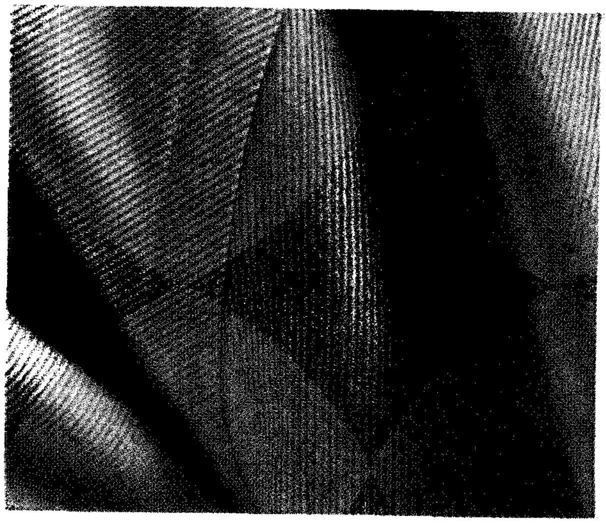


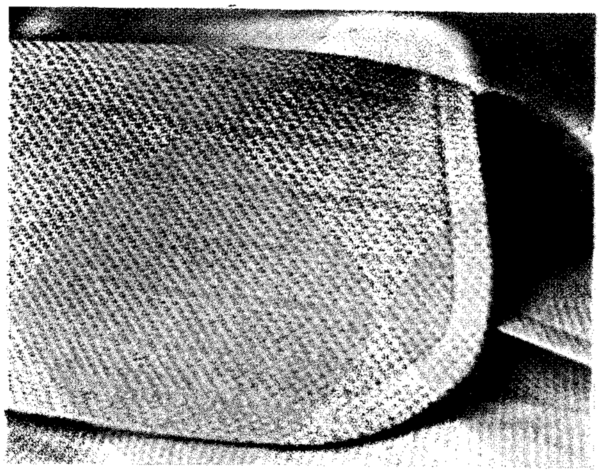


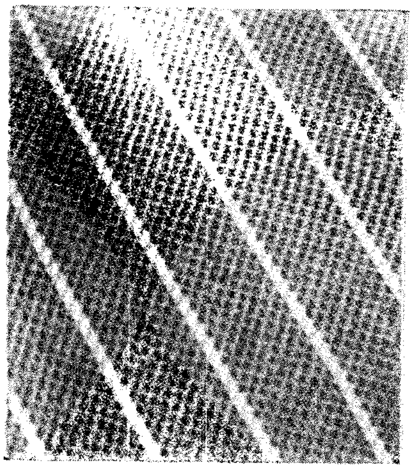


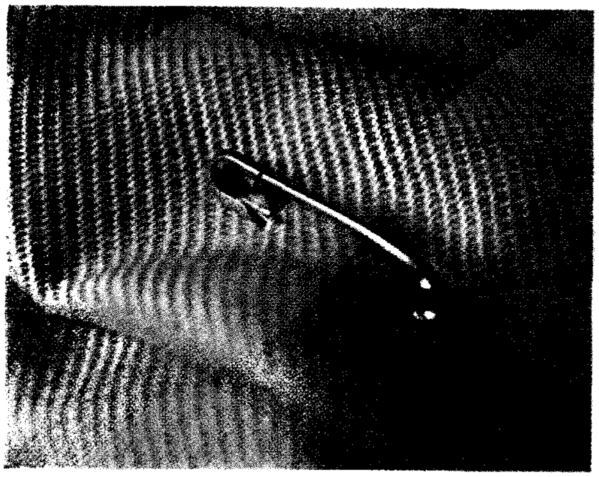




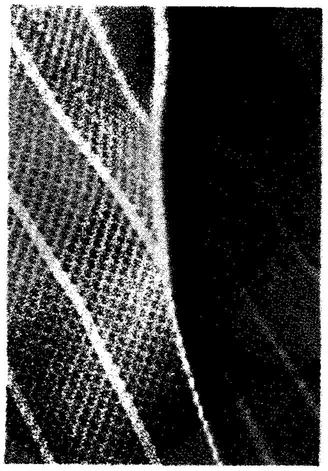








Shetland Tweed



Enro vs. agency

Mr. M, on the opposite page...only the shirts on the **bottom half** are Shetland Tweed.

The ones on top are **Diagonal Twill Oxford!**

I think we ought to **cancel** the whole thing.

Do you mean there are two **different kinds?**

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Saint Paul	Dayton's Northbriar Shop
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Tampa	Wolf Brothers
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by one. Listen until at last the killers, these defendants before you, entered her room, focussed a flashlight in her eyes, and let the blast of a shotgun end the existence of an entire household." Pausing, he put a gingerly finger on a boil on the back of his neck—a mature inflammation, which seemed, like its angry wearer, about to burst. "So, gentlemen, what are you going to do?" he resumed. "Give them the minimum? Send them back to the penitentiary, and take the chance of their escaping or being paroled? The next time they go slaughtering, it may be *your* family." He stared at the panel in a manner that encompassed and challenged them all, and concluded, "I say to you, some of our enormous crimes only happen because once upon a time a pack of *chickenhearted* jurors refused to do their duty. Now, gentlemen, I leave it to you and your consciences."

Green sat down. West whispered to him, "That was masterly, sir." But a few of Green's auditors were less enthusiastic, and after the jury retired to determine the verdict, one of them, a young reporter from Oklahoma, exchanged sharp words with another, from Kansas City. To the Oklahoman, Green's address had seemed "rabble-rousing, brutal."

"He was just telling the truth," the Kansas City man said. "The truth can be brutal. To coin a phrase."

"But he didn't have to hit that hard. It's unfair."

"What's unfair?"

"The whole trial. These guys don't stand a chance."

"Fat chance they gave Nancy Clutter."

"Perry Smith. My God, he's had such a rotten life—"

The Kansas City reporter said, "Many a man can match sob stories with that little bastard. Me included. Maybe I drink too much, but I sure as hell never killed four people in cold blood."

"Yeah, and how about hanging the bastard? That's pretty goddam cold-blooded, too."

The Reverend Mr. Post, overhearing the conversation, joined in. Passing around a snapshot reproduction of Perry Smith's portrait of Jesus, he said, "Well, any man who could paint this picture can't be one hundred per cent bad. All the same, it's hard to know what to do. Capital punishment is no answer; it doesn't give the sinner time enough to come to God. Sometimes I despair." A jovial fellow with gold fill-

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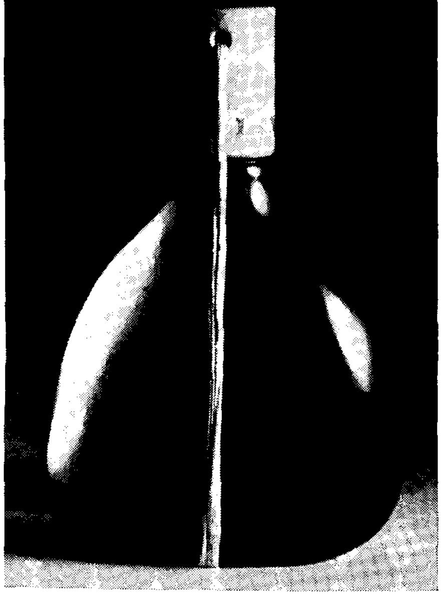

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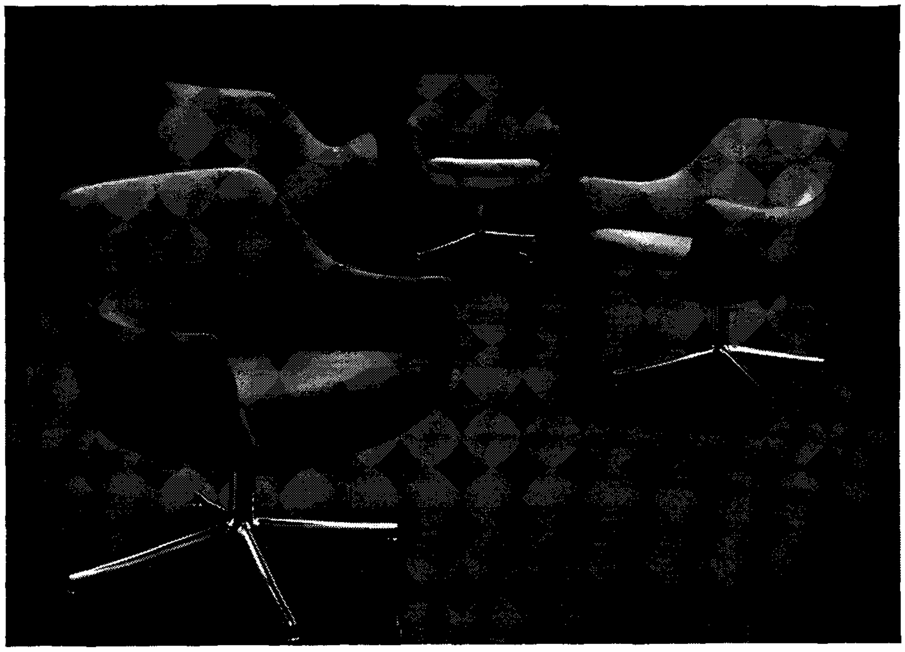

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ings in his teeth and a silvery widow's peak, he jovially repeated, "Sometimes I despair. Sometimes I think old Doc Savage had the right idea." The Doc Savage he referred to was a fictional hero popular among adolescent readers of pulp magazines a generation ago. "If you boys remember, Doc Savage was a kind of superman," the chaplain went on. "He'd made himself proficient in every field—medicine, science, philosophy, art. There wasn't much old Doc didn't know or couldn't do. One of his projects was, he decided to rid the world of criminals. First, he bought a big island out in the ocean. Then he and his assistants—he had an army of trained assistants—kidnapped all the world's criminals and brought them to the island. And Doc Savage operated on their brains. He removed the part that holds wicked thoughts. And when they recovered, they were all decent citizens. They *couldn't* commit crimes, because that part of their brain was out. Now, it strikes me that surgery of this nature might really be the answer to—"

A bell, the signal that the jury was returning, interrupted him. The jury's deliberations had lasted forty minutes. Many of the spectators, anticipating a swift decision, had not left their seats. Judge Tate, however, had to be fetched from his farm, where he had gone to feed his horses. A hurriedly donned black robe billowed about him when, at last, he arrived, but it was with impressive sedateness and pride that he asked, "Gentlemen of the jury, have you reached your verdicts?"

Their foreman replied, "We have, Your Honor."

The court bailiff carried the sealed verdicts to the bench.

Train whistles, the fanfare of an approaching Santa Fe express, penetrated the courtroom. Tate's bass voice was interlaced with the locomotive's sounds as he read, "Count One. We the jury find the defendant, Richard Eugene Hickock, guilty of murder in the first degree, and the punishment is death." Then, as though he were interested in their reaction, he looked down upon the prisoners, who stood before him handcuffed to guards. They stared back impassively until he resumed and read the seven counts that followed: three more convictions for Hickock, and four for Smith.

". . . and the punishment is death": each time Tate came to the words, he enunciated them with a dark-toned hollowness that seemed to echo the train's now fading call.

When he finished reading, he dis-

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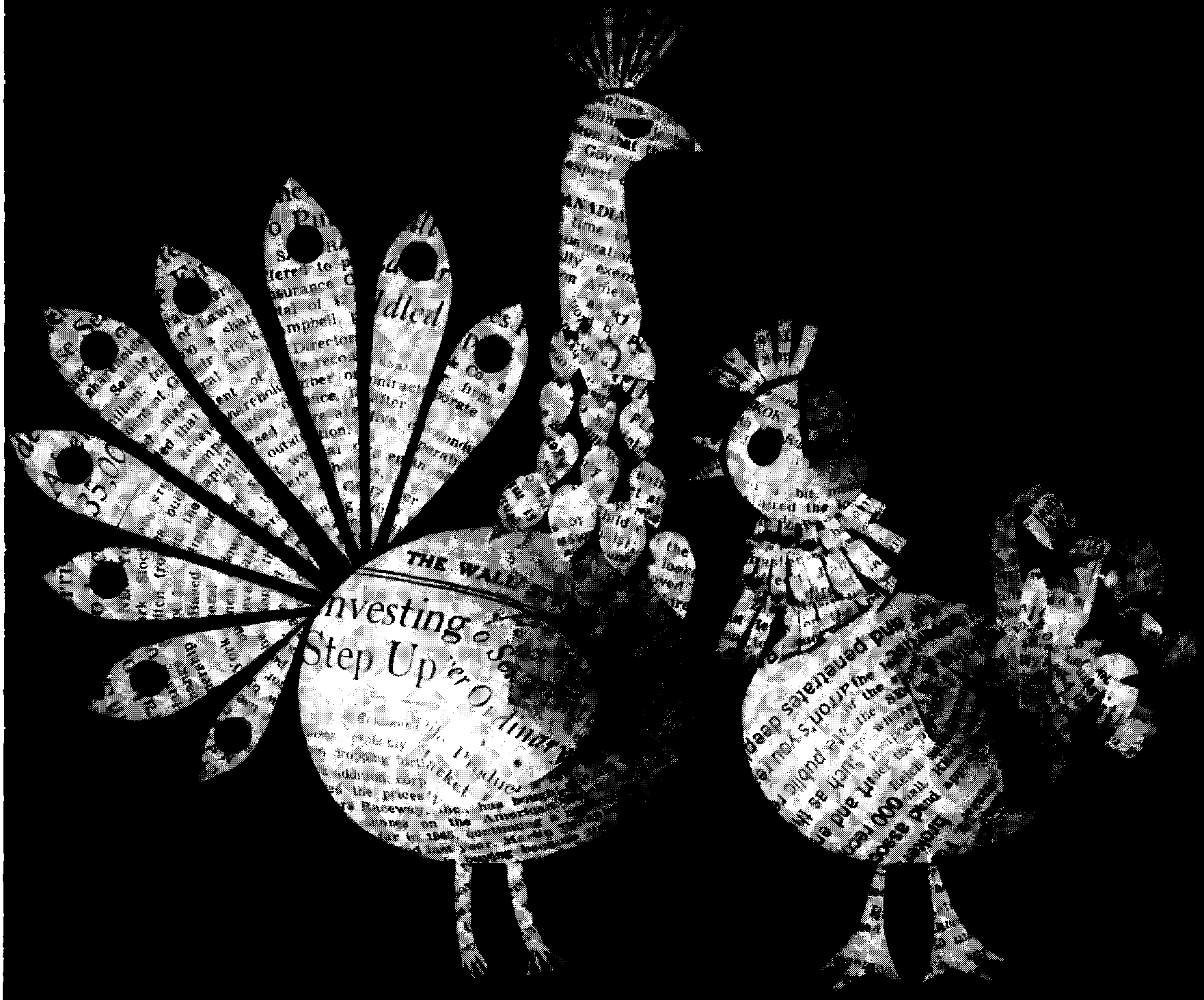

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BY LUBIN

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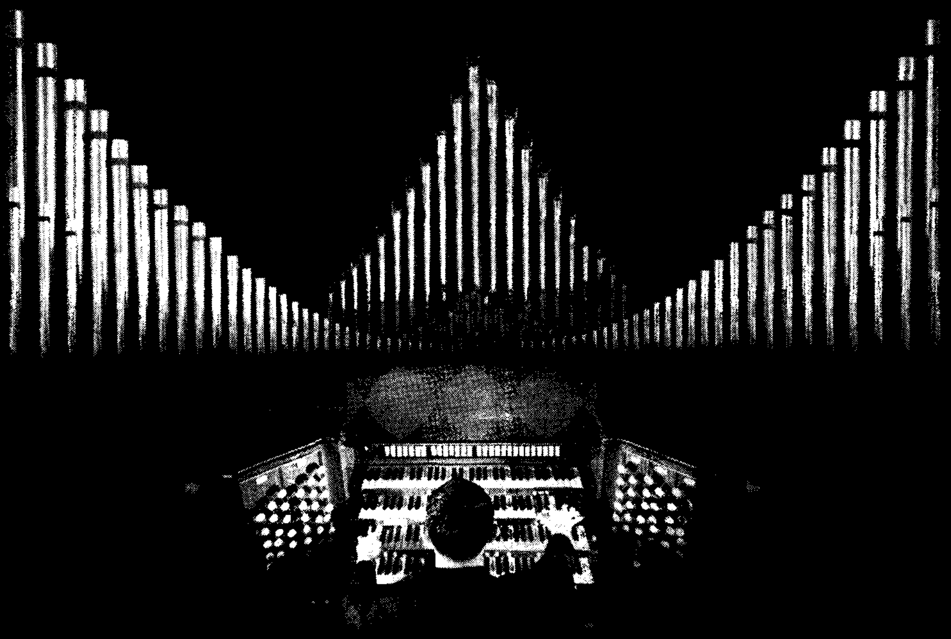
missed the jury ("You have performed a courageous service"), and the condemned men were led away. At the door, Perry said to Dick, "No chicken-hearted jurors they!" They both laughed loudly, and a cameraman photographed them. The picture appeared in a Kansas paper above the caption "The Last Laugh?"

A WEEK later, Mrs. Meier was sitting in her parlor talking with a friend. "Yes, it's turned quiet around here," she said. "I guess we ought to be grateful things have settled down. But I still feel bad about it. I never had much truck with Dick, but Perry and I got to know each other real well. That afternoon, after he heard the verdict and they brought him back up here, I shut myself in the kitchen. To keep from having to see him. I sat by the kitchen window and watched the crowd leaving the courthouse. Mr. Cullivan—he looked up and saw me and waved. The Hickocks. All going away. Just this morning, I had a lovely letter from Mrs. Hickock. She visited with me several times while the trial was going on, and I wished I could have helped her—only, what can you say to someone in a situation like that? But after everybody had gone, and I'd started to wash some dishes, I heard him crying. I turned on the radio. Not to hear him. But I could. Crying like a child. He'd never broke down before. Shown any sign of it. Well, I went to him. The door of his cell. He reached out his hand. He wanted me to hold his hand, and I did, I held his hand, and all he said was 'I'm embraced by shame.' I wanted to send for Father Goubeax, I said first thing tomorrow I'd make him Spanish rice, but he just held my hand tighter. And that night, of all nights, we had to leave him alone. Wendle and I almost never go out, but we had a long-standing engagement, and Wendle didn't think we ought to break it. But I'll always be sorry we left him alone. Next day, I did fix the rice. He wouldn't touch it. Or hardly speak to me. He hated the whole world. But a few days later, when the men came to take him to the penitentiary, he thanked me and gave me a picture of himself. A little Kodak made when he was sixteen years old. He said it was how he wanted me to remember him. Like the boy in the picture. The bad part was saying goodbye. When you knew where he was going, and what would happen to him. That squirrel of his—he sure misses Perry. Keeps coming to the cell looking for him. I've tried to feed him,



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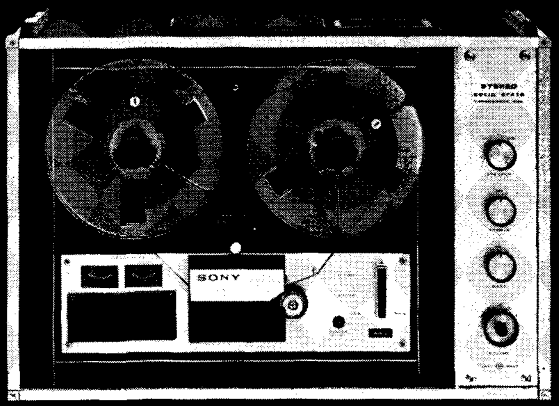

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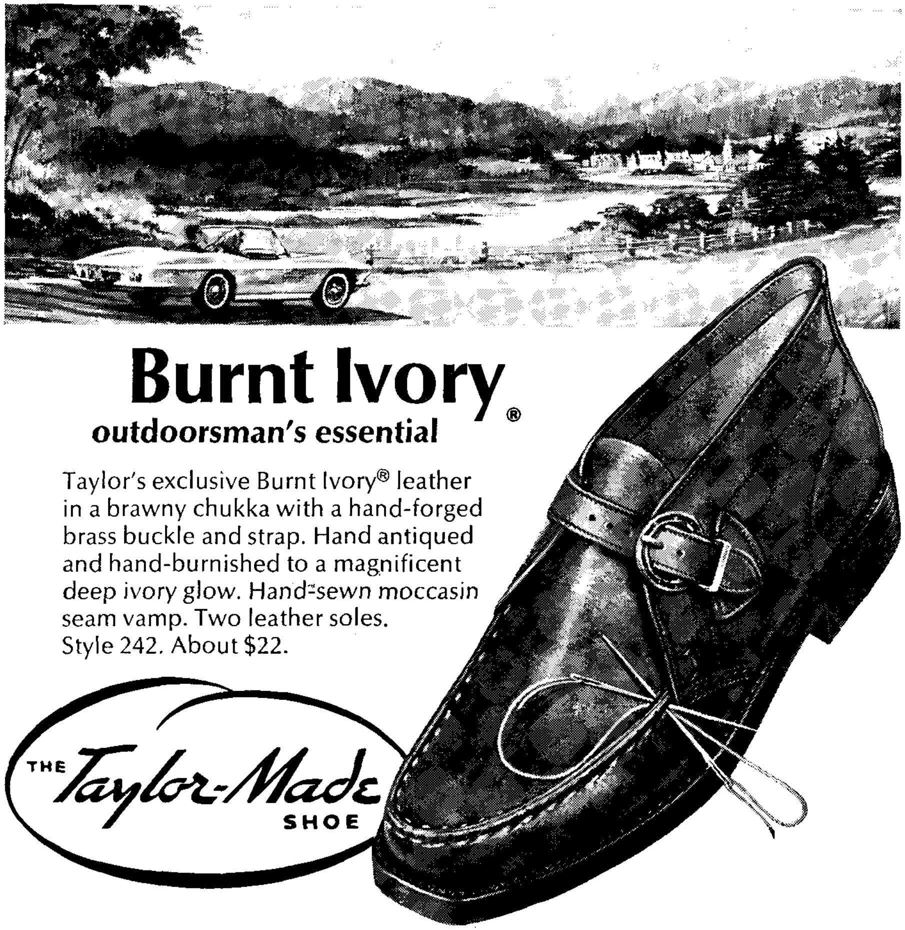
but he won't have anything to do with me. It was just Perry he liked."

PRISONS are important to the economy of Leavenworth County, Kansas. The two state penitentiaries, one for each sex, are situated there; so are Leavenworth, the largest federal prison, and, at Fort Leavenworth, the country's principal military prison—the grim United States Army and Air Force Disciplinary Barracks. If all the inmates of these institutions were freed, they could populate a small city. The oldest of the prisons is the Kansas State Penitentiary for Men, a turreted black-and-white palace that visually distinguishes an otherwise ordinary rural town, Lansing. Built during the Civil War, it received its first resident in 1864. Nowadays, the convict population averages around two thousand. The present warden, Sherman H. Crouse, keeps a chart that lists the daily total according to race; for example, "White, 1,405; Colored, 360; Mexicans, 12; Indians, 6." Whatever a prisoner's race, each is a citizen of a stony village that exists within the prison's high, machine-gun-guarded walls—twelve gray acres of cement streets and cell blocks and workshops.

In a south section of the prison compound there stands a curious little building—a dark two-story building shaped like a coffin. This structure, which is officially called the Segregation and Isolation Building, constitutes a prison inside a prison. Among the inmates, the lower floor is known as The Hole—the place to which difficult prisoners, the "hard-rock" troublemakers, are now and then banished. The upper story is reached by an iron circular staircase. At the top is Death Row. The first time the Clutter murderers ascended those steps was late one rainy April afternoon.

Earlier that afternoon, having arrived in Lansing after an eight-hour, four-hundred-mile car ride from Garden City, the newcomers had been stripped, showered, given close haircuts, and supplied with coarse denim uniforms and soft slippers. (In most American prisons, such slippers are a condemned man's customary footwear.) Then armed escorts marched them through a wet twilight to the coffin-shaped edifice and hustled them up the spiral stairs and into two of twelve side-by-side cells that make up Lansing's Death Row. The cells are identical. They measure seven feet by ten, and are unfurnished except for a cot, a toilet, a basin, and an overhead light bulb that is never extinguished,



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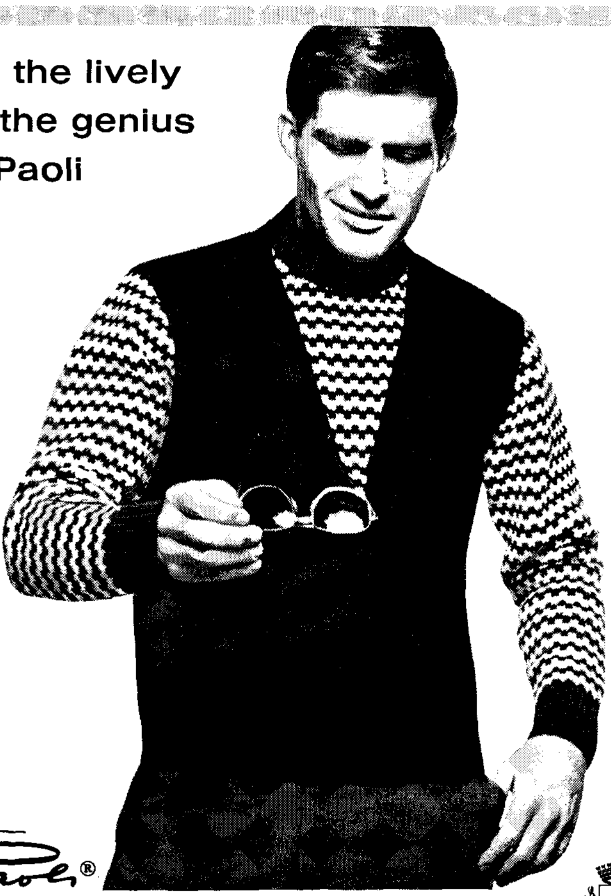

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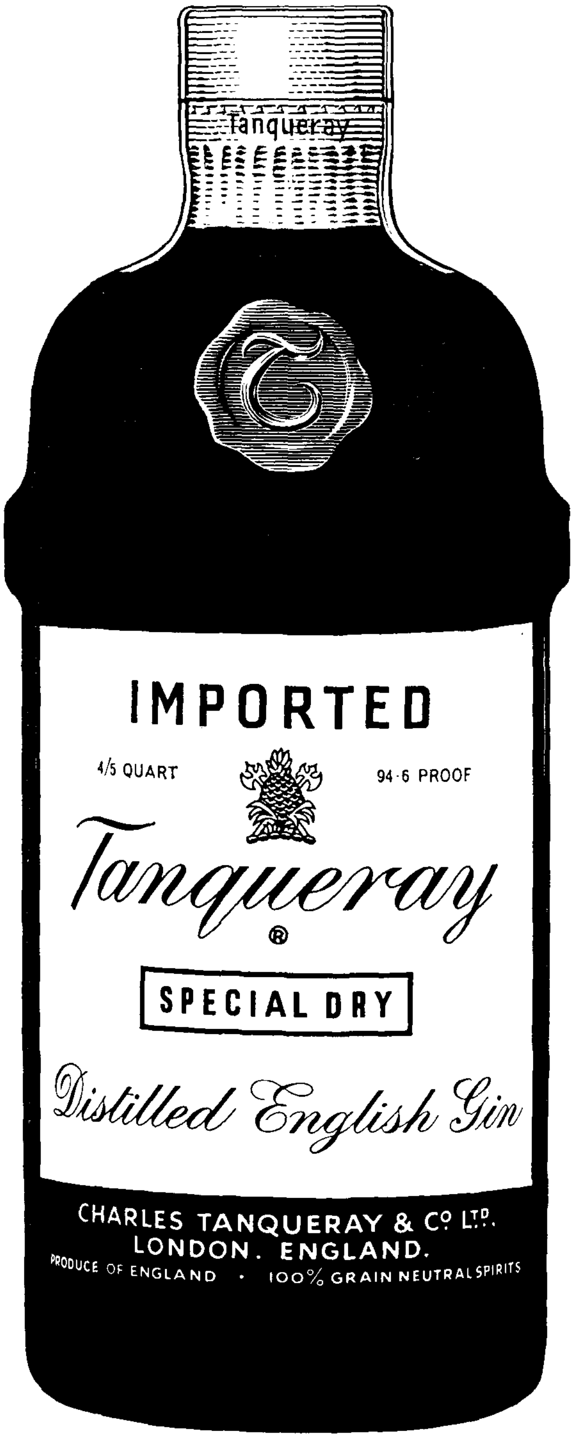
night or day. The cell windows are very narrow, and are not only barred but covered with a wire mesh as black as a widow's veil. Thus, the faces of those sentenced to hang can be but hazily discerned by passersby. The doomed can see out well enough; what they see is an empty dirt lot that serves in summer as a baseball diamond, and, beyond the lot, a piece of prison wall, and, above that, a piece of sky. The wall is made of rough stone; pigeons nest inside its crevices. A rusty iron door set into that particular part of the wall visible to The Row's occupants rouses the pigeons whenever it is opened, puts them in a flap, for the hinges creak so, scream. The door leads into a cavernous storage room, where, even on the warmest day, the air is moist and chilly. Quite a number of things are kept there: stockpiles of metal used by the convicts to manufacture automobile license plates; lumber; old machinery; baseball paraphernalia; and also an unpainted wooden gallows that smells faintly of pine. For this is the state's execution chamber. When a man is brought here to be hanged, the prisoners say he has "gone to The Corner," or, alternatively, "paid a visit to The Warehouse."

In accordance with the sentence of the court, Smith and Hickock were scheduled to visit The Warehouse six weeks from that April day—at one minute after midnight on Friday, May 13, 1960.

KANSAS abolished capital punishment in 1907. In 1935, owing to a sudden prevalence in the Midwest of rampaging professional criminals—Alvin (Old Creepy) Karpis, Charles (Pretty Boy) Floyd, Clyde Barrow and his homicidal sweetheart, Bonnie Parker—the state legislature voted to restore it. However, it was not until 1944 that an executioner had the chance to employ his craft. Over the next ten years, he was given nine additional opportunities, but for six years, or since 1954, there had been no pay checks for a hangman in Kansas (except at the Army and Air Force Disciplinary Barracks, which also has a gallows). The late George Docking, Governor of Kansas from 1957 through 1960, was responsible for this hiatus, for he was unreservedly opposed to the death penalty. ("I just don't like killing people," he said.)

Now, at that time—April, 1960—there were in prisons in the United States a hundred and ninety persons awaiting civil execution, of whom five, the Clutter killers included, were among the lodgers at Lansing. Oc-



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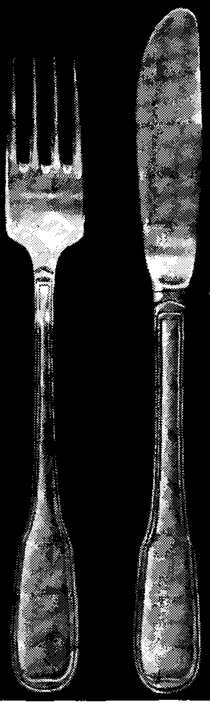

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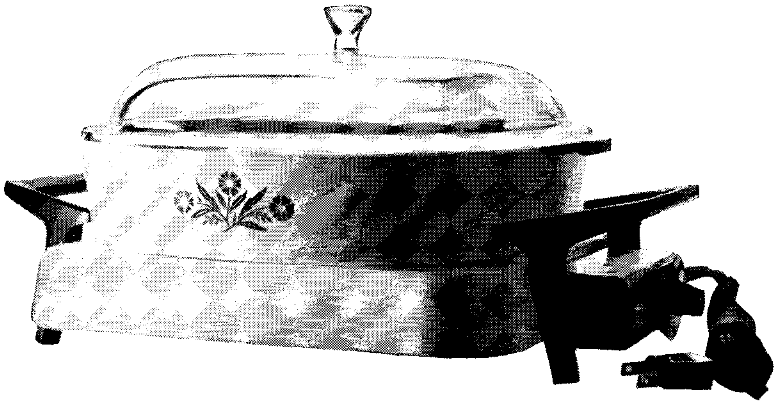

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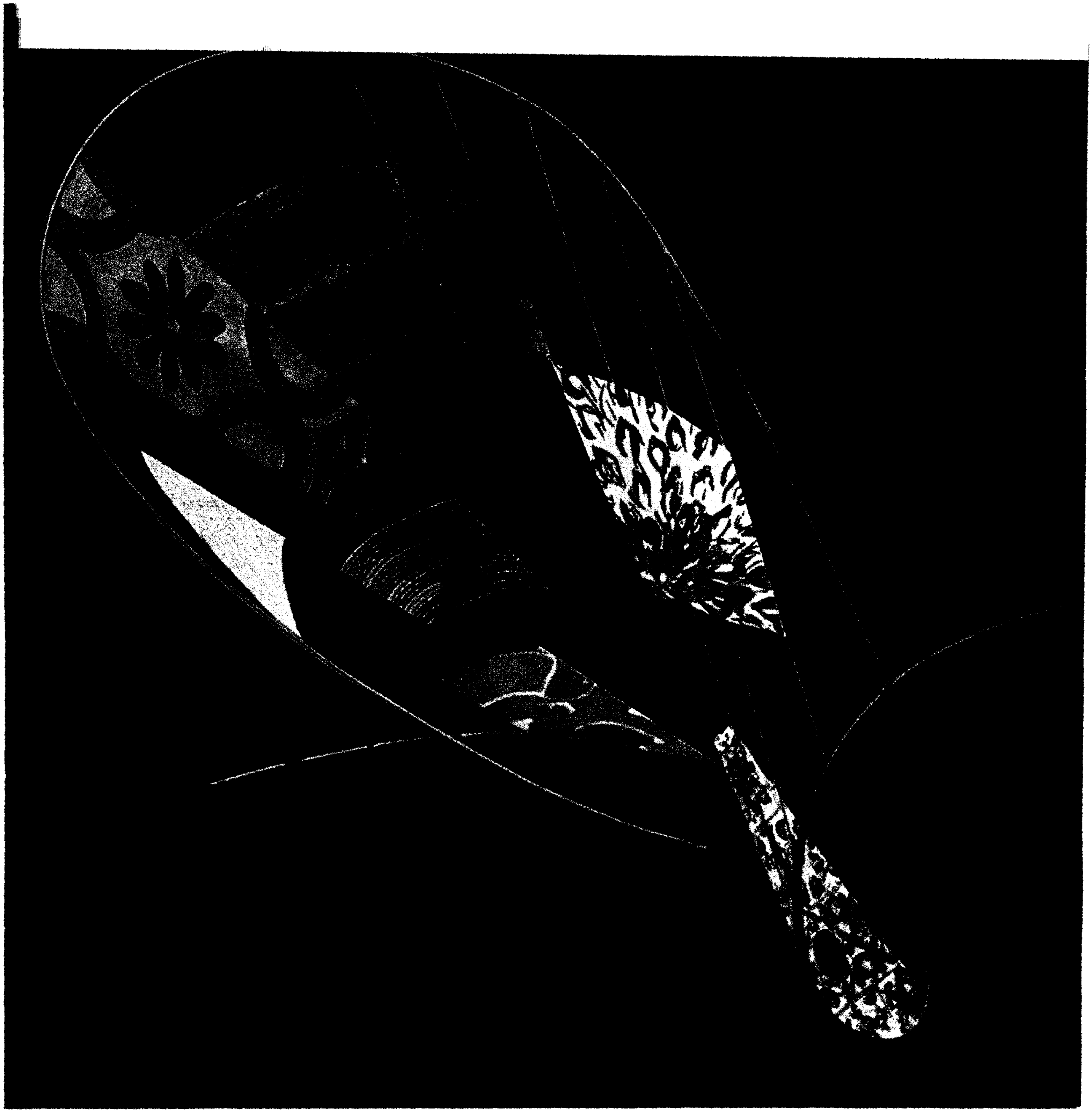
casionally, an important visitor to the prison is invited to take what one high official calls "a little peek at Death Row." If he accepts, he is assigned a guard, who, as he leads the tourist along the iron walkway fronting the death cells, is likely to identify the exhibits with what he must consider comic formality. "And this," he might have said to a visitor in 1960, "is Mr. Perry Edward Smith. Now, next door, that's Mr. Smith's buddy, Mr. Richard Eugene Hickock. And over here we have Mr. Earl Wilson. And after Mr. Wilson, meet Mr. Bobby Joe Spencer. And as for this last gentleman, I'm sure you recognize the famous Mr. Lowell Lee Andrews."

Earl Wilson, a husky, hymn-singing Negro, had been sentenced to die for the kidnapping, rape, and torture of a young white woman; the victim, though she survived, was left severely disabled. Bobby Joe Spencer, an effeminate white youth, had confessed to murdering an elderly Kansas City woman, the owner of a rooming house, where he lived. (Prior to leaving office, in January, 1961, Governor Docking, who had been defeated for reëlection, in large measure because of his attitude toward capital punishment, commuted the sentences of both these men to life imprisonment, which generally meant that they could apply for parole in seven years. However, Bobby Joe Spencer soon killed again—stabbed with a shiv another young convict, his rival for the affections of an older inmate. One prison officer described the occurrence as "just two punks fighting over a jocker." This deed earned Spencer a second life sentence.) But the public was not much aware of either Wilson or Spencer; compared to Smith and Hickock, and the fifth man on the Row, Lowell Lee Andrews, the press had rather slighted them.

Two years earlier, Lowell Lee Andrews, then an enormous, weak-eyed boy of eighteen, who wore horn-rimmed glasses and weighed almost three hundred pounds, had been a sophomore at the University of Kansas—an honor student majoring in biology. Though he was a solitary creature, withdrawn and seldom communicative, his acquaintances, both at the university and in his home town of Wolcott, Kansas, regarded him as exceptionally gentle and "sweet-natured." (Later, one Kansas paper printed an article about him entitled "The Nicest Boy in Wolcott.") But inside the quiet young scholar, who was also a faithful churchgoer, there existed a second, unsuspected personality, one with stunt-



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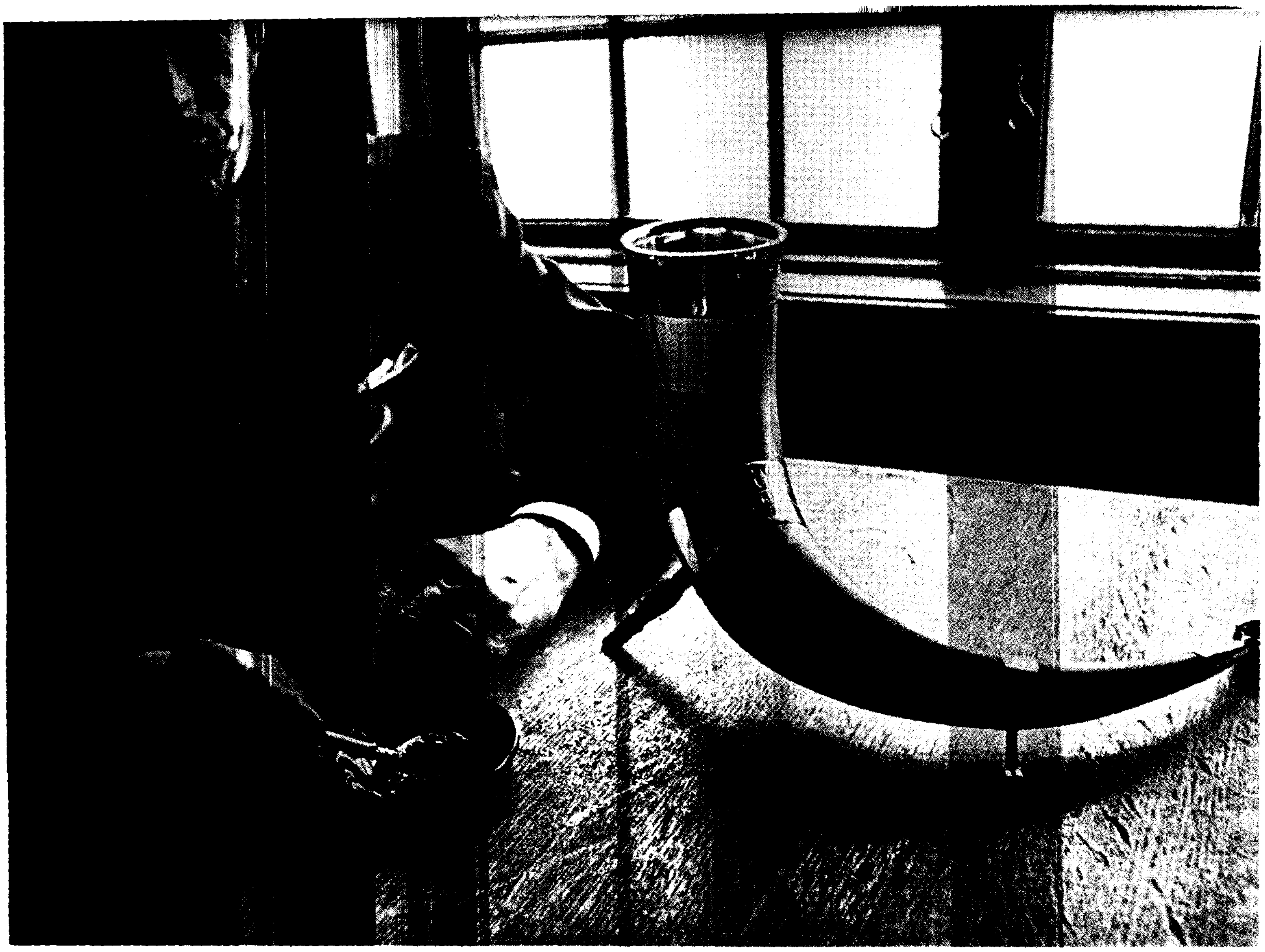

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The rest of the world discovered the Vikings soon after. Vikings from Norway and Denmark and Sweden moved out and began touring (or conquering, as some historians insist) Western Europe, North Africa, Western Asia, Greenland and Iceland. One of the more enterprising tour leaders, Leif Ericsson by name, led his group all the way to America 500 years before Mr. Columbus got around to it.

The Vikings might have gone on and toured the entire world except for one thing. Mead. For if the Viking's first love was travel, his second love was gathering in great Mead halls to celebrate the fruits of his travels.

And that brought about his downfall as a world traveller. Because the more he stayed home to celebrate, the less there was to celebrate. The less there was to celebrate, the more domesticated he became. The more domesticated he became, the more his wife nagged about the children needing shoes. The more his wife nagged, the more responsible he became. The more responsible he became, the more he turned to honest work. And within 200 years the Vikings had hammered their swords into plows, fine tools and scales to become farmers, artisans and merchants. Not a bad way for swords to end up, or people either for that matter.

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ed emotions and a distorted mind through which cold thoughts flowed in cruel directions. His family—his parents and a slightly older sister, Jennie Marie—would have been astounded if they had known the daydreams that Lowell Lee dreamed throughout the summer and autumn of 1958. The brilliant son, the adored brother, was planning to poison them all.

The elder Andrews was a fairly prosperous farmer; he hadn't much money in the bank, but he owned land valued at approximately two hundred thousand dollars. Ostensibly, a desire to inherit this estate was the motivation behind Lowell Lee's plot to destroy his family—for the secret Lowell Lee, the one concealed inside the shy, churchgoing biology student, fancied himself an ice-hearted master criminal. He wanted to wear gangsterish silk shirts and drive scarlet sports cars; he wanted to be recognized as no mere bespectacled, bookish, overweight, virginal schoolboy; and while he did not dislike any member of his family—at least, not consciously—murdering them seemed the swiftest and most sensible way of implementing the fantasies that possessed him. Arsenic was the weapon he decided upon; after poisoning the victims, he meant to put them in their beds and burn down the house—in the hope that investigators would believe the deaths accidental. However, one detail perturbed him: Suppose autopsies revealed the presence of arsenic, and suppose the purchase of the poison could be traced to him? Toward the end of the summer, he evolved another plan. He spent three months polishing it. Finally, there came a near-zero November night when he was ready to act. It was Thanksgiving week, and Lowell Lee was home for the holiday, as was Jennie Marie, an intelligent but rather plain girl, who attended a college in Oklahoma. On the evening of November 28th, somewhere around seven, Jennie Marie was sitting with her parents in the parlor, watching television; Lowell Lee was locked in his bedroom, down the hall, reading the last chapter of "The Brothers Karamazov." That task completed, he shaved, changed into his best suit, and proceeded to load both a semi-automatic .22-calibre rifle and a Ruger .22-calibre revolver. He fitted the revolver into a hip holster, shouldered the rifle, and ambled down the hall to the parlor, which was dark except for the flickering television screen. He switched on a light, aimed the rifle, pulled the trigger, and hit his sister between the eyes, killing her instantly. He shot his mother three times and his fa-

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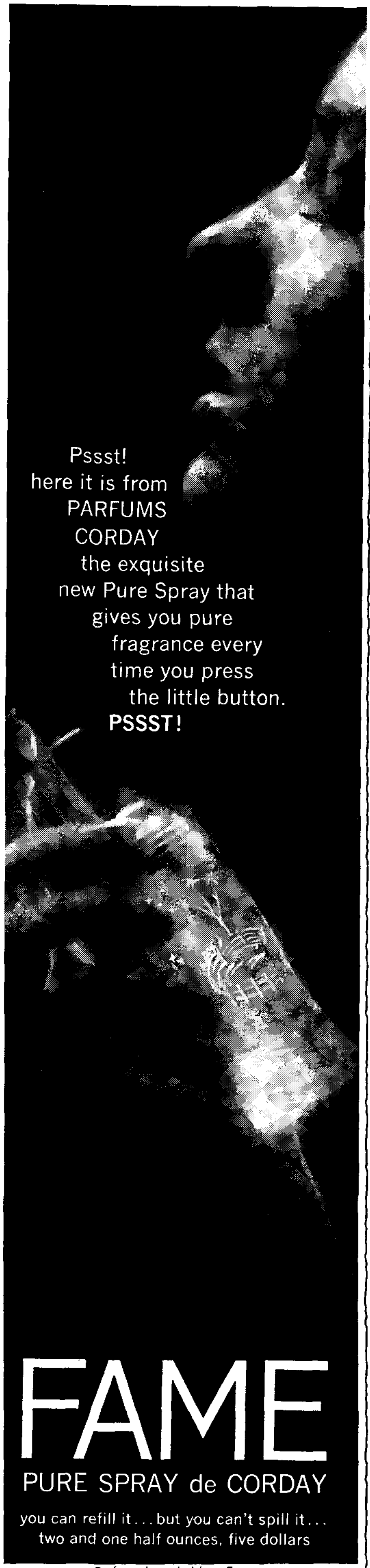
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ther twice. The mother, eyes gaping, arms outstretched, staggered toward him; she tried to speak—her mouth opened and closed—but Lowell Lee said, "Shut up." To be certain she obeyed him, he shot her three more times. Mr. Andrews, however, was still alive; sobbing, whimpering, he thrashed along the floor toward the kitchen. At the kitchen threshold, the son unholstered his revolver and discharged every chamber, then reloaded the weapon and emptied it again. Altogether, the father absorbed seventeen bullets.

Andrews didn't feel anything about it, according to statements credited to him. "The time came, and I was doing what I had to do. That's all there was to it." After the shootings, he raised a window in his bedroom and removed the screen, then roamed the house rifling dresser drawers and scattering the contents; it was his intention to blame the crime on thieves. Later, driving his father's car, he travelled forty miles over snow-slippery roads to Lawrence, the town where the University of Kansas is situated. En route, he parked on a bridge, dismantled his lethal artillery, and disposed of it by dropping the parts into the Kansas River. But, of course, the true purpose of the journey was to arrange an alibi. First, he stopped at the campus house where he roomed; he talked with the landlady, telling her that he had come to pick up his typewriter, and that, because of the bad weather, the trip from Wolcott to Lawrence had taken two hours. Departing, he visited a movie theatre, where, uncharacteristically, he chatted with an usher and a candy vender. At eleven, when the movie let out, he returned to Wolcott. The family's mongrel dog was on the front porch, whining with hunger, so Lowell Lee, entering the house and stepping across his father's corpse, prepared a bowl of warm milk and mush. Then, while the dog was lapping it up, he telephoned the sheriff's office and said, "My name is Lowell Lee Andrews. I live at 6040 Wolcott Drive, and I want to report a robbery. . . ."

Four officers of the Wyandotte County Sheriff's Patrol responded. One of the group, Patrolman Meyers, later described the scene as follows: "Well, it was one in the morning when we got there. All the lights in the house was on. And this big, dark-haired boy, Lowell Lee, he was sitting on the porch petting his dog. Patting it on the head. Lieutenant Athey asked the boy what happened, and he pointed to the door, real casual, and said, 'Look in

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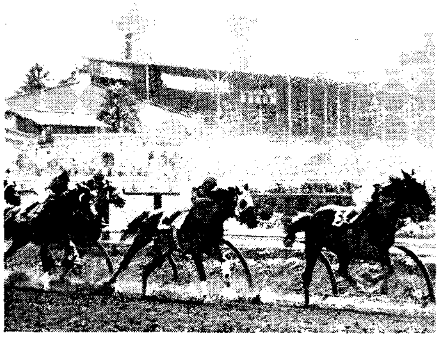

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there.' " Having looked, the astonished officers summoned the county coroner, a gentleman who was also impressed by young Andrews' callous nonchalance—for when the coroner asked him what funeral arrangements he wished to have made, Andrews shrugged and replied, "*I* don't care what you do with them." Meanwhile, two senior detectives had appeared and begun to question the family's lone survivor. Though they were convinced that he was lying, they listened respectfully to the tale of how he had driven to Lawrence to fetch a typewriter, gone to a movie, and arrived home after midnight to find the bedrooms ransacked and his family slain. He stayed with the story, and might never have altered it if, subsequent to his arrest and removal to the county jail, the authorities had not obtained the aid of the Reverend Virto C. Dameron.

The Reverend Mr. Dameron was a Dickensian personage, an unctuous and jolly brimstone-and-damnation orator, who was minister of the Grandview Baptist Church in Kansas City, Kansas—the church that the Andrews family regularly attended. Awakened by an urgent call from the county coroner, Dameron presented himself at the jail around 3 A.M., whereupon the detectives who had been strenuously but abortively interrogating the suspect withdrew to another room, leaving the minister to consult privately with his parishioner. It proved a fatal interview for the latter, who many months afterward gave this account of it to a friend: "Mr. Dameron said, 'Now, Lee, I've known you all your life. Since you were just a little tadpole. And I knew your daddy all his life—we grew up together, we were childhood friends. And that's why I'm here—not just because I'm your minister but because I feel like you're a member of my own family. And because you need a friend. That you can talk to and trust. And I feel terrible about this terrible event, and I'm every bit as anxious as you are to see the guilty party caught and punished.' He wanted to know was I thirsty, and I was, so he got me a Coke, and after that he's going on about the Thanksgiving vacation and how do I like school when all of a sudden he says, 'Now, Lee, there seems to be some doubt among the people here regarding your innocence. I'm sure you'd be willing to take a lie-detector test and convince these men of your innocence, so they can get busy and catch the guilty party.' Then he said, 'Lee, you didn't do this terrible thing, did you? If you did, now is the time to purge your soul.'

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The next thing was, I thought, What difference does it make? And I told him the truth—most everything about it. He kept wagging his head and rolling his eyes and rubbing his hands together, and he said it was a terrible thing and I would have to answer to the Almighty, have to purge my soul by telling the officers what I'd told him, and would I?" Receiving an affirmative nod, the prisoner's spiritual adviser stepped into an adjacent room, which was crowded with expectant policemen, and said, "Come on in. The boy's ready to make a statement."

The Andrews case became the basis for a legal and medical crusade. Prior to Andrews' trial, at which he pleaded not guilty by reason of insanity, the psychiatric staff of the Menninger Clinic conducted an exhaustive examination of the future defendant; this produced a diagnosis of "schizophrenia, simple type." By "simple," the diagnosticians meant that Andrews suffered not delusions, not false perceptions, not hallucinations but, rather, the primary illness of separation of thinking from feeling. He understood the nature of his acts, and that they were prohibited, and that he was subject to punishment. "But," to quote Dr. Joseph Satten, who was one of the examiners, "Lowell Lee Andrews felt no emotions whatsoever. He considered himself the only important, only significant person in the world. And in his own seclusive world it seemed to him just as right to kill his mother as to kill an animal or a fly." In the opinion of Dr. Satten and his colleagues, Andrews' crime amounted to such an undebatable example of diminished responsibility that the case offered an ideal chance to challenge the M'Naghten Rule in Kansas courts. The M'Naghten Rule, as has been previously stated, recognizes no form of insanity provided the defendant has the capacity for discriminating between right and wrong—legally right and wrong, that is, not morally. The Rule, much to the distress of psychiatrists and liberal jurists, prevails in the courts of the British Commonwealth and, in the United States, in all but half a dozen or so of the states, which in turn, along with the District of Columbia, abide by the more lenient—though, to some minds, impractical—Durham Rule, which is simply that an accused is not criminally responsible if his unlawful act was the product of mental disease or mental defect. In short, what Andrews' defenders, a team composed of the Menninger Clinic psychiatrists and two first-class attorneys, hoped to achieve was a victory of legal-landmark

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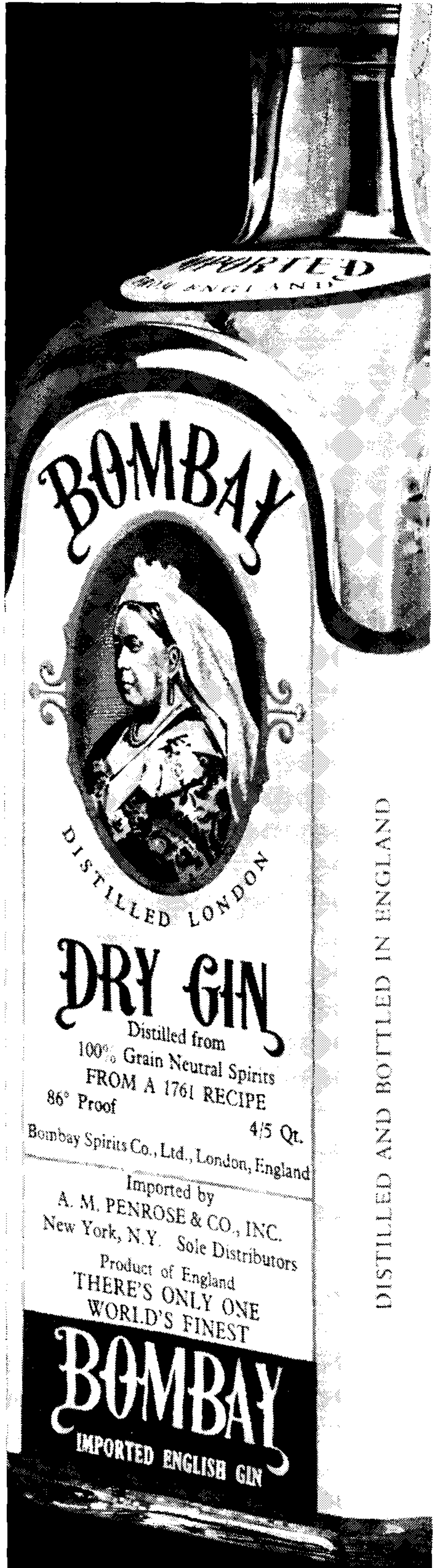

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stature. The great essential was to persuade the court to substitute the Durham Rule for the M'Naghten Rule. If that happened, then Andrews, because of the abundant evidence concerning his schizophrenic condition, would certainly be sentenced not to the gallows, or even to prison, but to confinement in the State Hospital for the Criminally Insane. However, the defense reckoned without the defendant's religious counsellor, the tireless Reverend Mr. Dameron, who appeared at the trial as the chief witness for the prosecution, and who, in the overwrought, rococo style of a tent-show revivalist, told the court he had often warned his former Sunday-school pupil of God's impending wrath: "I says, 'There isn't anything in this world that is worth more than your soul, and you have acknowledged to me a number of times in our conversations that your faith is weak, that you have no faith in God. You know that all sin is against God and God is your final judge, and you have got to answer to Him.' That is what I said to make him feel the terribleness of the thing he'd done, and that he had to answer to the Almighty for this crime." But apparently the Reverend Mr. Dameron was determined that young Andrews should answer not only to the Almighty but also to the temporal powers, for it was his testimony, added to the defendant's confession, that settled matters. The presiding judge upheld the M'Naghten Rule, and the jury gave the state the death penalty it demanded.

FRIDAY, May 13, 1960, the date that had been set for the execution of Smith and Hickock, passed uneventfully, the Kansas Supreme Court having granted them a stay pending the outcome of appeals for a new trial. At the time, the Andrews verdict was under review by the same court.

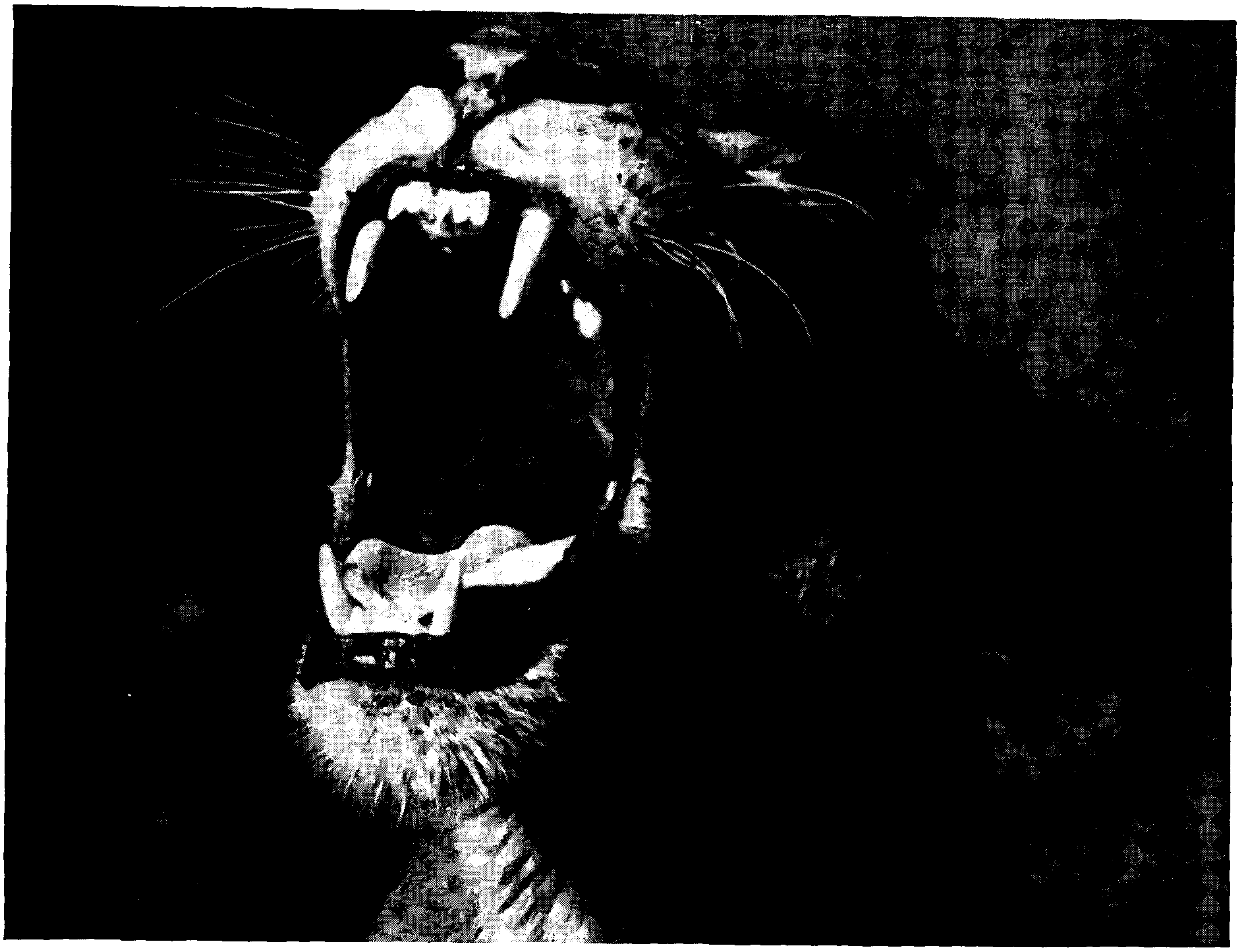
Perry's cell adjoined Dick's, and though the two prisoners were invisible to each other, they could easily converse. Yet Perry seldom spoke to Dick, and it wasn't because of any declared animosity between them; after the exchange of a few tepid reproaches, their relationship had turned into one of mutual toleration—the acceptance of uncongenial but helpless Siamese twins. It was because Perry, cautious, as always, and secretive and suspicious, disliked having his "private business" overheard by the guards and the other inmates—especially Andrews, or Andy, as he was called on The Row. Andrews' educated accent, his intelligence, the formal quality of his college training—all this was anathema to Perry, who, though he had not gone beyond the third grade, imagined himself more learned than most of his acquaintances, and enjoyed correcting them, particularly in matters of grammar and pronunciation. And here, suddenly, was someone—"just a kid"—constantly correcting *him*. Was it any wonder he never opened his mouth? Andrews meant well, he was without malice, but Perry couldn't stand him—yet for a long time he did not admit it, or let anyone there guess why, after one of these humiliating incidents, he sat and sulked and ignored his meals, which were delivered to him three times a day. At the beginning of June, he stopped eating altogether. He told Dick, "You can wait around for the rope. But not me." From that moment, he refused to touch food or water or to say one word to anybody. The fast lasted five days before the warden took it seriously. On the sixth day, he ordered Perry transferred to the prison hospital. But the move did not lessen Perry's resolve; when attempts were made to force-feed him, he fought back, tossing his head and clenching his jaws until they were rigid as horseshoes. Eventually, he had to be pinioned and fed through a tube in one nostril. Even so, over the next nine weeks his weight fell from a hundred and sixty-eight pounds to a hundred and fifteen, and the warden was warned that force-feeding alone could not keep the patient alive indefinitely.

Dick, though he was impressed by Perry's will power, would not concede that his purpose was suicide, and when Perry was reported to be in a coma, Dick told Andrews, with whom he had become friendly, that his former confederate was faking: "He just wants them to think he's crazy."

Andrews, a compulsive eater (during his stay in Death Row he filled a scrapbook with illustrated edibles, including everything from strawberry shortcake to roasted pig), said, "Maybe he *is* crazy. Starving himself like that."

"He just wants to get out of here. Play-acting. So they'll say he's crazy and put him in the crazyhouse."

Dick afterward grew fond of quoting Andrews' reply, for it seemed to him a fine specimen of the boy's "funny thinking," his "off-on-a-cloud" complacency. "Well," Andrews was reported to have said, "it certainly strikes me as a hard way to do it. Starving



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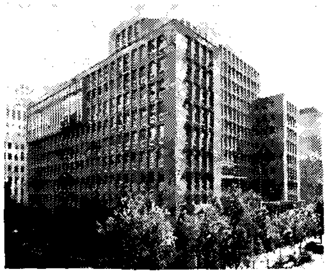

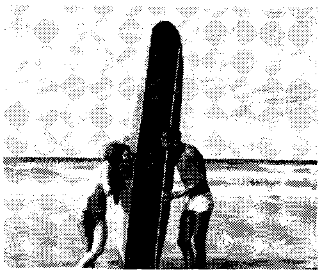

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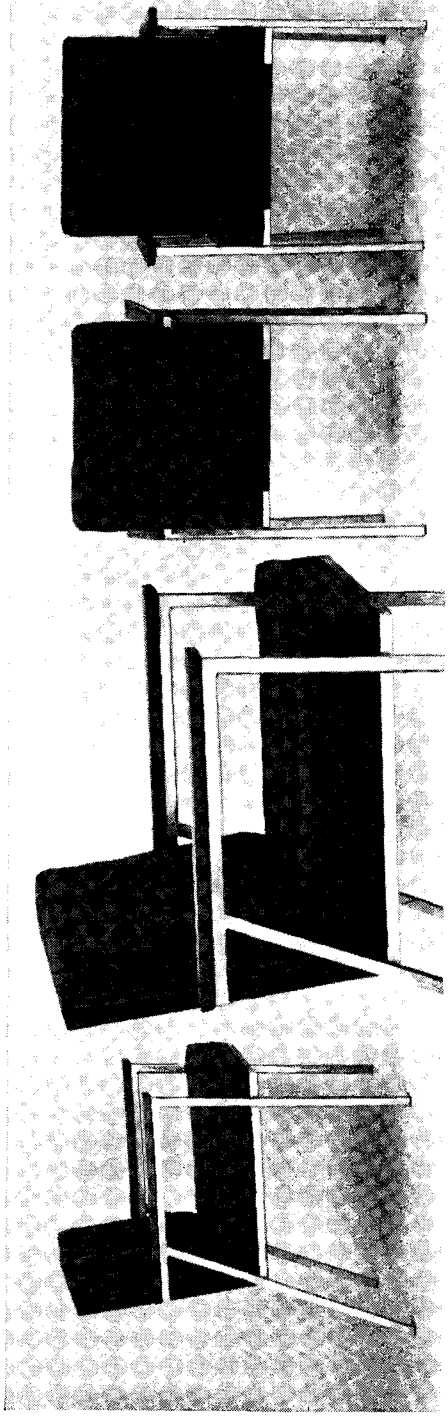

yourself. Because sooner or later we'll all get out of here. Either walk out or be carried out in a coffin. Myself, I don't care whether I walk or get carried. It's all the same in the end."

Dick said, "The trouble with you, Andy, you've got no respect for human life. Including your own."

Andrews agreed. "And, I'll tell you something else," he said. "If ever I do get out of here alive, I mean over the walls and clear out—well, maybe nobody will know where Andy went, but they'll sure as hell know where Andy's been."

All summer, Perry undulated between half-awake stupors and sickly, sweat-drenched sleep. Voices roared through his head; one voice persistently asked him, "Where is Jesus? Where?" And once he woke up shouting, "The bird is Jesus! The bird is Jesus!" A favorite old theatrical fantasy of his, in which he thought of himself as "Perry O'Parsons, the One-Man Symphony," returned in the guise of a recurrent dream. The geographical center of the dream was a Las Vegas night club, where, wearing a white top hat and a white tuxedo, he strutted about a spotlighted stage playing in turn a harmonica, a guitar, a banjo, and drums, and sang "You Are My Sunshine," and danced—tap-danced up a short flight of gold-painted prop steps—and, at the top, standing on a platform, took a bow. There was no applause, none, and yet thousands of patrons packed the vast and gaudy room—a strange audience, mostly men and mostly Negroes. Staring at them, the perspiring entertainer at last understood their silence, for suddenly he knew that these were phantoms, the ghosts of the legally annihilated—the hanged, the gassed, the electrocuted—and in the same instant he realized that he was there to join them, that the gold-painted steps had led to a scaffold, that the platform on which he stood was opening beneath him. His top hat tumbled. Urinating, defecating, Perry O'Parsons entered eternity.

One afternoon, Perry escaped from a dream to find the warden standing beside his bed. The warden said, "Sounds like you were having a little nightmare?" But Perry wouldn't answer him, and the warden, who had on several occasions visited the hospital and tried to persuade the prisoner to cease his fast, said, "I have something here. From your father. I thought you might want to see it." Perry, his eyes glittering and immense in a face now almost phosphorescently pale, studied the ceiling, and presently, after laying

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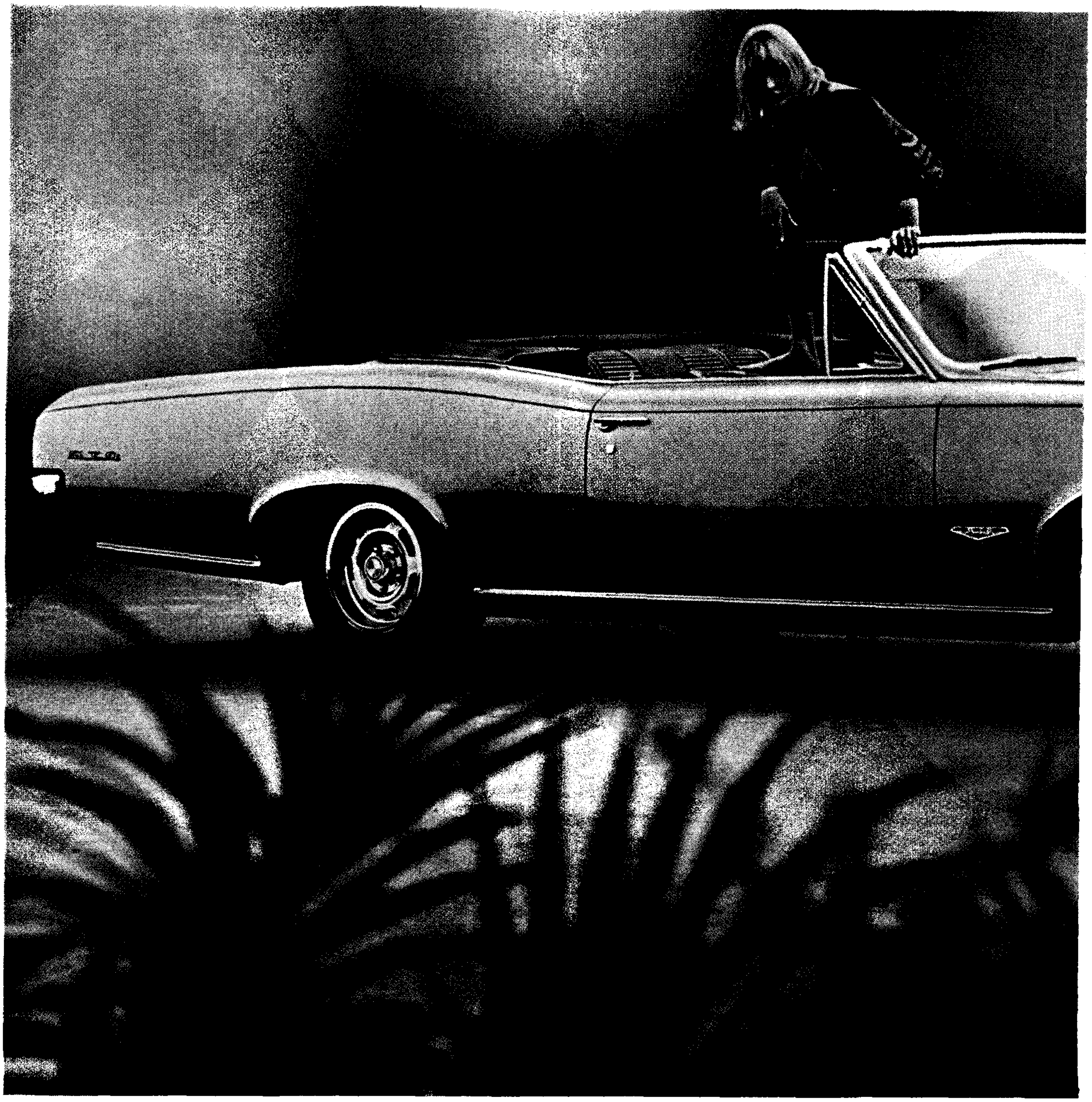

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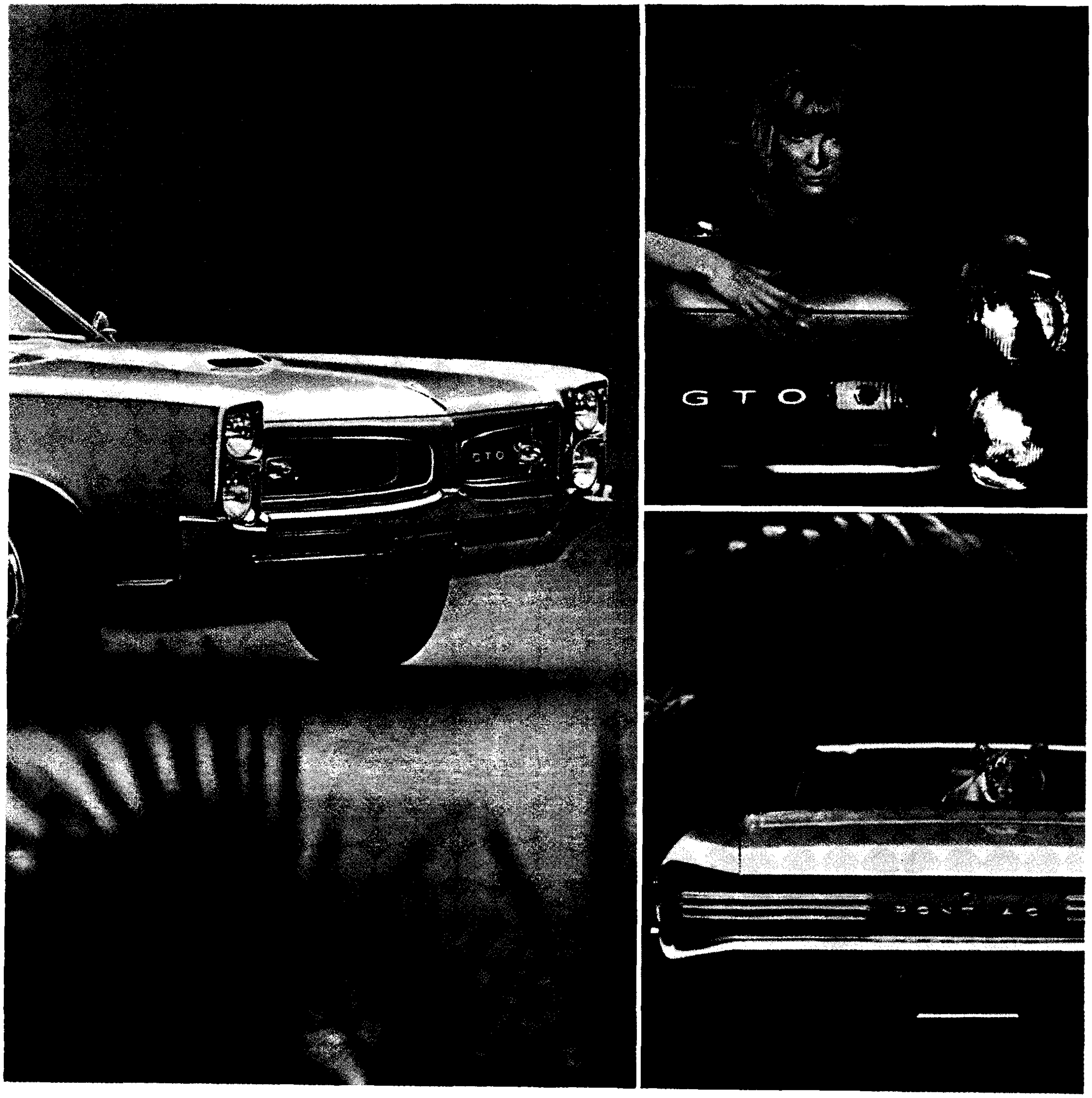

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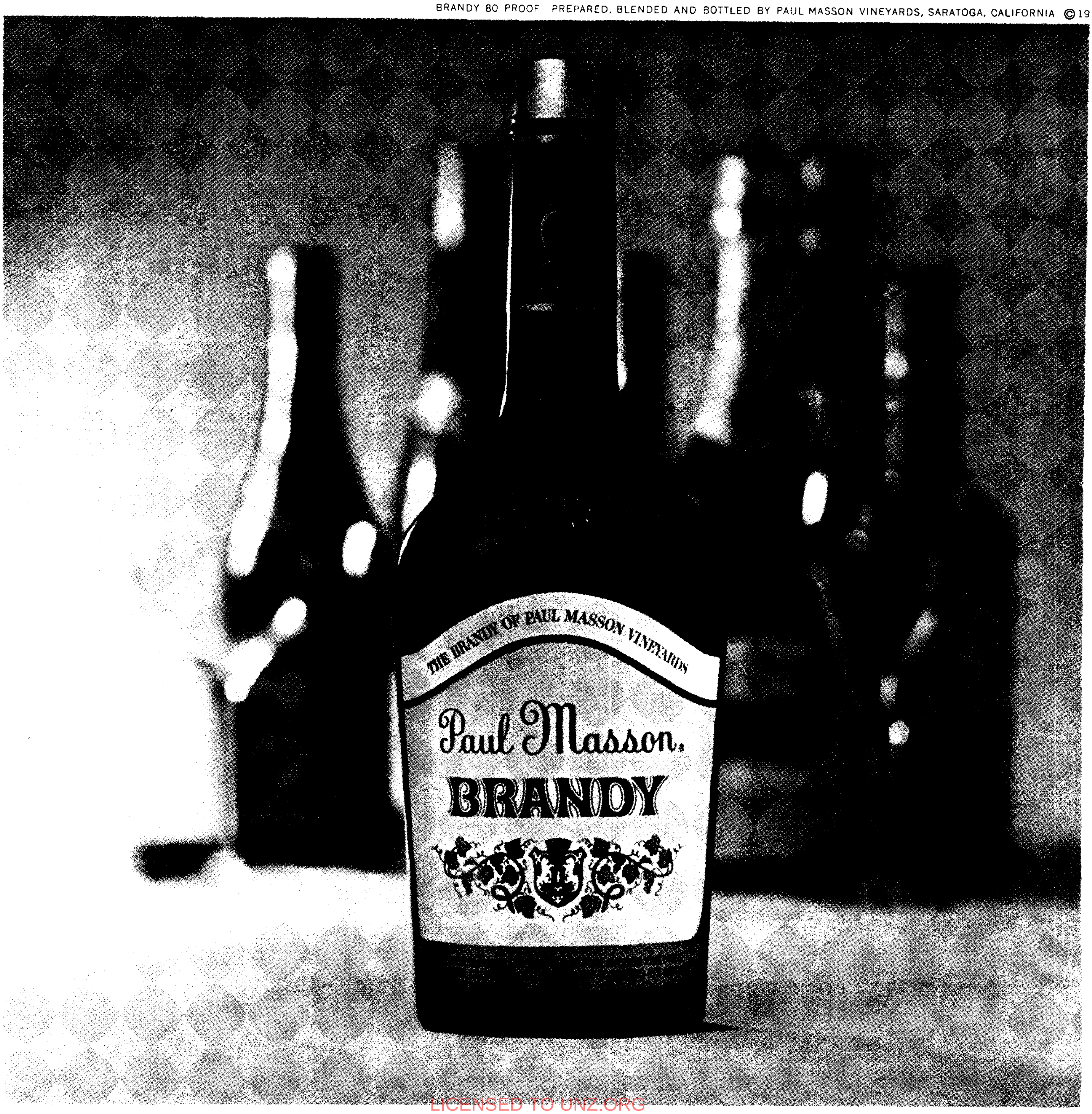
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a picture postcard on the patient's bedside table, the rebuffed visitor departed. That night, Perry looked at the card. It was addressed to the warden, and was postmarked Blue Lake, California. The message, written in a familiar stubby script, went, "Dear Sir, I understand you have my boy Perry back in custody. Write me please what did he do wrong and if I come there could I see him. All's well with me and trust the same with you. Tex J. Smith."

Perry destroyed the card, but his mind preserved it, for the few crude words had resurrected him emotionally, revived love and hate, reminded him that he was still what he had tried not to be—alive. "And I just decided that I ought to stay that way," he later informed a friend. "Anybody wanted my life wasn't going to get any more help from me. They'd have to fight for it." The next morning, he asked for a glass of milk—the first sustenance he had volunteered to accept in fourteen weeks. Gradually, on a diet of eggnogs and orange juice, he regained weight. By October, the prison physician, Dr. Robert Moore, considered him strong enough to be returned to The Row.

When he arrived there, Dick laughed, and said, "Welcome home, honey."

TWO years passed.

The departures of Wilson and Spencer left Smith and Hickock and Andrews alone with the Row's burning lights and veiled windows. The privileges granted ordinary prisoners were denied them: no radios or card games, not even an exercise period. Indeed, they were never allowed out of their cells, except each Saturday, when they were taken to a shower room and then given a once-weekly change of clothing; the only other occasions for momentary release were the far-between visits of lawyers or relatives, when the prisoners were taken to the visitors' room. (Mrs. Hickock came once a month. In the early summer of 1960, her husband had died and she had lost the farm, and thereafter, she told Dick, she lived now with one relative, now another.)

It seemed to Perry as though he existed "far under water"—perhaps because The Row was usually as gray and quiet as ocean depths, soundless except for snores, coughs, the whisper of slippered feet, the feathery racket of the pigeons nesting in the prison wall. But not *always*. "Sometimes you can't hear yourself think," Dick wrote in a letter to his mother. "They throw men in the

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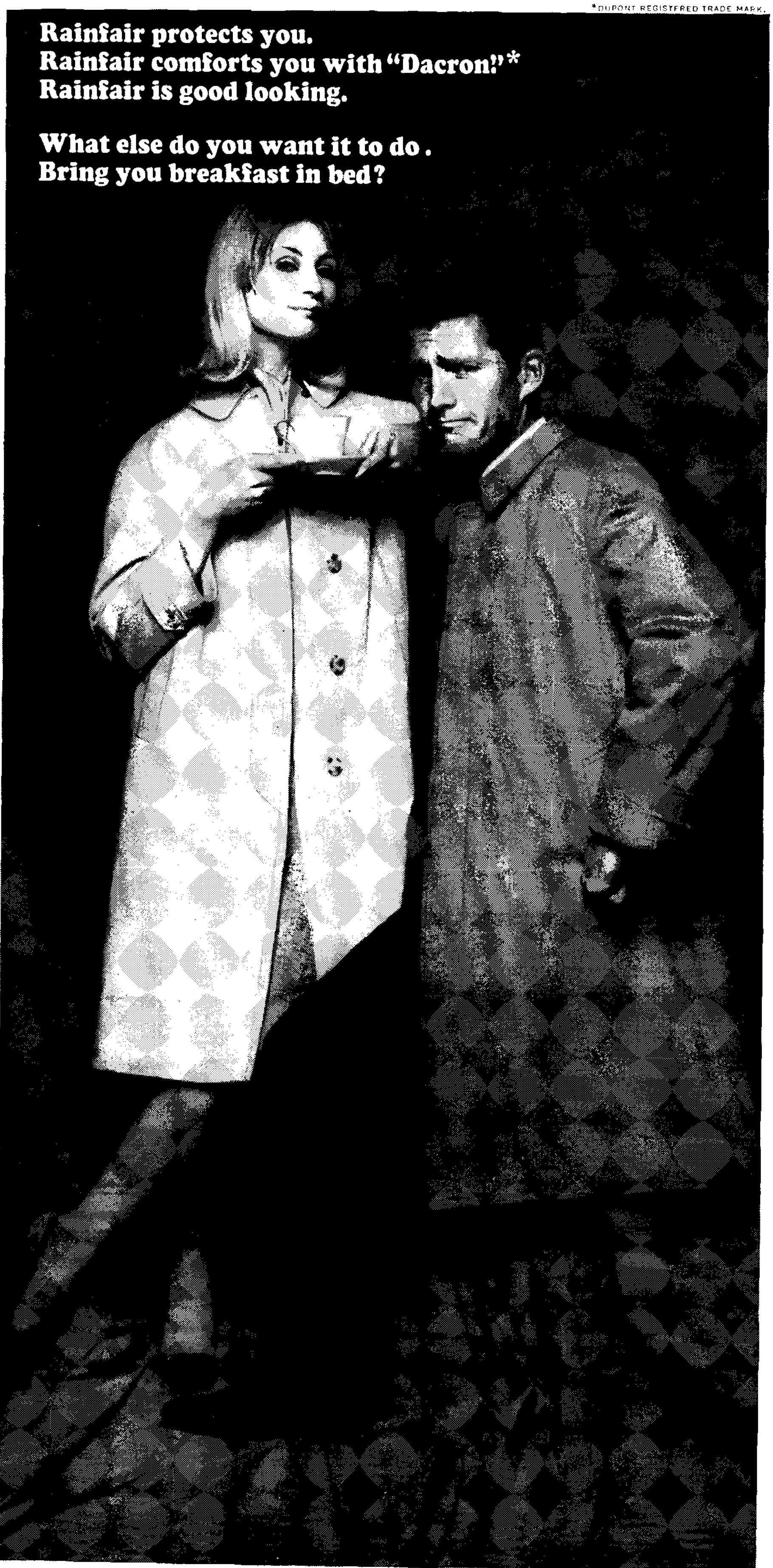

His Rainfair Alpine and her Lady Suburban have warm zip-out liners of dense pile with insulated sleeve liners. Both are a superb blend of Dacron® polyester and combed cotton; water repellent, of course. In classic tan or popular dark shades. His, $43.50; hers, $39.95. Similar styles without zip-liners, from $26.95.

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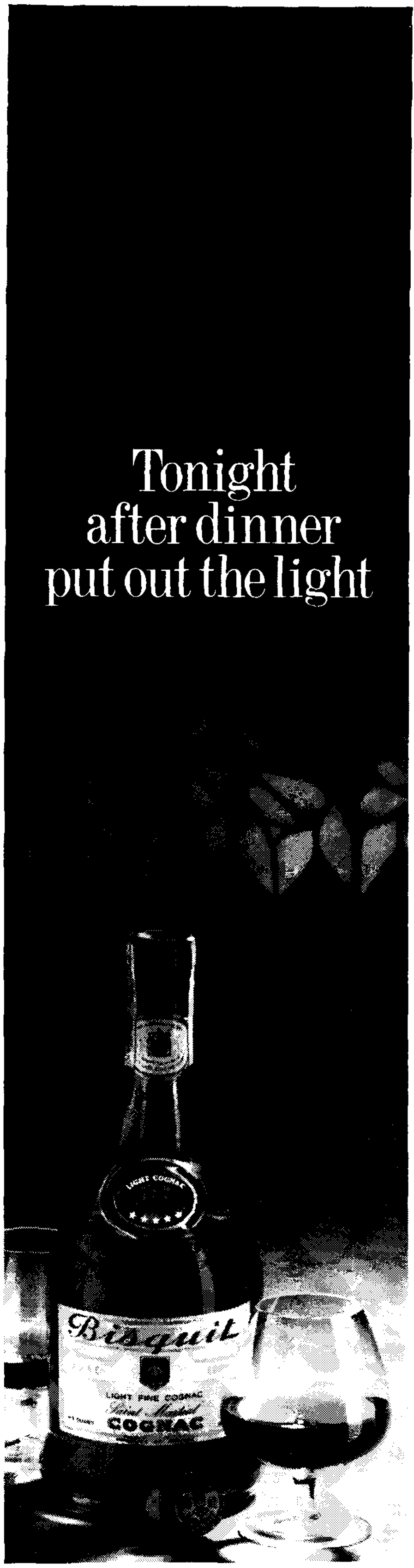

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cells downstairs, what they call The Hole, and plenty of them are fighting mad and crazy to boot. Curse and scream the whole time. It's intolerable, so everybody starts yelling shut up. I wish you'd send me earplugs. Only they wouldn't allow me to have them. No rest for the wicked, I guess." The little building had been standing for more than a century, and seasonal changes provoked differing symptoms of its antiquity: winter cold saturated the stone and the iron fixtures, and in summer, when temperatures often hurtled over the hundred mark, the old cells were malodorous caldrons. "So hot my skin stings," Dick wrote in a letter dated July 5, 1961. "I try not to move much. I just sit on the floor. My bed's too sweaty to lie down, and the smell makes me sick because of only the one bath a week and always wearing the same clothes. No ventilation whatever and the light bulbs make everything hotter. Bugs keep bumping on the walls."

Unlike conventional prisoners, the condemned are not subjected to a work routine; they can do with their time what they like—sleep all day, as Perry frequently did ("I pretend I'm a tiny little baby. That can't keep its eyes open"), or, as was Andrews' habit, read all night. Andrews averaged fifteen or twenty books a week; his taste encompassed both trash and belles-lettres, and he liked poetry—Robert Frost's particularly, but also Whitman's, Emily Dickinson's, and Ogden Nash's. The quenchless quality of his literary thirst had soon depleted the shelves of the prison library, so the prison chaplain, and other people sympathetic to him, kept him supplied with parcels from the Kansas City Public Library. Dick was rather a bookworm, too, but his interest was restricted to two themes—sex, as it was put forth in the novels of Harold Robbins and Irving Wallace (Perry, after being lent one of these by Dick, returned it with an indignant note: "Degenerate filth for filthy degenerate minds!"), and law literature. He consumed hours each day leafing through lawbooks, compiling data that he hoped would help reverse his convictions. In pursuit of the same end, he fired off a cannonade of letters to such organizations as the American Civil Liberties Union and the Kansas State Bar Association—letters attacking his trial as "a travesty of due process," and urging the recipients to aid him in his quest for a new trial. Perry was persuaded to draft similar pleas, but Andrews, when Dick suggested that he follow their example

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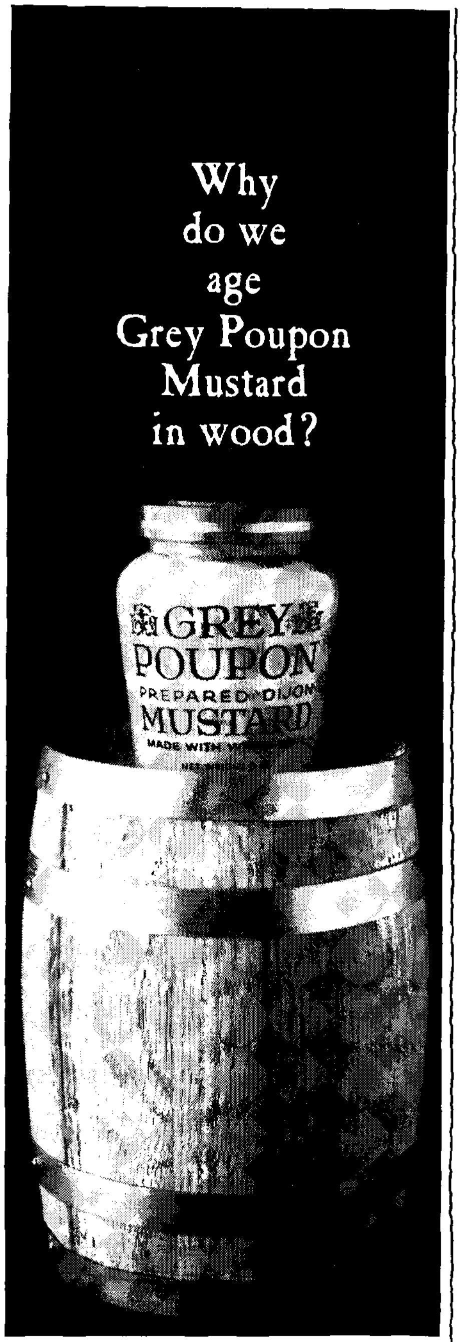


It takes longer, to be sure. And a knowing taste can tell the difference. Aging in wood gives Grey Poupon a character, a flavor all its own. It's bold but not biting. It's a richer, truer mustard with more real mustard flavor. The authentic Dijon recipe also requires mellow white wine. We include that, too. And a dozen or more rich seasonings and spices. Try it just once and you'll never be satisfied with ordinary mustard again. Understandably, Grey Poupon costs a bit more, but it's well worth it.

GREY POUPON
HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

by writing protests in his own behalf, replied, "I'll worry about my neck and you worry about yours." Actually, Dick's neck was not the part of his anatomy that most immediately troubled him. "My hair is coming out by the handfuls," he confided in one of his letters to his mother. "I'm frantic. Nobody in our family was bald-headed, as I can recall, and it makes me frantic the idea of being an ugly old baldhead."

When The Row's two night guards arrived at work one autumn evening in 1961, they had a piece of news. "Well," one of them announced, "seems like you boys can expect company."

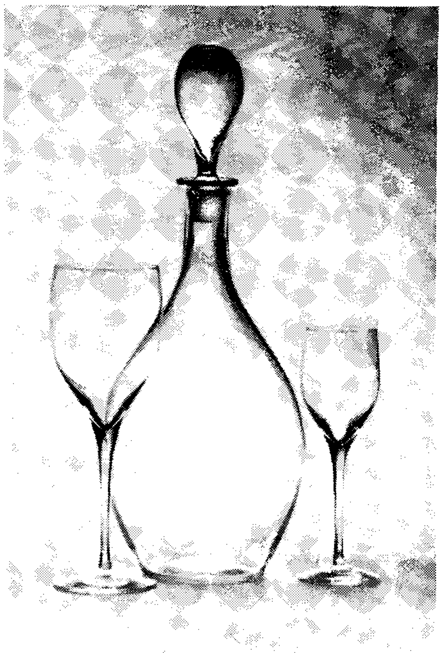
The import of the remark was clear to his audience; it meant that two young soldiers who had been standing trial for the murder of a Kansas railroad worker had received the ultimate sentence.

"Yes, sir," the guard said, confirming this. "They got the death penalty."

Dick said, "Sure. It's very popular in Kansas. Juries hand it out like they were giving candy to kids."

One of the soldiers, George Ronald York, was eighteen; his companion, James Douglas Latham, was a year older. They were both exceptionally personable, and, perhaps for this reason, hordes of teen-aged girls attended their trial. Though the two were convicted of only one slaying, they had claimed seven victims in the course of a cross-country murder spree.

Ronnie York, blond and blue-eyed, was born and raised in Florida, where his father was a well-known, well-paid deep-sea diver. The Yorks had a pleasantly comfortable home life, and Ronnie, ever loved and ever praised by his parents and a worshipful younger sister, was the adored center of it. Latham's background was at the opposite extreme, being every bit as bleak as Perry Smith's. Born in Texas, he was the youngest child of a fertile, moneyless, embattled couple, who, when they finally separated, left their progeny to fend for themselves and scatter hither and thither, unwanted. At seventeen, Latham, in need of a refuge, enlisted in the Army; two years later, found guilty of having gone A.W.O.L., he was imprisoned in the stockade at Fort Hood, Texas. It was there that he met Ronnie York, who was also under sentence for having gone A.W.O.L. Though they were very unalike—even physically, York being tall and phlegmatic, whereas Latham was a short man with foxy brown eyes animating a compact,



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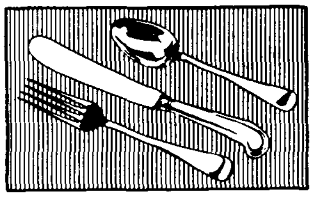

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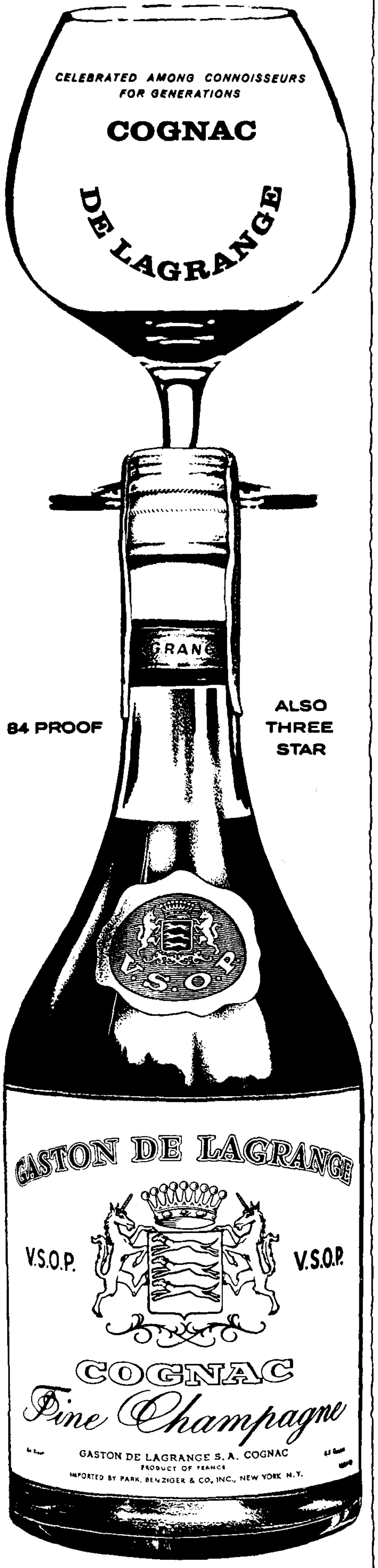

IMPORTED BY
PARK, BENZIGER & CO., INC. NEW YORK

shrewd little face—they found that they shared at least one firm opinion: the world was hateful, and everybody in it would be better off dead. "It's a rotten world," Latham said. "There's no answer to it but meanness. That's all anybody understands. Meanness. Burn down the man's barn—he'll understand that. Poison his dog. Kill him." Ronnie said Latham was "one hundred per cent correct," adding, "Anyway, anybody you kill, you're doing them a favor." The first persons they chose to do a favor for were two Georgia women, respectable housewives who had the misfortune to encounter York and Latham not long after the pair of soldiers had escaped from the Fort Hood stockade, stolen a pickup truck, and driven to Jacksonville, Florida—York's home town. The scene of the encounter was an Esso station on the dark outskirts of Jacksonville; the date was the night of May 29, 1961. Originally, the absconding soldiers had travelled to the Florida city with the intention of visiting York's family; once they got there, however, York decided that it might be unwise to get in touch with his parents, because his father sometimes had quite a temper. He and Latham talked it over, and they had decided on New Orleans as their destination when they stopped at the Esso station to buy gas. Alongside them, another car was taking in fuel; it contained the two matronly victims-to-be, who, after a day of shopping and pleasure in Jacksonville, were returning to their homes, in a small town near the Florida-Georgia border, but, alas, had lost their way. York, from whom they asked directions, was most obliging. "You just follow us," he said. "We'll put you on the right road." But the road to which he led them was very wrong indeed—a narrow side turning that petered out into swamp. Nevertheless, the ladies followed faithfully until the lead vehicle halted, and they saw, in the shine of their headlights, the helpful young men approaching them on foot, and saw, but too late, that each was armed with a black bullwhip. The whips were the property of the owner of the stolen truck, a cattleman; it had been Latham's notion to use them as garrotes—and, after robbing the women, they did. In New Orleans, the boys bought a pistol and carved two notches in the handle.

During the next ten days, notches were added in Tullahoma, Tennessee, where they acquired a snappy red Dodge convertible by shooting the owner, a travelling salesman, and in

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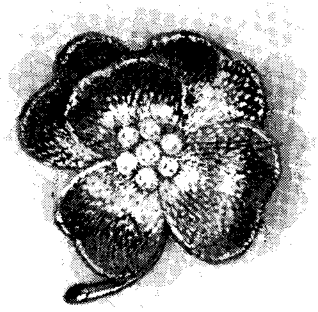

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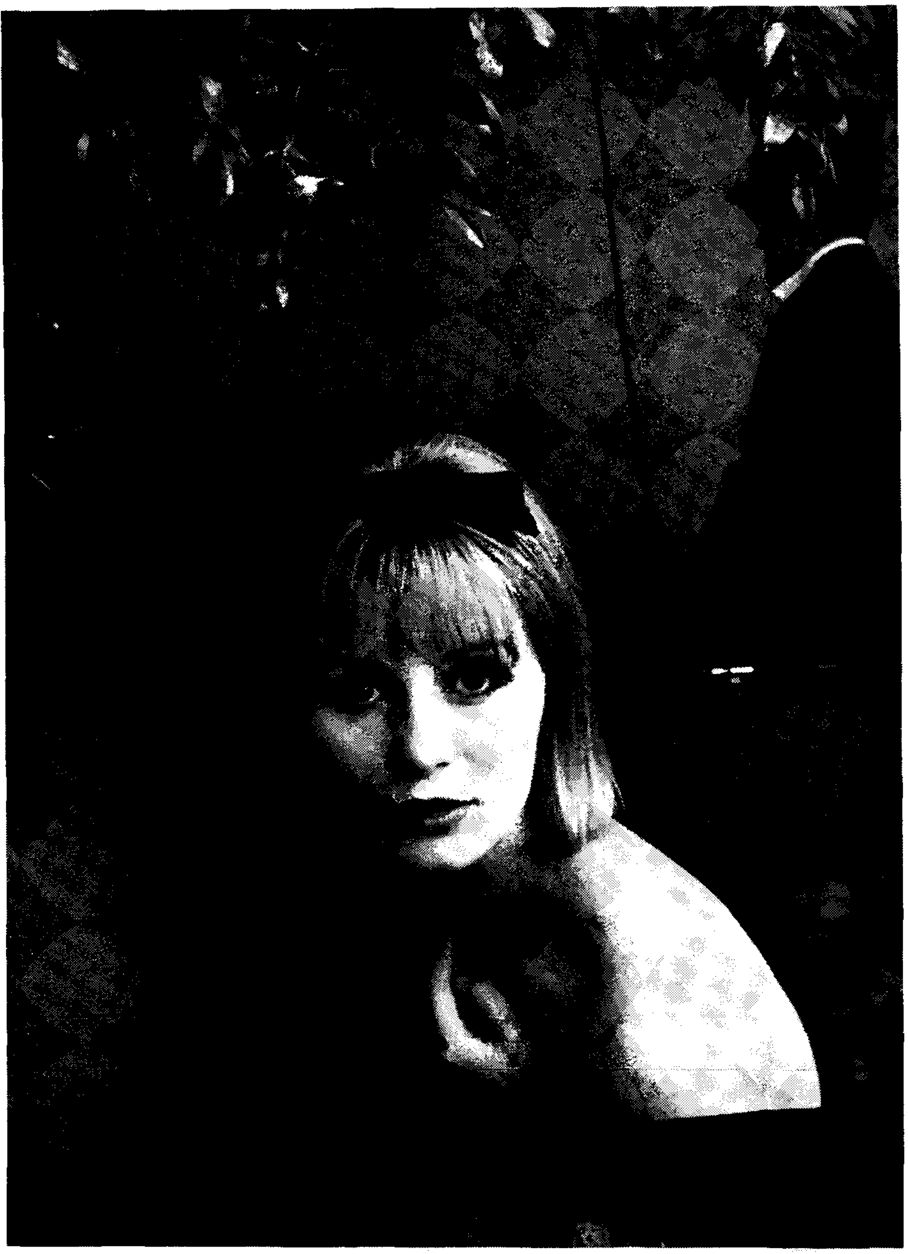
an Illinois suburb of St. Louis, where two men were slain. The Kansas victim, who followed those five, was a grandfather; his name was Otto Ziegler, and he was a robust, friendly fellow of sixty-two—the sort not likely to pass distressed motorists without offering assistance. And so Mr. Ziegler did not hesitate to stop when, as he was spinning along a Kansas highway one fine June morning, he spied a red convertible parked by the roadside with its hood up and a couple of nice-looking youngsters fiddling with the engine. How was the good-hearted Mr. Ziegler to know that nothing ailed the machine—that this was a ruse devised to trap would-be Samaritans, rob, and kill them? His last words were "Anything I can do?" York, at a distance of twenty feet, sent a bullet crashing through the old man's skull, then turned to Latham and said, "Pretty good shootin', huh?" Their final victim was the most pathetic. It was a girl, only eighteen. She was employed as a maid in a Colorado motel, where the rampaging pair spent a night, during which she let them make love to her. Then they told her they were on their way to California, and invited her to come along. "Come on," Latham urged her. "Maybe we'll all end up movie stars." The girl and her hastily packed cardboard suitcase ended up as blood-soaked wreckage at the bottom of a ravine near Craig, Colorado. But not many hours after she had been shot and thrown there her assassins were in fact performing before motion-picture cameras.

Descriptions of the red car's occupants, provided by witnesses who had noticed them loitering in the area where Otto Ziegler's body was discovered, had been circulated throughout the Midwestern and Western states. Roadblocks were erected, and helicopters patrolled the highways. It was a roadblock in Utah that caught York and Latham. Later, at police headquarters in Salt Lake City, a local television company was allowed to film an interview with them. The result, if it were viewed without sound, would seem to concern two cheerful, milk-fed athletes discussing hockey or baseball—anything but murder, and the roles, boastfully confessed, that the pair had played in the deaths of seven people.

"Why?" the interviewer asks. "Why did you do it?"

And York, with a self-congratulatory grin, answers, "We hate the world."

All five of the states that vied for the right to prosecute them endorse judi-



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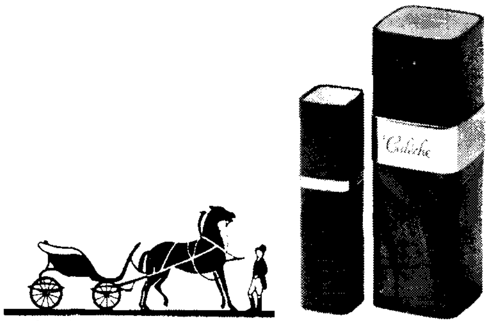
It's all a woman needs to wear



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cial homicide—Florida (electrocution), Tennessee (electrocution), Illinois (electrocution), Kansas (hanging), and Colorado (lethal gas)—and Kansas, because it had the firmest evidence, was victorious.

The men on The Row first met their new companions on December 2, 1961. The guard escorting the arrivals to their cells introduced them: "Mr. York, Mr. Latham, I'd like you to know Mr. Smith, here. And Mr. Hickock. And Mr. Lowell Lee Andrews—'the nicest boy in Wolcott.' "

When the parade had passed, Hickock heard Andrews chuckling, and asked, "What's so funny about that son of a bitch?"

"Nothing," Andrews said. "But I was thinking, when you count my three and your four and their seven, that makes fourteen of them and five of us. Now, five into fourteen averages out—"

"*Four* into fourteen," Hickock corrected him. "There are four killers up here and one railroaded man. I'm no goddam killer. I never touched a hair on a human head."

HICKOCK continued to write letters protesting his conviction, and one of these at last bore fruit. The recipient was Everett Steerman, chairman of the Legal Aid Committee of the Kansas Bar Association, and he was disturbed by the allegations of the sender that he and his co-defendant had not had a fair trial. According to him, the "hostile atmosphere" in Garden City had made it impossible to empanel an unbiassed jury, and therefore a change of venue should have been granted; as for the jurors who were chosen, at least two had clearly indicated a presumption of guilt during the *voir-dire* examination ("When asked to state his opinion of capital punishment, one man said that ordinarily he was against it, but in this case no"). Unfortunately, the *voir dire* had not been recorded, because Kansas law does not demand that it should be unless a specific request for its recording is made. Many of the jurors were "well acquainted with the deceased," Hickock went on. "So was the judge. Judge Tate was an intimate friend of Mr. Clutter." But the bulkiest of Hickock's mud pies was aimed at the two defense attorneys, Arthur Fleming and Harrison Smith, whose "incompetence and inadequacy" were the chief cause of the correspondent's present predicament, for no real defense had been prepared or offered by them, and this lack of effort, it was implied, had been deliberate—an

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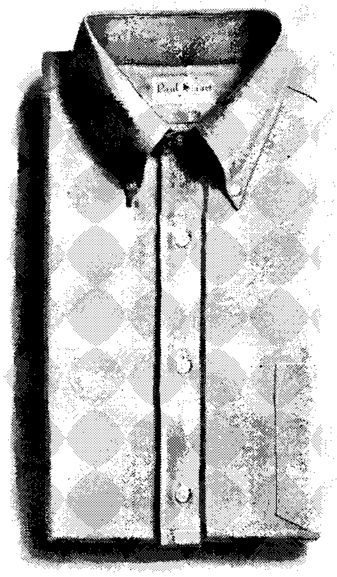

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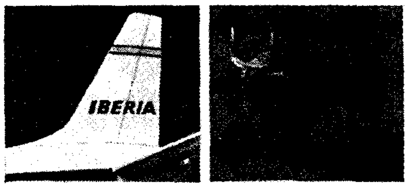

THE PLACE TO GO
THE WAY TO GET THERE

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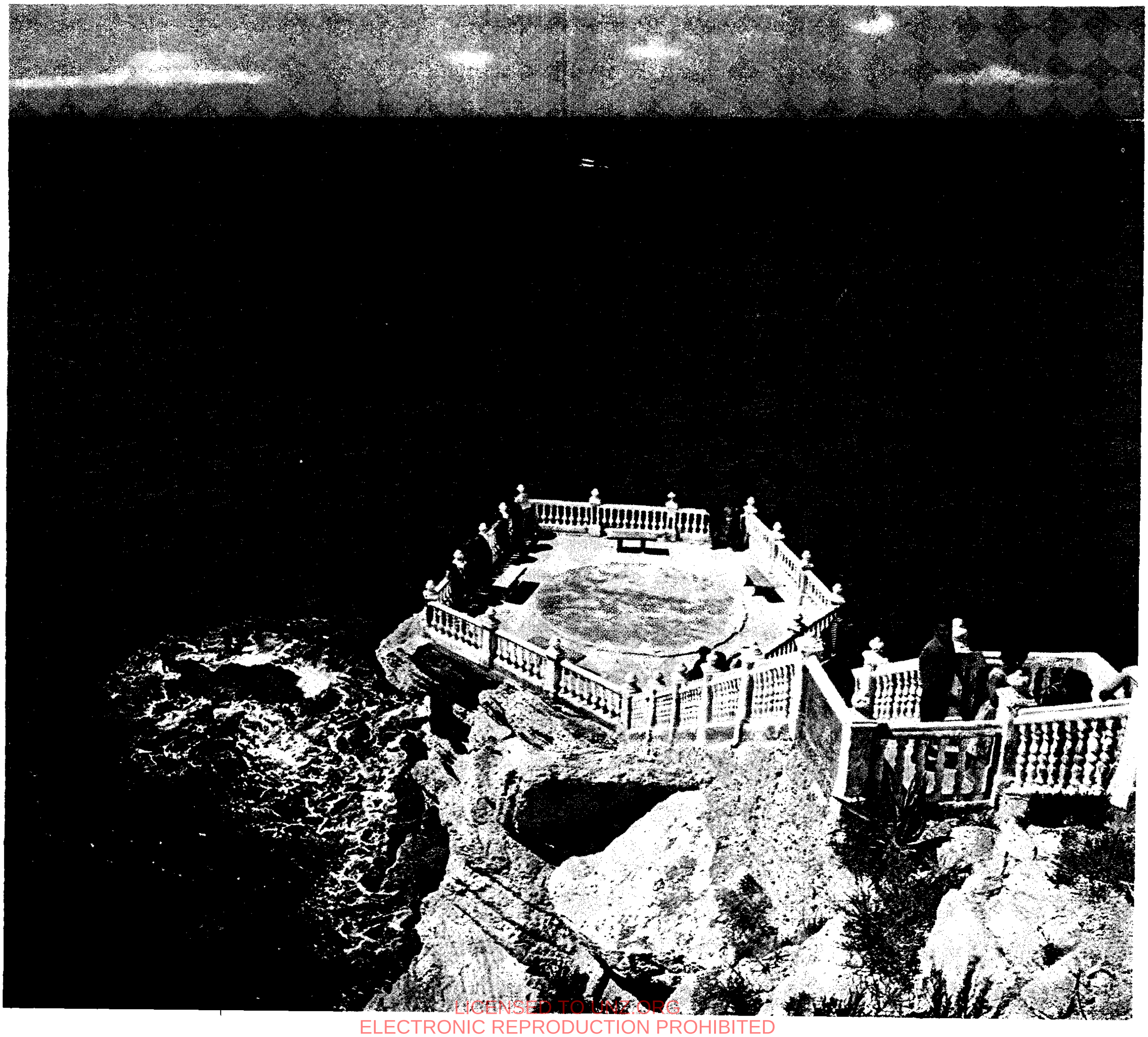

We call them SmorgasBoards.

Slice on them. Dice on them. Cold cuts look nice on them.

This set of eight teak paddles was devised by Dansk® to improve the festive board. The smallest is 7" across, about right for a round red Edam. There are sizes for an endless procession of good things. The largest one, 14" is particularly perfect for passing the pizza.

Dansk's Jens Quistgaard designed them as handsome mosaics of small teak blocks, each placed with the end-grain up. The way butcher blocks are made. That's so a knife can bite into the wood without dulling its edge.

Sandwiched between the teak is a dark slice of African Areo Mahogany. This buoyant wood, used to float schooners, is used here to lighten the weight of each paddle.

Jens picked this paddle shape because it's so handy for handing round.

And each SmorgasBoard has a hole in the handle, so you can hang it up when it's not in use.

Which is hardly ever.

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DANSK
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act of collusion between the defense and the prosecution.

These were grave assertions, reflecting upon the integrity of two respected lawyers and a distinguished district judge, and if they were true, even in part, then the constitutional rights of the defendants had been abused. Prompted by Mr. Steerman, the Bar Association undertook a course of action without precedent in Kansas legal history: it appointed a lawyer—a young Wichita attorney named Russell Shultz—to investigate the charges and, if the evidence should warrant it, challenge the validity of the conviction by bringing habeas-corpus proceedings in the Kansas Supreme Court, which had recently upheld the verdict. Shultz's investigation might appear to have been rather one-sided, since it consisted of little more than an interview with Smith and Hickock, from which the lawyer emerged with crusading phrases for the press: "The question is this—do poor, plainly guilty defendants have a right to a complete defense? I do not believe that the State of Kansas would be either greatly or for long harmed by the death of these appellants. But I do not believe it could ever recover from the death of due process."

Shultz filed his habeas-corpus petition, and the Kansas Supreme Court commissioned one of its own retired justices, the Honorable Walter G. Thiele, to conduct a full-scale hearing. And so it came to pass that almost two years after the trial the whole cast reassembled in the courtroom in Garden City. The only important participants absent were the original defendants; in their places, as it were, stood Judge Tate, old Mr. Fleming, and Harrison Smith, whose careers were imperilled—not because of the appellants' allegations per se but because of the apparent credit that the Bar Association gave them. The hearing, which at one point was transferred to Lansing, where Judge Thiele heard Smith and Hickock testify, took six days to complete, and ultimately every point was covered. Eight jurors swore they had never known any member of the slain family; four admitted some slight acquaintance with Mr. Clutter, but each of these, including Dunnan, the airport employee, who had made the controversial reply during the *voir dire*, testified that he had entered the jury box with an unprejudiced mind.

Shultz challenged Dunnan: "Do you feel, sir, that you would have been willing to go to trial with a juror whose state of mind was the same as yours?"

Dunnan said yes, he would, and

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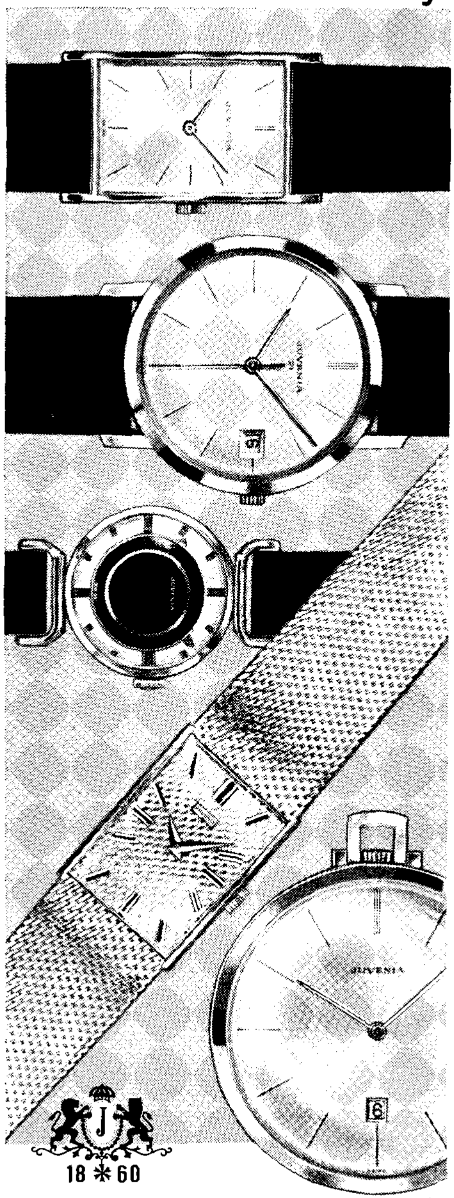
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Shultz then asked, "Do you recall being asked whether or not you were averse to capital punishment?"

Nodding, the witness answered, "I told them under normal conditions I would probably be averse to it. But with the magnitude of this crime I could probably vote in favor."

Tangling with Judge Tate was more difficult; Shultz soon realized he had a tiger by the tail. Replying to questions relevant to his supposed intimacy with Mr. Clutter, the judge said, "He [Clutter] was once a litigant in this court, a case over which I presided, a damage action involving an airplane falling on his property; he was suing for damages to— I believe some fruit trees. Other than that, I had no occasion to associate with him. *None whatever.* I saw him perhaps once or twice in the course of a year."

Shultz, floundering, changed the subject. "Do you know what the attitude of the people was in this community after the apprehension of these two men?" he asked.

"I believe I do," the judge told him with scathing confidence. "It is my opinion that the attitude toward them was that of anyone else charged with a criminal offense—that they should be tried as the law provides; that is, if they were guilty, they should be convicted; that they should be given the same fair treatment as any other person. There was no prejudice against them because they were accused of crime."

"You mean you saw no reason for the court on its own motion to grant a change of venue?" Shultz asked.

Tate scowled. "Mr. *Shultz,*" he said, as though the name were a prolonged hiss, "the court *cannot* on its *own* grant a change of venue. That would be contrary to Kansas law. I couldn't grant a change unless it was properly requested."

But why had such a request not been made by the defendants' attorneys? Shultz now pursued this question with the attorneys themselves, for to discredit them, to prove that they had not supplied their clients with the minimum protection, was, from the Wichita lawyer's viewpoint, the principal object of the hearing. Arthur Fleming and Harrison Smith withstood the onslaught in good style—particularly Fleming, who, wearing his bold red tie and an abiding smile, endured Shultz with gentlemanly resignation. Explaining why he had not applied for a change of venue, he said, "I felt that since the Reverend Mr. Cowan, the minister of the Methodist Church, and a man of substance here, a man of high standing, as well as many other ministers here, had expressed themselves against capital punishment, that at least the leaven had been cast in this area, and there were likely more people here inclined to be lenient in the matter of the penalty than perhaps in other parts of the state. Then I believe it was a brother of Mrs. Clutter's who made a statement that appeared in the press indicating he did not feel the defendants should be put to death."

Shultz had a score of charges against the two defense attorneys, but underlying them all was the implication that, because of community pressure, they had deliberately neglected their duties. Both men, Shultz maintained, had betrayed their clients by not consulting with them sufficiently (Fleming replied, "I worked on the case to the very best of my ability, giving it more time than I do most cases"), by waiving a preliminary hearing (Smith answered, "But, sir, neither Mr. Fleming nor I had been appointed counsel at the time of the waiver"), by making remarks to newsmen damaging to the defendants (Shultz to Smith: "Are you aware that a reporter, Ron Kull, of the Topeka *Capital*, quoted you, on the second day of the trial, as saying there was no doubt of Mr. Hickock's guilt, but that you were concerned only with obtaining life imprisonment rather than the death penalty?" Smith to Shultz: "No, sir. If I was quoted as saying that it was incorrect"), and by failing to prepare a proper defense.

This last charge was the one that Shultz pressed hardest, so it is relevant to reproduce an opinion of it written by three federal judges as the result of a subsequent appeal to the United States Court of Appeals, Tenth Circuit: "We think, however, that those viewing the situation in retrospect have lost sight of the problems which confronted attorneys Smith and Fleming when they undertook the defense of these petitioners. When they accepted the appointments each petitioner had made a full confession, and they did not then contend, nor did they seriously contend at any time in the state courts, that these confessions were not voluntary. A radio taken from the Clutter home and sold by the petitioners in Mexico City had been recovered, and the attorneys knew of other evidence of their guilt then in the possession of the prosecution. When called upon to plead to the charges against them

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they stood mute, and it was necessary for the court to enter a plea of not guilty for them. There was no substantial evidence then, and none has been produced since the trial, to substantiate a defense of insanity. The attempt to establish insanity as a defense because of serious injuries in accidents years before, and headaches and occasional fainting spells of Hickock, was like grasping at the proverbial straw. The attorneys were faced with a situation where outrageous crimes committed on innocent persons had been admitted. Under these circumstances, they would have been justified in advising that petitioners enter pleas of guilty and throw themselves on the mercy of the court. Their only hope was that through some turn of fate the lives of these misguided individuals might be spared."

Judge Thiele, in the report he submitted to the Kansas Supreme Court, found that the petitioners had received a constitutionally fair trial; the court thereupon denied the writ to abolish the verdict, and set a new date for their execution—Thursday, October 25, 1962. As it happened, Lowell Lee Andrews, whose case had twice travelled all the way to the United States Supreme Court, was scheduled to hang one month later. The Clutter slayers, granted a reprieve by a federal judge, evaded their date. Andrews kept his.

In the disposition of capital cases in the United States, the median elapsed time between sentence and execution is approximately seventeen months. Recently, in Texas, an armed robber was electrocuted a month after his conviction, but in Louisiana, at the present writing, two rapists have been waiting for a record twelve years. The variation depends a little on luck and a great deal on the extent of litigation. The majority of the lawyers handling such cases are court-appointed and work without recompense, but more often than not the courts, in order to avoid future appeals based on complaints of inadequate representation, appoint men of the first quality, who defend with commendable vigor. However, even an attorney of moderate talent can postpone doomsday year after year, for the system of appeals set by American jurisprudence amounts to a legalistic wheel of fortune, a game of chance, somewhat favoring the criminal, that the participants play interminably, first in the state courts and then through the federal courts, until the ultimate tribunal is reached—the United States Supreme Court. But even defeat there is not final if the petitioner's counsel can discover

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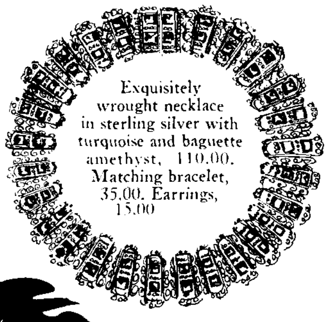

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or invent new grounds for appeal—and usually they can—and so once more the wheel turns, until, perhaps some years later, the prisoner arrives back at the nation's highest court, probably only to begin again the slow, cruel contest. But at intervals the wheel does pause to declare a winner—or, though with increasing rarity, a loser. Andrews' lawyers fought to the final moment, but their client went to the gallows on Friday, November 30, 1962.

"That was a cold night," Hickock said, talking to a journalist with whom he corresponded, and who was periodically allowed to visit him. "Cold and wet. It had been raining like a bastard, and the baseball field was mud up to your *cojones*. So when they took Andy out to The Warehouse, they had to walk him along the path. We were all at our windows watching—Perry and me, Ronnie York, Jimmy Latham. It was just after midnight, and The Warehouse was lit up like a Halloween pumpkin. The doors wide open. We could see the witnesses, a lot of guards, the doctor, and the warden—every damn thing but the gallows. It was off at an angle. But we could see its shadow. A shadow on the wall, like the shadow of a boxing ring. The chaplain and four guards had charge of Andy, and when they got to the door they stopped a second. Andy was looking at the gallows—you could sense he was. His arms were handcuffed in front of him. All of a sudden, the chaplain reached out and took off Andy's glasses. Which was kind of pitiful. Andy without his glasses. They led him on inside, and I wondered he could see to climb the steps. It was real quiet. Just nothing but this dog barking way off. Some town dog. Then we heard it, the sound, and Jimmy Latham said, 'What was that?' And I *told* him what it was—the trapdoor. Then it was real quiet again. Except that dog. Old Andy, he danced a long time. They must have had a real mess to clean up. Every few minutes, the doctor came to the door and stepped outside, and stood there with this stethoscope in his hand. I wouldn't say he was enjoying his work—kept gasping, like he was gasping for breath, and he was crying, too. Jimmy said, 'Get a load of that nance!' I guess the reason he stepped outside was so the others wouldn't see he was crying. Then he'd go back and listen to hear if Andy's heart had stopped. Seemed like it never would. The fact is, his heart kept beating for nineteen minutes."

Smiling lopsidedly and propping a cigarette between his lips, Hickock

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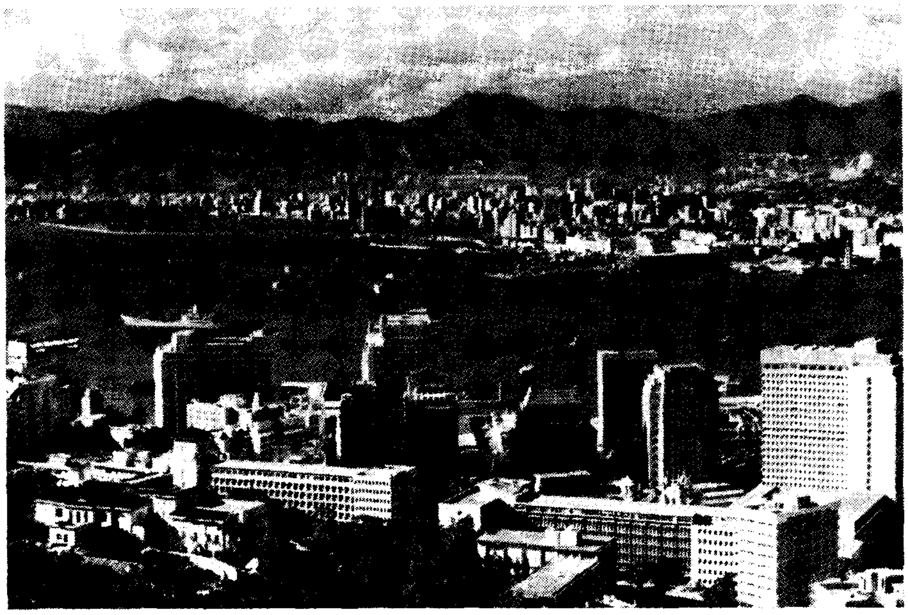

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went on, "Andy was a funny kid. It was like I told him—he had no respect for human life, not even his own. Right before they hanged him, he sat down and ate two fried chickens. And that last afternoon he was smoking cigars and drinking Coke and writing poetry. When they came to get him, and we said our goodbye, I said, 'I'll be seeing you soon, Andy. 'Cause I'm sure we're going to the same place. So scout around and see if you can't find a cool, shady spot for us Down There.' He laughed, and said he didn't believe in Heaven or Hell, just dust unto dust. And he said an aunt and uncle had been to see him, and told him they had a coffin waiting to carry him to some little cemetery in north Missouri. The same place where the three he disposed of were buried. They planned to put Andy right alongside them. He said when they told him that he could hardly keep a straight face. I said, 'Well, you're lucky to have a grave. Most likely, they'll give Perry and me to the vivisectionist.' We joked on like that till it was time to go, and just as he was going he handed me a piece of paper with a poem on it. I don't know if he wrote it or copied it out of a book. My impression was he wrote it. If you're interested, I'll send it to you." He later did so, and Andrews' farewell message turned out to be the ninth stanza of Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard":

> The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Awaits alike the inevitable hour:
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

"I really liked Andy," Hickock said. "He was a nut. Not a real nut but—you know—just goofy. He was always talking about breaking out of here and making his living as a hired gun. He liked to imagine himself roaming around Chicago or Los Angeles with a machine gun inside a violin case. Cooling guys. Said he'd charge a thousand bucks per stiff."

Hickock laughed, presumably at the absurdity of his friend's ambitions, and then sighed and shook his head. "But for someone his age he was the smartest person I ever come across. A human library. When that boy read a book, it stayed read. Course, he didn't know a dumb-darn thing about *life*. Me, I'm an ignoramus except when it comes to what I know about life. I've walked along a lot of mean streets. I've seen a white man flogged. I've watched

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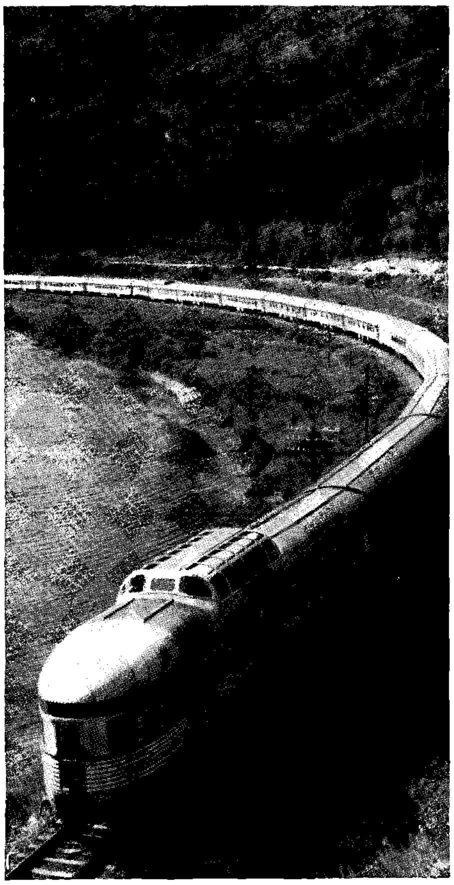

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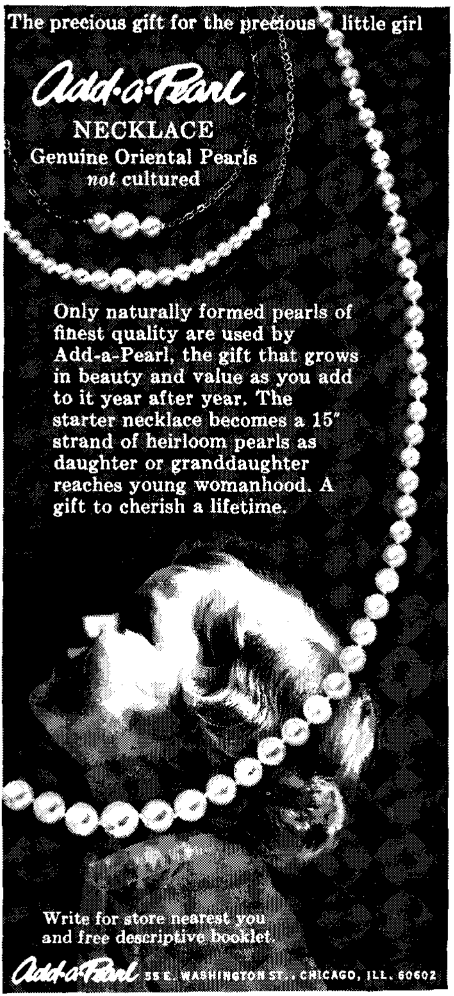

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babies born. I've seen a girl, and her no more than fourteen, take on three guys at the same time and give them all their money's worth. Fell off a ship once five miles out to sea. Swam five miles with my life passing before me with every stroke. Once, I shook hands with President Truman, in the lobby of the Hotel Muehlebach. Harry S. Truman. When I was working for the hospital, driving an ambulance, I saw every side of life there is. Things that would make a dog vomit. But *Andy*. He didn't know one dumb-damn-darn thing except what he'd read in books. He was innocent as a little child. Some kid with a box of Cracker Jack. He'd never once been with a woman. Man or mule. He said so himself. Maybe that's what I liked about him most. How he wouldn't prevaricate. The rest of us on The Row, we're all a bunch of bull artists. I'm one of the worst. Shoot, you've got to talk about something. Brag. Otherwise you're nobody, nothing, a potato vegetating in your seven-by-ten limbo. But Andy never would partake. He said, 'What's the use telling a lot of stuff that never happened?' Old Perry, though—*he* wasn't sorry to see the last of Andy. Andy was the one thing in the world Perry wants to be—educated. And Perry couldn't forgive him for it. You know how Perry's always using hundred-dollar words he doesn't half know the meaning of? Boy, it burned his bottom to have Andy catch up on him and haul him to the curb. Course, Andy was just trying to give him what he wanted. An education. The truth is, can't anybody get along with Perry. He hasn't got a single friend on the premises. I mean, just who the hell does he think he is? Sneering at everybody. Calling people perverts and degenerates. Going on about what low I.Q.s they have. It's too bad we can't all be such sensitive souls, like Little Perry. Saints. Boy, but I know some hard rocks who'd gladly go to The Corner if they could get him alone in the shower room for just one hot minute. The way he high-hats York and Latham! Ronnie says he sure wishes he knew where he could lay hold of a bullwhip. Says he'd like to squeeze Perry a little. I don't blame him. After all, we're all in the same fix, and they're pretty good boys."

Hickock chuckled ruefully, shrugged, and said, "You know what I mean. Good—*considering*. Ronnie York's mother has been here to visit him several times. One day, out in the waiting room, she met my mother, and

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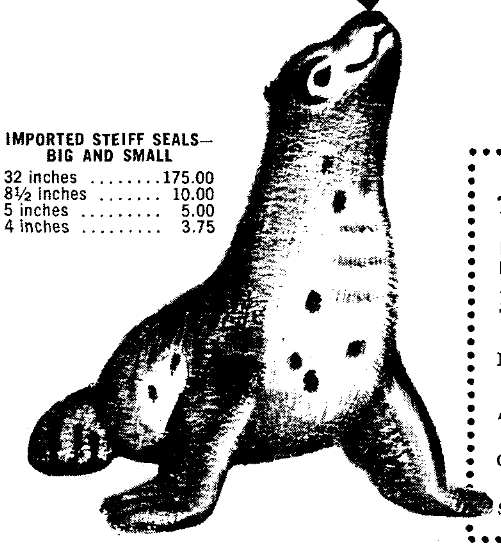

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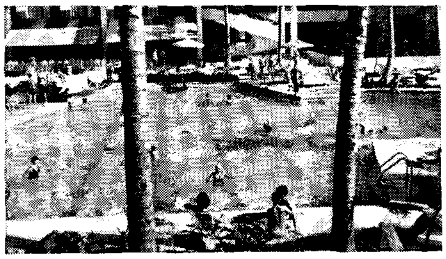

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now they've come to be each other's No. 1 buddy. Mrs. York wants my mother to come visit her home in Florida, maybe even live there. Jesus, I wish she would. Then she wouldn't have to go through this ordeal. Once a month, riding the bus here to see me. Smiling, trying to find something to say. Make me feel good. The poor lady. I don't know how she stands it. I wonder she isn't crazy."

Hickock's uneven eyes turned toward a window in the visiting room; his puffy, pallid face gleamed in the weak winter sunshine that came in through the screened glass. "The poor lady. She wrote the warden and asked him if she could speak to Perry the next time she came here. She wanted to hear from Perry himself how he killed those people, how I never fired Shot One. But they wouldn't let her see him. All I can hope is that someday we'll get a new trial, and Perry will testify and tell the truth. Only, I doubt it. He's plain determined that if he goes I go. Back to back. It's not *right. Many a man has killed and* never seen the inside of a death cell. And I never killed *any*body. If you've got fifty thousand dollars to spend, you could bump off half of Kansas City and just laugh ha-ha."

A sudden grin obliterated his woeful indignation. "Uh-oh. There I go again. Old crybaby. You'd think I'd learn. But, honest to God, I've done my damnedest to get along with Perry. Only, he's so critical. Two-faced. So jealous of every little thing. Every letter I get. Every visit. Nobody ever comes to see him, except you." He nodded at the journalist, who was as well acquainted with Smith as he was with Hickock. "Or his lawyer. Remember when he was in the hospital? With that phony starvation routine? And his dad sent the postcard? Well, the warden wrote Perry's dad and said he was welcome to come here any time. But he never has showed up. I don't know. Sometimes you got to feel sorry for Perry. He must be one of the most alone people there ever was. But—aw, the hell with him. It's mostly every bit his own fault."

Hickock slipped another cigarette out of a package of Pall Malls, wrinkled his nose, and said, "I've tried to quit smoking. Then I figure what difference does it make? Under the circumstances. With a little luck, maybe I'll get cancer and beat the state at its own game. For a while there, I was smoking cigars. Andy's. The morning after they hanged him, I woke up and called to him, 'Andy?'—the way I

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usually did. Then I remembered he was on his way to Missouri. With the aunt and uncle. I looked out in the corridor. His cell had been cleaned out, and all his junk was piled there. The mattress off his bunk. His slippers, and the scrapbook with all the food pictures—he called it his icebox. And this box of Macbeth cigars. I told the guard Andy wanted me to have them. Left them to me in his will. Actually, I never smoked them all. Maybe it was the idea of Andy. But somehow they gave me indigestion. Well, what's there to say about capital punishment? I'm not against it. Revenge is all it is, but what's wrong with revenge? It's very important. If I was kin to the Clutters, or any of the parties York and Latham dispensed with, I couldn't rest in peace till the ones responsible had taken that ride on the Big Swing. These people that write letters to the newspapers. There were two in a Topeka paper the other day. One from a minister. Saying, in effect, what is all this legal farce, why haven't those sons of bitches Smith and Hickock got it in the neck, how come those murdering sons of bitches are still eating up the taxpayers' money? Well, I can see their side. They're mad 'cause they're not getting what they want—revenge. And they're not going to get it if I can help it. I believe in hanging. Just so long as I'm not the one being hanged."

BUT then he was.

Three more years passed, and during those years two exceptionally skillful Kansas City lawyers, Joseph P. Jenkins and Robert Bingham, replaced Shultz, who had resigned from the case. Having been appointed by a federal judge, and working without compensation (they were motivated by a hard-held opinion that the defendants had been the victims of a "nightmarishly unfair trial"), Jenkins and Bingham filed numerous appeals within the framework of the federal-court system, thereby avoiding three execution dates: October 25, 1962; August 8, 1963; and February 18, 1965. The attorneys contended that their clients had been unjustly convicted because legal counsel had not been appointed for them until after they had confessed and had waived preliminary hearings; because they were not competently represented at their trial; because they were convicted with the help of evidence seized without a search warrant (the shotgun and the knife taken from the Hickock home); and because they were not granted a change of venue, even though the environs of the trial had

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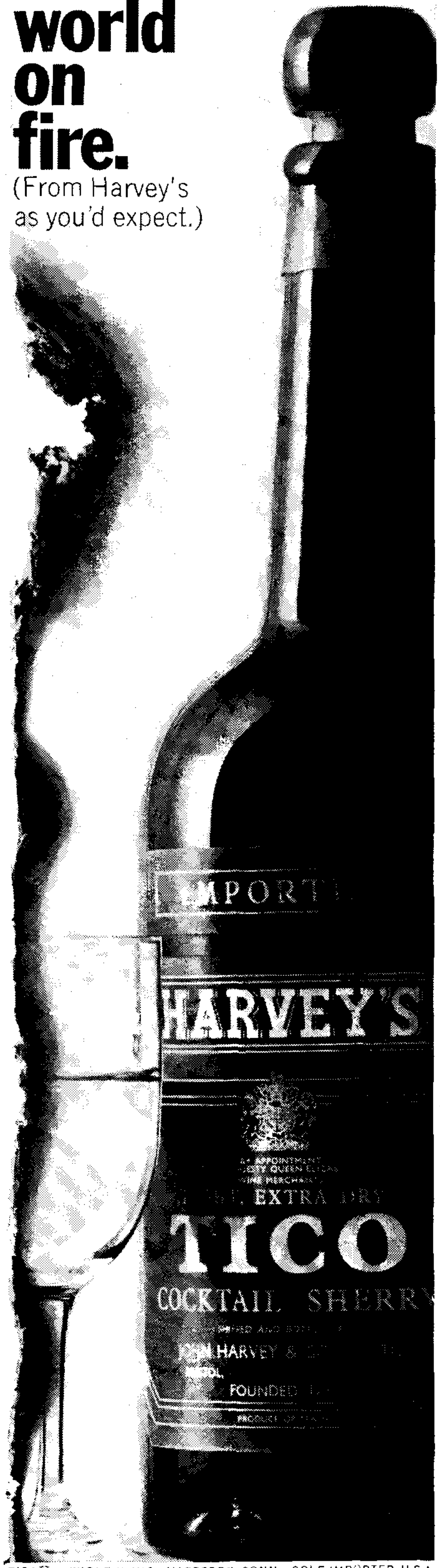

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been "saturated" with publicity prejudicial to the accused. With these arguments, the astute attorneys succeeded in carrying the case three times to the United States Supreme Court—the Big Boy, as many litigating prisoners refer to it—but on each occasion the highest court, which never comments on its decisions in such instances, denied the appeals by refusing to grant the writs of certiorari that would have entitled the appellants to a full hearing before the court. In March, 1965, after Smith and Hickock had been confined in their Death Row limbo for almost two thousand days, the Kansas Supreme Court decreed that their lives must end between midnight and 2 A.M., Wednesday, April 14, 1965. A clemency appeal was presented to the newly elected Governor of Kansas, William Avery, but Avery, a rich farmer, sensitive to public opinion, refused to intervene—a decision that he said he felt was in "the best interests of the people of Kansas." (Two months later, Avery denied the clemency appeals of York and Latham, who were hanged June 22, 1965.)

And so it happened that in the daylight hours of that Wednesday morning Alvin Dewey, breakfasting in the coffee shop of a Topeka hotel, read, on the first page of the Kansas City *Star*, a headline he had long awaited: "DIE ON ROPE FOR BLOODY CRIME." The story, written by an Associated Press reporter, began: "Richard Eugene Hickock and Perry Edward Smith, partners in crime, died on the gallows at the state prison early today for one of the bloodiest murders in Kansas criminal annals. Hickock, 33 years old, died first, at 12:41 A.M.; Smith, 36, died at 1:19. . . ."

Dewey had watched them die, for he had been among the twenty-odd witnesses invited to the ceremony. He had never attended an execution, and when, on the midnight past, he entered the cold warehouse, the scenery had surprised him; he had anticipated a setting of suitable dignity—not this bleakly lighted cavern cluttered with lumber and other debris. But the gallows itself, with two pale nooses attached to a crossbeam, was imposing enough, and so, in an unexpected style, was the hangman, who cast a long shadow from his perch on the platform at the top of the wooden instrument's thirteen steps. The hangman, an anonymous, leathery gentleman who had been imported from Missouri for the event (for which he was paid six hundred dollars), was attired in an aged double-breasted pin-striped suit overly com-

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modious for the narrow figure inside it—the coat came nearly to his knees—and on his head he wore a cowboy hat that had perhaps been bright green when it was first bought but was now a weathered, sweat-stained oddity. And Dewey found the self-consciously casual conversation of his fellow-witnesses, as they stood awaiting the start of what one of them termed "the festivities," disconcerting.

"What I heard was, they was gonna let them draw straws to see who dropped first. Or flip a coin. But Smith says, 'Why not do it alphabetically?' Guess 'cause 'S' comes after 'H.' Ha!"

"Read in the paper—afternoon paper—what they ordered for their last meal? Ordered the same menu. Shrimp. French fries. Garlic bread. Ice cream and strawberries and whipped cream. Understand Smith didn't touch his much."

"That Hickock's got a sense of humor. They was telling me how, about an hour ago, one of the guards says to him, 'This must be the longest night of your life.' And Hickock, he laughs and says, 'No. The shortest.' "

"Did you hear about Hickock's eyes? He left them to an eye doctor. Soon as they cut him down, this doctor's gonna yank out his eyes and stick them in somebody else's head. Can't say I'd want to be that somebody. I'd feel peculiar. With them eyes in my head."

A sudden rain rapped the high warehouse roof. The sound, not unlike the rat-a-tat-tat of parade drums, heralded Hickock's arrival. Accompanied by six guards and a prayer-murmuring chaplain, he entered the death place handcuffed and wearing an ugly harness of leather straps that bound his arms to his torso. At the foot of the gallows, the warden read to him the official order of execution, a two-page document, and as the warden read, Hickock's eyes, enfeebled by half a decade of cell shadows, roamed the little audience until, not seeing what he sought, he asked the nearest guard, in a whisper, if any member of the Clutter family was present, and when he was told no, he seemed disappointed, as though he thought the protocol surrounding this ritual of vengeance was not being properly observed. As is customary, the warden, when he had finished his recitation, asked the condemned man whether he had a last statement to make.

Hickock nodded. "I just want to say I hold no hard feelings. You people are sending me to a better world than this ever was." Then, as if to emphasize the point, he shook hands with the

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Mr. McFall's tongue may have been in his cheek, but his heart was in the right place. However, there's another law which builds circulation. It's called Supply and Demand. In the case of BUSINESS WEEK, we Supply reliable business news, facts, and features. That's why over 480,000 management men Demand their copy every week.

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four men mainly responsible for his capture and conviction, all of whom had requested permission to attend the executions: K.B.I. Agents Roy Church, Clarence Duntz, Harold Nye, and Dewey. "Nice to see you," Hickock said, with his most charming smile. It was as if he were greeting guests at his own funeral.

The hangman coughed, and impatiently lifted his cowboy hat and settled it again—a gesture somehow reminiscent of a turkey buzzard huffing and then smoothing its neck feathers—and Hickock, nudged by an attendant, mounted the scaffold steps. "The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away. Blessed is the name of the Lord," the chaplain intoned as the rain sound accelerated, as the noose was fitted, and as a delicate black mask was tied around the prisoner's eyes. "May the Lord have mercy on your soul."

The trapdoor opened, and Hickock hung for all to see a full twenty minutes before the prison doctor at last said, "I pronounce this man dead." A hearse, its blazing headlights beaded with rain, drove into the warehouse, and the body, which had been placed on a litter and shrouded under a blanket, was carried to the hearse and out into the night.

Staring after it, Roy Church shook his head. "I never would have believed he had the guts," he said. "To take it like he did. I had him tagged a coward."

The man to whom he spoke, another detective, said, "Aw, Roy. The guy was a punk. A mean bastard. He deserved it."

Church, with thoughtful eyes, continued to shake his head.

While the witnesses were waiting for the second execution, a reporter and a guard conversed.

The reporter said, "This your first hanging?"

"I seen Lee Andrews," the guard said.

"This here's my first."

"Yeah? How'd you like it?"

The reporter pursed his lips. "Nobody in our office wanted the assignment. Me, either. But it wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. Just like jumping off a diving board. Only with a rope around your neck."

"They don't feel nothing. Drop. Snap. And that's it. They don't feel nothing."

"Are you sure? I was standing right close. I could hear him gasping for breath."

"Uh-huh. But he don't feel nothing. Wouldn't be humane if he did."

"Well. And I suppose they feed them a lot of pills. Sedatives."

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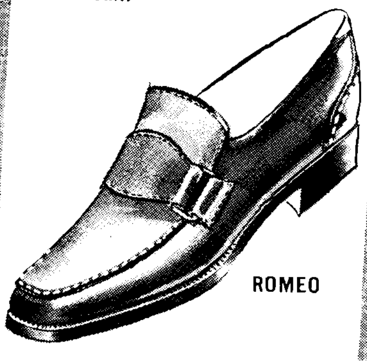

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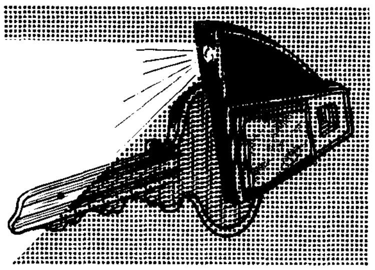

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"Hell, no. Against the rules. Here comes Smith."

"Gosh, I didn't know he was such a shrimp."

"Yeah. He's little. But so is a tarantula."

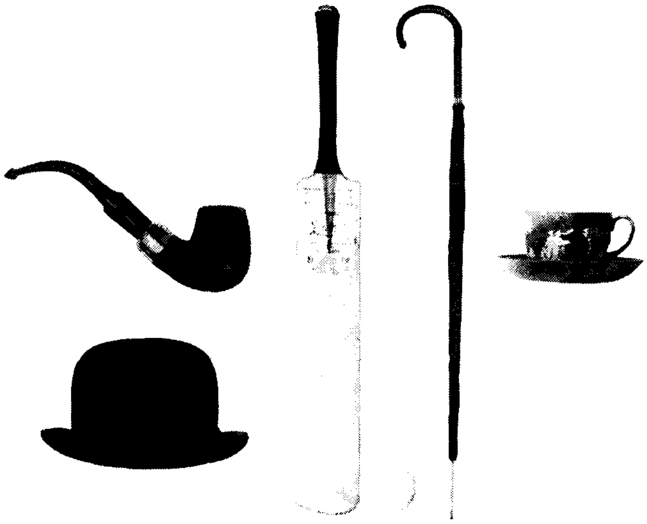
Smith, as he was brought into the warehouse, recognized his old foe Dewey; he stopped chewing a hunk of Doublemint gum he had in his mouth, and grinned and winked at Dewey, jaunty and mischievous. But his expression after the warden asked if he had anything to say was sober. His sensitive eyes gazed gravely at the surrounding faces, swerved up to the shadowy hangman, then moved downward to his own manacled hands. He looked at his fingers, which were stained with ink and paint—for he had spent his final three years in Death Row painting quite good self-portraits and pictures of children, usually the children of inmates, who supplied him with photographs of their seldom seen progeny.

"I think it's a hell of a thing to take a life in this manner," he said. "I don't believe in capital punishment, morally or legally. Maybe I had something to contribute, something—" His assurance faltered; shyness blurred his voice, lowered it to a just audible level. "It would be meaningless to apologize for what I did. Even inappropriate. But I do. I apologize."

Steps, noose, mask—but before the mask was adjusted, the prisoner spat his chewing gum into the chaplain's outstretched palm. Dewey shut his eyes; he kept them shut until he heard the thud-snap that announces a rope-broken neck. Like the majority of American law-enforcement officials, Dewey was certain that capital punishment is a deterrent to violent crime, and he felt that if ever the penalty had been earned, the present instance was it. The preceding execution had not disturbed him; he had never had much use for Hickock, who seemed to him "a small-time chiseller who got out of his depth, empty and worthless." But Perry Smith, though he was the true murderer, aroused another response, for Perry possessed a quality—the aura of an exiled animal, a creature walking wounded—that the detective could not disregard. He remembered his first meeting with Perry, in the interrogation room at police headquarters in Las Vegas—the dwarfish boy-man seated in the metal chair, his small, booted feet not quite brushing the floor. And when Dewey now opened his eyes, that was what he saw—the same childish feet, tilted, dangling.

Dewey had imagined that with the

Think British



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deaths of Smith and Hickock he would experience a sense of climax, of release, of a design justly completed. Instead, he found himself recalling an incident of almost a year ago, a casual encounter in Valley View Cemetery, which, in retrospect, had somehow for him more or less ended the Clutter case.

The pioneers who founded Garden City were necessarily a Spartan people, but when the time came to establish a formal cemetery, they were determined, despite the arid soil and the trouble of transporting water, to create a rich contrast to the dusty streets, the austere plains. The outcome, which they named Valley View, is situated above the town, on a plateau of modest altitude. Seen today, it seems a dark island lapped by the undulating surf of the surrounding wheat fields—a good refuge from a hot day, for there are many cool paths unbrokenly shaded by trees that were planted generations ago. One afternoon the previous May, a month when the fields blazed with the green-gold fire of half-grown wheat, Dewey had spent several hours at Valley View weeding his father's grave—an obligation he felt he had too long neglected. Dewey was fifty-one—four years older than he had been when he supervised the Clutter investigation—but still lean and agile, and still the K.B.I.'s principal agent in western Kansas. Only a week earlier, he had caught a pair of cattle rustlers. A dream he had had of settling on a farm had not come true, for his wife's fear of living in that sort of isolation had never lessened. Instead, the Deweys had built a new house in town; they were proud of it, and proud, too, of their two sons, who were deep-voiced now, and as tall as their father. The older boy was headed for college in the autumn. Dewey, when he had finished weeding, strolled along the quiet paths. He stopped at a tombstone marked with a recently carved name: "Tate." Judge Tate had died of pneumonia the past November; wreaths, brown roses, and rain-faded ribbons still lay upon the raw earth. Close by, fresher petals spilled across a newer mound—the grave of Bonnie Jean Ashida, the Ashidas' elder daughter, who had been killed in a car collision while she was visiting Garden City. Deaths, births, marriages—why, just the other day he'd heard that the Clutter girl's boy friend, young Bobby Rupp, had gone and got married.

The graves of the Clutter family, four graves gathered under a single gray stone, lay in a far corner of the cemetery—beyond the trees, out in the

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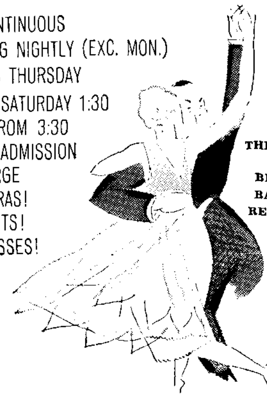

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sun, almost at the wheat field's bright edge. As Dewey approached them, he saw another visitor already there—a willowy girl with white-gloved hands, a smooth cap of dark-honey hair, and long, elegant legs. She smiled at him, and he wondered who she was.

"Have you forgotten me, Mr. Dewey? Susan Kidwell."

He laughed, and she joined him. "Sue Kidwell," he said. "I'll be darned." He hadn't seen her since the trial, and she had been a child then. "How are you? How's your mother?"

"Fine, thank you. She's still teaching music at the Holcomb School."

"Haven't been that way lately. Any changes?"

"Oh, there's some talk about paving the streets. But you know Holcomb. Actually, I don't spend much time there. This is my junior year at K.U." She meant the University of Kansas. "I'm just home for a few days."

"That's wonderful, Sue. What are you studying?"

"Everything. Art, mostly. I love it. I'm really happy." She glanced across the prairie. "Nancy and I planned to go to college together. We were going to be roommates. I think about it sometimes. Suddenly, when I'm very happy, I think of all the plans we made."

Dewey looked at the gray stone inscribed with the four names and the date of the four deaths—November 15, 1959. "Do you come here often?" he asked.

"Once in a while. Gosh, the sun's strong." She covered her eyes with tinted glasses. "Remember Bobby Rupp? He married a beautiful girl."

"So I heard."

"Colleen Whitehurst. She's really beautiful. And very nice, too."

"Good for Bobby." And, to tease her, Dewey added, "But how about you? You must have a lot of beaux."

"Well. Nothing serious. But that reminds me—do you know the time?" When he told her it was past four, she cried, "Oh! I've got to run! But it was nice to have seen you, Mr. Dewey."

"And nice to have seen you, Sue. Good luck!" he called after her as she disappeared down the path, a pretty girl in a hurry—just such a young woman as Nancy might have been. Then, starting home, he walked toward the trees, and under them, leaving behind him the big sky, the whisper of wind voices in the wind-bent wheat.

—TRUMAN CAPOTE

(This is the last part of a four-part article.)

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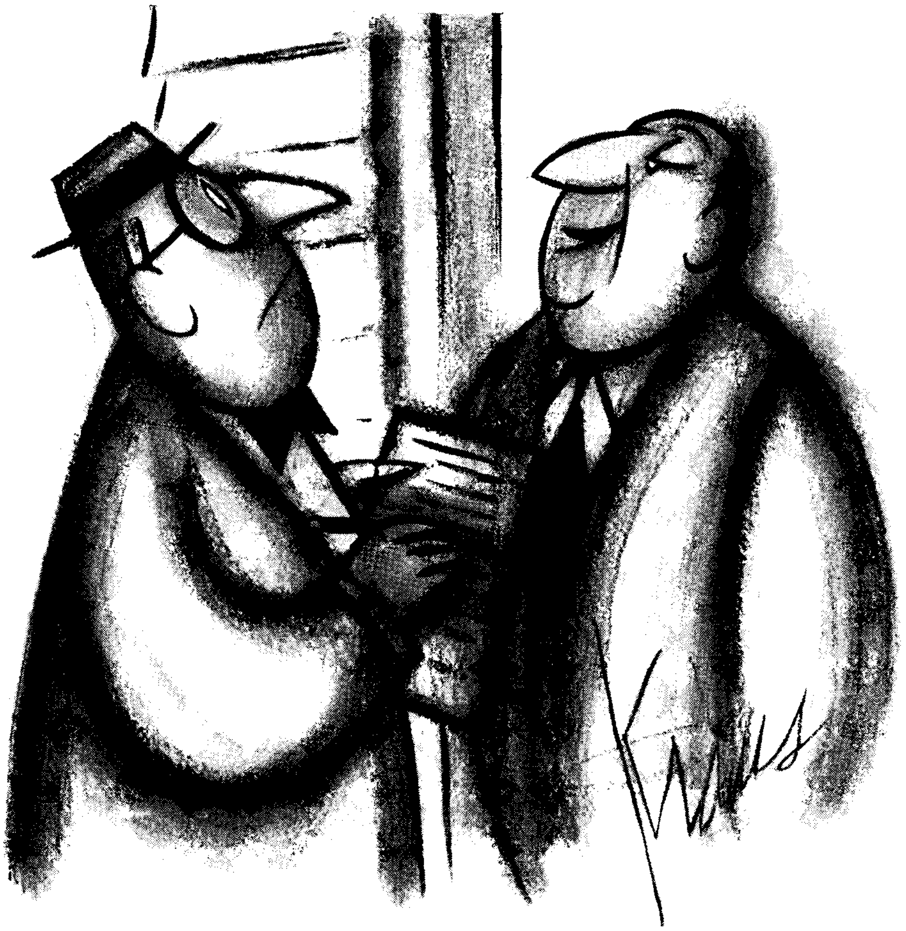
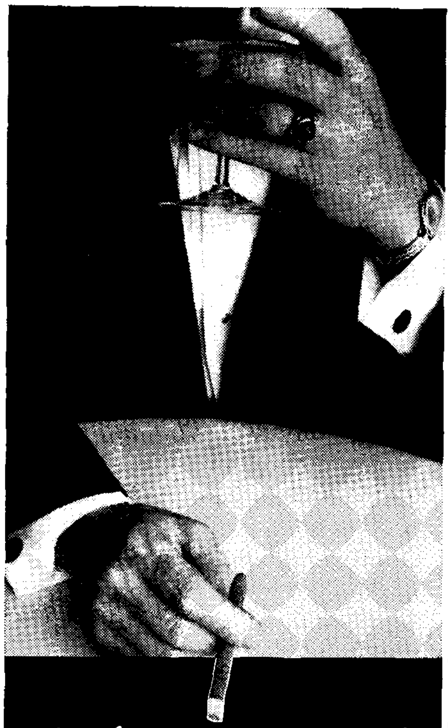
AIMLESS EXERCISES

IN his preface to "Pickwick Papers," Charles Dickens wrote that his work was "designed for the introduction of diverting characters and incidents, attempting no ingenuity of plot." His words are quoted in the program of "Pickwick," at the Forty-sixth Street, presumably to reassure us that this musical adaptation of the old favorite adheres closely to the Master's lighthearted plan. Superficially, it does. The Pickwick on display, in the person of Harry Secombe, is the cheerfully orbicular figure we envision when we think about the celebrated clubman, and his adventures in and around the London of a century and a half ago follow the familiar Dickensian pattern. But, unfortunately, this Pickwick, his associates, and his surroundings all seem factitious, and at no time does the show, which is long, generate any stronger emotional response than a fairly competent music-hall turn might. In "Pickwick," which has a book by Wolf Mankowitz, no effort is made to give the characters any depth, and the warm vitality of Dickens is nowhere apparent. What we have here is a combination of vaudeville and burlesque, heavily padded with large, mechanical, and, for the most part, tedious production numbers. The skeletal nature of the enterprise is emphasized by the sets, provided by Sean Kenny. They are stark and angular, and so ingeniously contrived that the performers, who, for reasons that escape me, double as sceneshifters, have no trouble changing the venue of the action in a trice. The difficulty is that sets suitable for some grim Kafkan fable are hardly appropriate as a background for jolly doings in merry old England. As the musical goes along, it ranges all over the Pickwickian landscape, beginning in the debtors' prison where Mr. Pickwick is doing a stretch for failing to satisfy a judgment against him in a breach-of-promise suit, and then flashing back to his lively experiences with Snodgrass, Tupman, Winkle, Jingle, Sam Weller, Mrs. Bardell, and all the rest of his cronies and acquaintances, whom I hope you know well. If you don't, "Pickwick" will be of little help in expanding your knowledge, since Mr. Mankowitz doesn't bother to tell you much about the people on view. He simply brings them on, evidently relying on your familiarity with their creator's brain children to excuse his skimpy exposition. The music for "Pickwick" was written by Cyril Ornadel, and the lyrics were invented by Leslie Bricusse. Neither of these gentlemen, I'm afraid, has been able to add any spice to Mr. Mankowitz's bland confection, but Mr. Secombe and his fellow-players tackle the score as enthusiastically as if it were something on a par with Gilbert and Sullivan. In the leading role, Mr. Secombe, as I've pointed out, looks like *the* Dickens original, all right, and he has a fine tenor voice. But he often indulges in quaint little mannerisms—a sly smile, a knowing squint, a second-balcony stare—that contribute nothing to a solid portrayal of our hero. Of the others in the cast—and a hard-working lot they are—I might single out Roy Castle, who is commendably high-spirited as Sam Weller, stepping about with extraordinary dexterity and singing with laudable enthusiasm any song that comes his way. I suppose that Mr. Castle thought up his own dance routines, for the rest of the choreography, devised by Gillian Lynne, is quite humdrum.

"GENERATION," a comedy by William Goodhart, at the Morosco, exposes us to an alleged representative of our new-day youth who is just about the most insufferable pill I have ever encountered. When we meet him, he is living in a loft on the lower East Side with his bride of two days, who is nine months gone. He wears his hair long, dresses like a bum, pouts constantly, writes poems with titles like "Whine I" and "Whine II," is convinced that as a photographer he is right up there with Steichen, and prides himself on being a shining rebel against the Establishment. He also plays a guitar in Washington Square whenever he gets a chance. It develops that this pouter is determined to deliver his own child, on the ground that doctors are nothing more than racketeers interested in a fast



"If it's all the same to you, I'll express my opinion in the voting booth."



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buck. Into the ménage of this endearing whelp there is presently introduced his father-in-law, who has come East from Chicago on being informed of his daughter's sudden marriage. Though Father is an advertising executive of liberal views, he finds it somewhat difficult to look upon his son-in-law with anything but distaste, and his initial dislike hardens into hatred when he learns of the young man's plan to conduct a do-it-yourself delivery. The strained relationship between Senior and Junior becomes more and more abrasive as Father insists on getting medical attention for his daughter, and that's about the size of "Generation," which winds up with our bride successfully delivered almost, but not quite, onstage. As the father, Henry Fonda is remarkably diverting in his attempts to be tolerant against enormous odds, but Richard Jordan, as the beatnik, does nothing to add sparkle to the proceedings. However, Mr. Fonda does get some help from A. Larry Haines, who plays an obstetrician in a very droll fashion, and from Sandy Baron, who plays a far-out editor assigned to take a look at Mr. Jordan's "Whine"s.

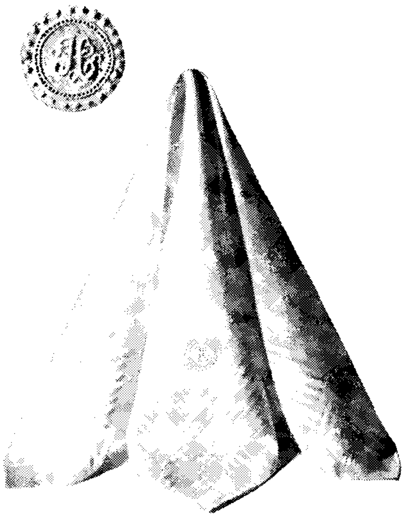
"MINOR MIRACLE," by Al Morgan, closed at the Henry Miller last week after four performances. In his description of a couple of days in the life of a parish priest in Yorkville, Mr. Morgan seemed to have difficulty determining whether he was concerned with homespun comedy or metaphysical drama. At any rate, after introducing us to an amiable prelate given to handicapping horses for fun and eating bagels with his best friend, a Jewish druggist, Mr. Morgan proceeded to put jocosity behind him and propel his protagonist into a confused argument about miracles—an argument triggered by the discovery in the priest's rectory of a picture of Christ that apparently shed real tears. There wasn't much cohesion in Mr. Morgan's effort, but Lee Tracy, Dennis King, Robert H. Harris, and Pert Kelton were often effective as the priest, his bishop, his pal, and his housekeeper, respectively.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF-BROADWAY

The Dismal Nineties

ARTHUR and Basil, of James Broom Lynne's "The Trigon," at Stage 73, share a cheap flat in London. Arthur is puffy and sanctimonious and prissy, a Boy Scout emeritus in hideous, outsize Boy Scout shorts. Basil is a



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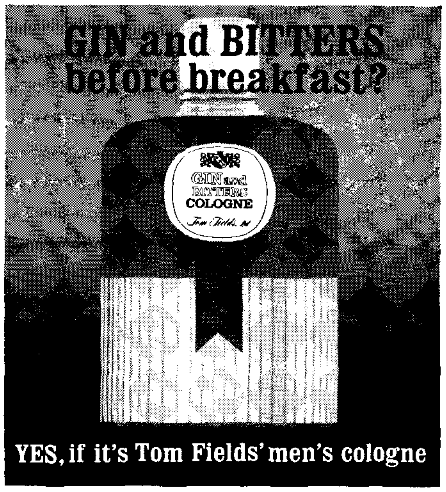
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hot-tempered swaggerer—a sort of papier-mâché tough guy, given to sadistic daydreams and spurts of violence, but actually as soft as Arthur. For some time, each has been the only person the other even knows, except for a youngish woman named Mabel, who comes to see them every day and goes along with the role they assign her—a sort of imaginary playmate come true. Right before we meet them, they have run into someone named Charles, and Arthur has invited him to live at the flat, too.

Trigon simply means triangle, and Mr. Lynne's substitution of this dressy word for the everyday one can, I think, be considered an indication of what is wrong with his play: it is compounded of all too familiar elements that have been given a faddish veneer. Arthur and Basil are thumbnail characters of the kind that might have come from a sketch in "Beyond the Fringe" or The Establishment night-club show, and Mr. Lynne keeps them around for three longish acts without turning up anything new; all we've discovered at the end is that they are what they seemed to be five minutes after the curtain rose—a couple of vaudeville turns. (Mr. Lynne shares with many of his dramatist colleagues the deplorable habit of scoring off his own characters—or, more precisely, of seeming to have made them up just so he *can* score off them.) As for Charles, he is a Pinter derivative, baiting and goading and indulging in paste-up flights of eloquence. "The Trigon" is annoying but not dull. It is at least literate, and there are a few amusing moments, yet if it were not for the competent playing of the four young actors under Arthur Cantor's direction, it would scarcely be worth discussing. Their names are Jeremy Geidt, Geoffrey Webb, and Veronica Castang (who are all British), and Michael Lipton (who is from Sunnyside, Queens). Since there is no depth to the characters, there cannot be much to the characterizations, but the actors do make the comedy appear more entertaining and the episodes certainly more plausible than I suspect they actually are. Miss Castang brings a few human touches to foolish, gentle Mabel—almost, though not quite, enough to make her seem a person. But then Mabel is outside the trigon.

IF it weren't for the few delightful moments that George Voskovec provided in the last of the three one-acters that made up "The World of Ray Bradbury," which opened and

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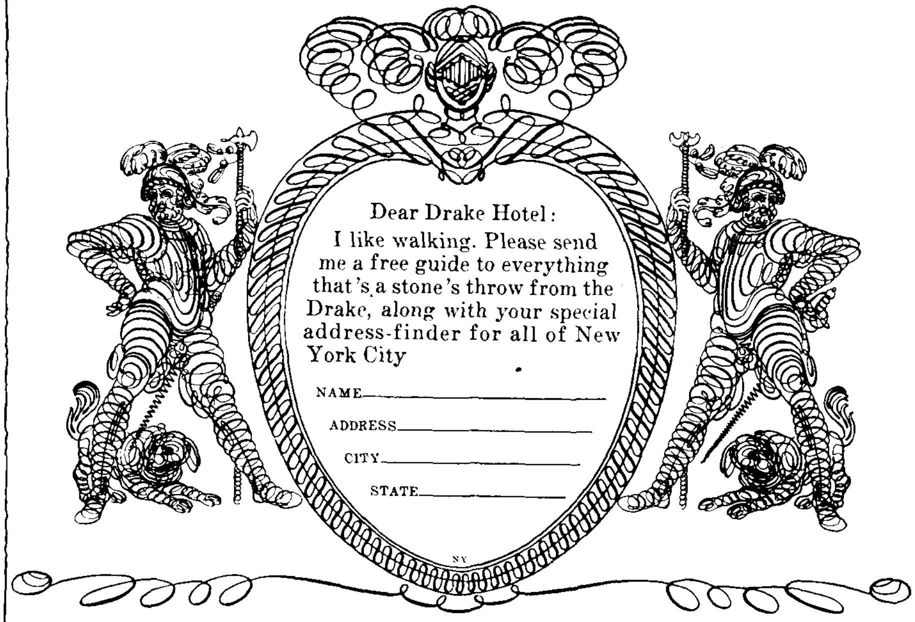

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closed last week, one could quite justly compare the whole evening at the Orpheum to pay television. The production was elaborate and glossy, the "effects," visual and aural, were technically impressive—for Off Broadway, that is—but the plays were flat and meaningless. Mr. Bradbury, a well-known science-fiction writer, described them in a program note as "parables of the future"—in other words, *earnest* science fiction—each of them designed to demonstrate that the nineteen-nineties will be no picnic.

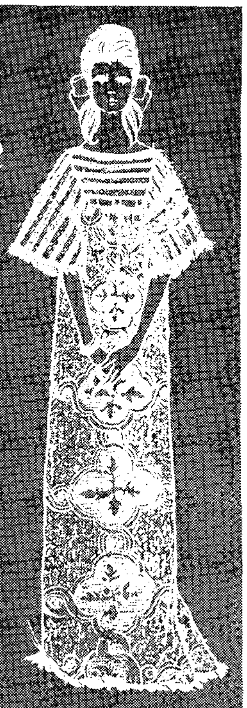
Back to Mr. Voskovec, and, to be fair, his role in "To the Chicago Abyss," that final play, which is one of those pesky things set amid the ruins of a gutted world. The characters are tattered survivors of some undesignated disaster. Mr. Voskovec played an old man, especially tattered, who, in the hope of getting civilization back on the right road, conjured up in words (so-so) and pantomime (marvellously nimble and precise) everything that made life pleasant when he was young. The high point of the show came when he opened a nonexistent can of coffee, quickly winding the sealing band of metal off with the key, imitating the hiss of air into the vacuum, and then inhaling the first whiff of the fresh coffee.

In "The Pedestrian," the curtain-raiser, a couple of men are stopped by a police patrol car for sneaking out of their houses and taking a brief walk at night, just to look around the town, when they should be at home watching television and breathing conditioned air. (Why not "The Pedestrians"?) In the second, and most elaborate, of the plays, "The Veldt," a father and mother give their small son and daughter an electrodynamic playroom that, with a bit of incantation and a gesture or two, can be made to represent any place on earth. The parents keep buzzing off in helicopters, and the son considers the room a poor substitute for going fishing with Dad. So, with his sister's help, he turns it into an instrument of revenge. During the action, the auditorium was filled with weird humming or throbbing noises, the sparkle and splash of waves, and the roars and snarls and glare of the African plains.

The effective sets and lighting were the work of Eldon Elder. All the performers appeared to do what was required of them, but what was required (except of Mr. Voskovec, of course, and of John Zizak, as the vindictive boy) was a bore.

—Edith Oliver

the village store



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Crowded Week

IF you love Gounod's "Faust"—which really means if you love beautiful singing of pretty melodies—you will find the current production by the New York City Opera, which I went to hear last Friday night, far preferable to the pretentious hodgepodge at the Metropolitan. The "Walpurgisnacht" scene has been omitted at the City Center, as well it might be, and you are left with a simple spectacle appropriate to what is, after all, a singer's opera. The voices are fresh and youthful, and also skilled and unusual in quality. Michele Molese, who gave a sensational performance, which I missed, in "La Traviata" last year, sings the role of Faust with power, the sweetest tone possible, and complete ease throughout a large compass. Mr. Molese, I am told, was born in Newark and has been singing in Europe. His French enunciation is not exactly perfect, but that fault is a small one, considering his virtues, which include a pleasant stage presence, moderate ability as an actor, and an attractive lyric voice, which, I am sure, will take him far along a distinguished career. The Marguerite the other night was Beverly Sills, and I was astonished at the progress she has made since the first time she appeared, as the heroine of "The Ballad of Baby Doe." Miss Sills is now a *spinto* soprano of quite respectable accomplishments. She has always been very pretty to look at, but the other night she was much more than that. Her intonation was impeccable, her French diction excellent, she succeeded in starting her "Jewel Song" with a closer than commonly heard approximation of a real trill, and the role's coloratura passages held no terrors for her. Beyond all this, she acted the part with the assurance and the feminine warmth that only first-rank divas bring to it. Then, there was that old City Center standby Norman Treigle, as Mephistopheles. Mr. Treigle's performance makes inevitable certain comparisons with our other reigning Mephistopheles—Cesare Siepi. Treigle is equally impressive, and altogether different. Siepi's is a playful and handsome Mephistopheles; Treigle's is a sinister figure, slim as a skeleton, malicious, and sadistic. He also has every subtlety of the

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role under scrutiny and control, and his huge bass voice rings out magnificently, conveying moods of anger, frivolity, mock humility, contempt, and sarcasm, with lightninglike jumps from one to another. Treigle is one of the greatest of Mephistos, for these and for still other reasons: his French is immaculate, and his understanding of the grand style of French opera takes one's memory back to the last of our superlative French bassos at the Metropolitan—Léon Rothier. There were two singers who were doing lesser roles for the first time. Robert Mosley, familiar as Porgy in the company's "Porgy and Bess," did a creditable job as Valentin, and Kay Creed, though as Siebel she looked a bit too feminine in her boyish suit, sang pleasingly. Muriel Greenspon and William Beck, as Martha and Wagner, also managed nicely, and Mr. Beck showed a baritone voice of considerable promise. Franco Patane conducted judiciously and eloquently.

THE week's big news at the Metropolitan occurred last Thursday night, when Grace Bumbry made her début as Princess Eboli in Verdi's "Don Carlo." I have written admiringly of Miss Bumbry before, and there was nothing in her performance to disappoint. I don't know whether she refers to herself as a mezzo-soprano or as a contralto (these days most such choose, for some reason, to be labelled mezzos), but in any case she combines the qualities of both, having a fine, rich upper range as well as one of the most powerful and stirring lower registers I have ever heard in an opera house. As Eboli, she was superb, launching into "O don fatale" with a suddenness that verged on bravado, and making it into a gripping portrayal of thwarted love and remorse. Otherwise, Thursday night's "Don Carlo"—or what I heard of it (I arrived only at the beginning of Act III, having spent the first part of the evening at Philharmonic Hall)—was certainly up to a high general standard. Jerome Hines was not in the best of voice as King Philip, and Ettore Bastianini, as the Marquis of Posa, sounded a trifle tired and, once or twice, sang flat. Raina Kabaivanska and Bruno Prevedi, however, did wonderfully with the roles of Elizabeth of Valois and Don Carlo. As the Grand Inquisitor, Justino Díaz might be said to have sung too well. His ringing young voice sounded just a little surprising, coming from the decrepit figure that costume and make-up had made out of him. At any rate, for once, we really *heard* the Grand Inquisitor, which is, after all, not a bad

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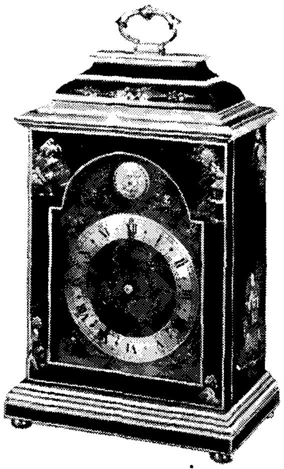

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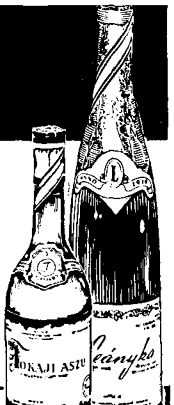

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thing. Margaret Kalil made an interest-provoking début as the Celestial Voice arising above the Inquisitor's bonfire, and Thomas Schippers conducted with an agreeable amount of vitality, but the score contains subtleties that await his further attention.

THE continuing metamorphoses of Philharmonic Hall are, I suppose, leading to some useful result. This year, the auditorium has been lined throughout with what is said to be acacia wood, and its appearance, as a friend of mine remarked, suggests the inside of an unlined cigar box. This move seems, as far as I can make out, to have improved the acoustics. At least, the sound is mellower and not as harshly brilliant as it was, and this is all to the good. But a price has been paid for this improvement. The old, infinitely comfortable yellow seats are gone, and in their places we have some severely upright ones that, comparatively, have the suffering-for-salvation feeling of church pews. Thus the only concert hall in New York's history that ever had seating accommodations as luxurious as those of the average high-grade movie theatre has thrown them out and substituted the same old crowded and unpleasant seats that concertgoers have been sitting on for at least a century.

I went to Philharmonic Hall last Thursday evening and stayed long enough to hear the Philharmonic, under Leonard Bernstein, perform Sibelius's Seventh Symphony and a new Concerto for Violin and Orchestra by the Mexican composer Carlos Chavez, in which the Polish violinist Henryk Szeryng (now a citizen of Mexico) appeared as soloist. Mr. Bernstein brought off the Sibelius symphony effectively. He seems lately to have found a particular fondness for Sibelius's music, and he does it with a sort of grandeur that one does not often come across in our concert halls. The Chavez concerto was meticulously performed by Mr. Bernstein and the orchestra and by Mr. Szeryng, who is a fine violinist indeed. But it failed to arouse much enthusiasm in me. It is a terribly long work (about forty minutes), considering the poverty of what it has to say. The best influences in it are those of Prokofieff, from whom Mr. Chavez has borrowed more than one gimmick in setting off violin against orchestra. Its rapid *fioritura* passages are neither well adapted to the violin nor pleasant to listen to. Perhaps the main fault of the work is one that I have always found in Chavez's music—it is tiresomely diffuse; one thing does not lead to another

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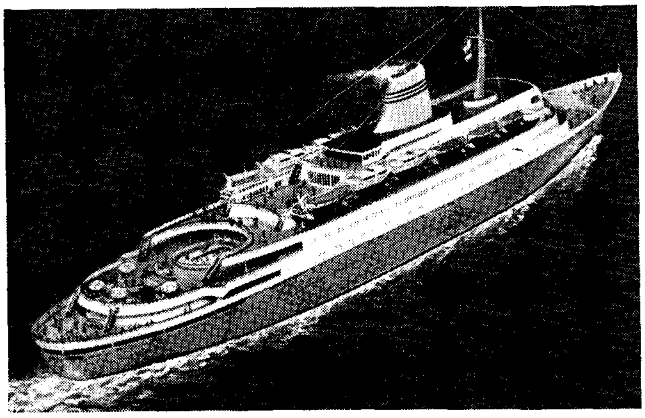

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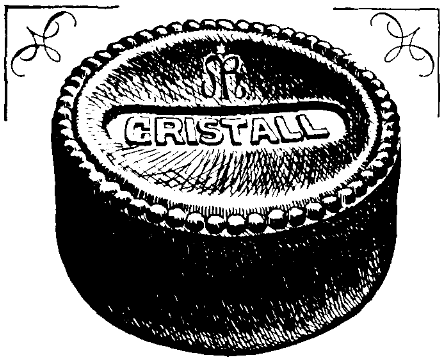

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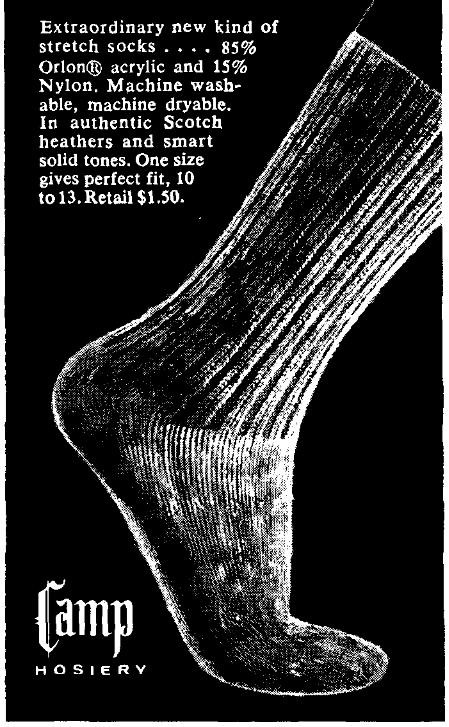

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with any sense of naturalness or necessity, and though there was a lot of information in the program notes about its supposed "classicism," it lacks the principal element of classical composition; namely, clearly defined form.

EARLIER last week, on Monday night, the American Symphony Orchestra, under Leopold Stokowski, opened its winter season in Carnegie Hall. The occasion was entitled "A Tribute to the United Nations," and flags of all the nations composing that esteemed institution hung from the boxes. A good many of the audience also added to the visual color of the proceedings by turning up in native dress. For this polyglot gathering, Mr. Stokowski had chosen a program consisting of American music plus the Fourth Symphony of Brahms. The program opened with Aaron Copland's "Orchestral Variations," one of the best examples of the bleak, bony Copland style, and a work that at least has clarity and logic in the development of a somewhat unlikely theme to recommend it. Next came Virgil Thomson's "The Seine at Night," a pleasant enough impressionistic item involving some debts to Debussy. After that came a "Symphonic Picture" based on Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess," arranged, so the program said, by Robert Russell Bennett. Actually, Mr. Bennett had made a good deal more than an arrangement. He had composed a whole concert setting in which some of Gershwin's finest tunes could shine. The tunes ("Summertime," "I Got Plenty o' Nuthin'," "Bess, You Is My Woman Now," and so on) stood out, I am afraid, as the self-contained masterpieces that they are, in spite of Mr. Bennett's generous attempt to link them together, and they far outshone the Copland and Thomson works as examples of pure creative inspiration.

BEFORE the Brahms symphony, there was a ceremonial reading of Bach's "Ein' Feste Burg" in memory of the late Adlai Stevenson, but by this time I had made my way to Town Hall to hear a Finnish baritone named Tom Krause in part of a program of lieder. I heard only his closing group, which was by Sibelius and was sung in Finnish (the rest of the program included songs in German and French). I can only report that Mr. Krause has a smooth, rich, well-produced voice, is a handsome young man, and seems to have the flair of a first-rate lieder singer.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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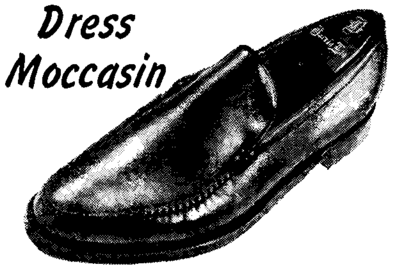

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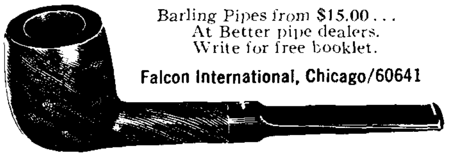

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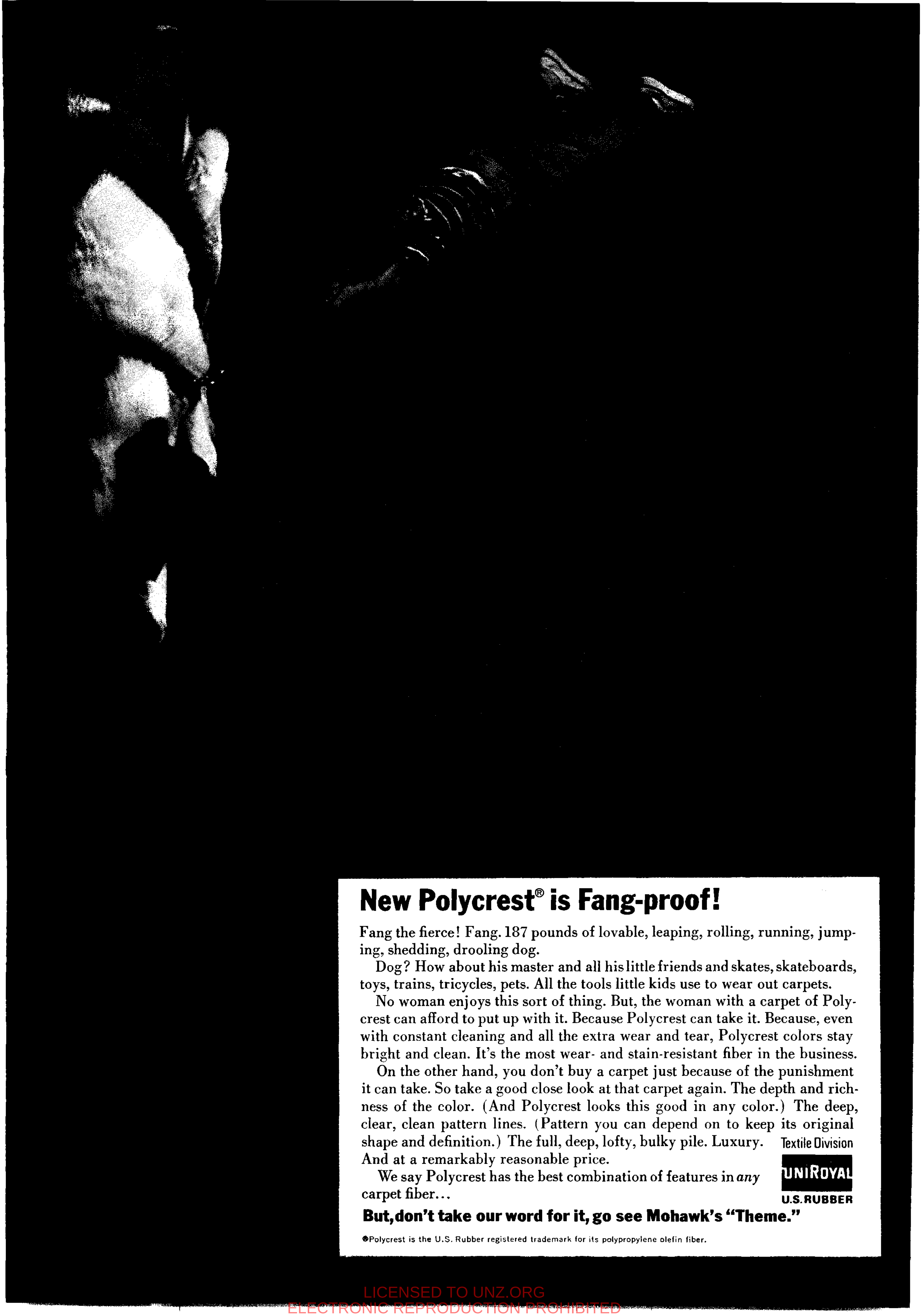

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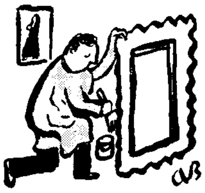
THE ART GALLERIES

Art and Nature, Science and Art



ALBANY, fair and fabled state capital though it is, is not noted for its art. Yet, as I discovered a few days ago, almost by accident, it has at the moment, housed in its venerable Institute of History and Art, an exhibition that is in many ways one of the most fascinating I have seen in some time. Called Art-in-Science, it is an attempt to trace parallels in the developments in modern abstract art and in advanced scientific discoveries—especially in the formal patterns and kinds of imagery observable in each—and once one gets over the metropolitan insularity that I fear underlies my first sentence, Albany and the Institute turn out to be well suited for such an undertaking.

The Institute, which was founded in 1791 and is now comfortably housed in a sixty-year-old granite structure behind the Capitol, is well established enough to know its way around, while Albany has in recent years become a major center of electronic and other high-level physical and chemical research, with plants extending from Schenectady and Troy east to Pittsfield and south into the Catskills. It is from this area that a good many of the exhibits have been drawn, particularly those in the scientific division, yet in its entirety the collection is solidly national in scope, and one of its charms (and one of its most distracting features) is that there is no *division* between scientific and artistic entries; indeed, until one checks against the catalogue, it is frequently impossible to determine whether a given item, all intermingled as the whole lot is, is a painting or a sculpture by one of our modern masters or a more or less run-of-the-mill production (a laboratory photomicrograph, say, of a fragment of fish roe) that just happens to *look* like an Abstract Expressionist painting.

I might cite a few examples, to give an idea of what the spectator is up against. Is Catalogue No. 133.19—an oddly whorled, upward-spiralling metal object—a bit of advanced modern sculpture or, as it turns out to be, a piece of lead scrap thrown out in the extrusion of certain electronic fixtures? Well, then, what you have here is a

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Grown-ups also have very little interest in social directors. They are too busy playing together. They do things like dance all night on the terrace and play bridge in the Clubhouse and fish and picnic off the private island. Sometimes they just talk together. The management obligingly leaves them alone. After all, the management has other things to do: like chatting about Oysters Bienville with the Chief Chef.

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"found object," and, as such, a fairly familiar thing. But its similarity to "Labyrinth," an out-and-out sculpture by Seymour Lipton, is disconcerting, and such back-and-forth, in-and-out relationships keep recurring throughout the show until a person's head swims. Is No. 95 a landscape—of an undulating valley and riverbed—seen from above? No, it is a photomicrograph of something called Coesite, submitted by T. E. Bunch, of the Mellon Institute of Pittsburgh. But 76a *is*, at least partly, for it turns out to be "Thin Section of Human Tooth Enamel With Overprinted Sky to Simulate Landscape"—an incredibly persuasive simulation of a Southwestern desert scene, complete with sand dunes and tumbleweed. And what looks exactly like an extravagantly Abstract Expressionist offering is actually a landscape—the coast of Morocco seen through a cloud formation from the spaceship Gemini V.

All this confusingness is part of the purpose of the showing, whose avowed aim is to spur us to a realization of how interlocked and interwoven the patterns of art and science can be. Not all of it, though, is as dramatic as I may have made it out to be. The exhibit, which was produced under the sponsorship of the New York State Council on the Arts, is fundamentally an immensely serious and carefully conceived undertaking, and if there is a slight touch of (may I say?) amateurishness, that only adds to its appeal. (As for the amateurishness, I can't help wondering what would have happened to this material if one of the slicker museums had taken on the job of putting the thing over.)

As it is—except for a slight waywardness in the arrangements here and there—the presentation is completely straightforward and elaborately researched. I do *not* know precisely how many items there are in the collection, and short of a computer—or an abacus—I don't know how I could get at the total. This is because of the system of listing, which is more akin to the method of classifying library books than art. The number before a decimal point, like the 133 in item 133.19, mentioned above, identifies the source of the object—in this case, a group of scientists at the General Electric Research Laboratory, in Schenectady—while the .19 indicates that the item is the nineteenth in a series of similar objects submitted by the group. Other items are differentiated alphabetically, as in the series 58a through m—a group of highly interesting photographs of plant and insect life by Ian K.

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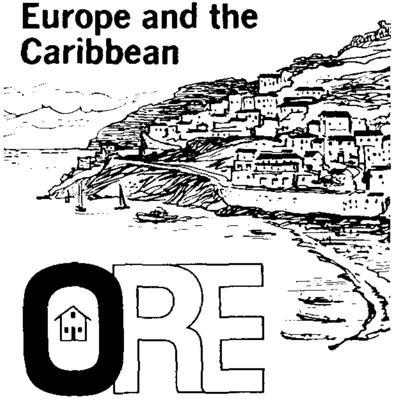

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Ross, of the University of California (58m, incidentally, portrays a beautifully innocent-looking, symmetrically patterned segment of the deadly *Amanita verna* mushroom, called the Destroying Angel). To complicate things further, the "art" art, as distinguished from the "science" art, is in most instances numbered individually, but the majority of the catalogue numbers, because of that devilish decimal system, represent groups of various sizes, and, as may be seen, to sort them all out would be a fairly laborious job. At a rough estimate, I make the grand total to be around four hundred and fifty pieces—which, even though the greater part of the entries are small, is a mighty comprehensive collection.

The range in art is from such early experimenters in both organic and geometric abstraction as Kandinsky and Moholy-Nagy (no Hans Richter, however, though he was one of the earliest of the pioneers) to a considerable array of contemporaries, including, among the sculptors, artists like Antoine Pevsner, George Rickey, Harry Bertoia, and Sue Fuller (with one of her mazy constructions in strung thread, which has its close echo in the show in the photomicrograph "Tobacco Mosaic Virus") and, among the painters, an even broader selection, running from the Italian Afro and the Spanish Tapies to such Americans as Mark Tobey, Jimmy Ernst (a delightful group of nine small paintings mounted in a square and called "No Secret"), Edward Corbett, and Reginald Neal—all with fine pieces.

There is a gratifying number of works by regional artists. This is the result of a contest run in conjunction with the show, and they range in origin from Albany and its surroundings to the upper and middle Catskills—in fact, pretty much where the local laboratories are to be found. First prize in the contest went to Doris Lee, for "The Cell," an oil based on cellular organic forms; Miss Lee, living in Woodstock, is, naturally, a professional artist of considerable standing. But the names of the other artists in this section are unfamiliar to me, and the fact that they appear in such numbers, and from such a constricted, technological area, makes me wonder if thereby the interrelation between art and science isn't even more confounded, and if the works were not done either by technicians dabbling in art or by artists dabbling in science. At any rate, the work is all highly competent technically, and in some cases (I am thinking now of "Pre-Dawn," done in mixed media by G. Touponse,

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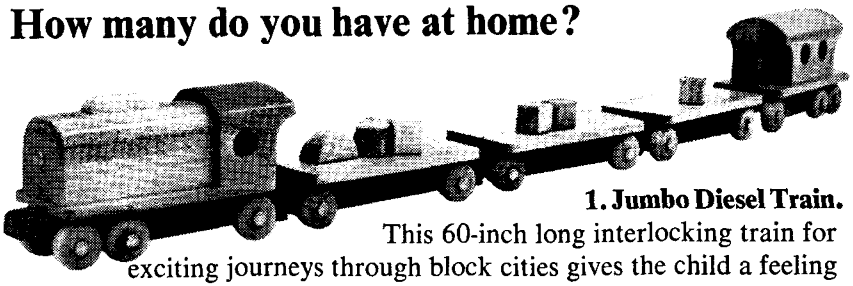

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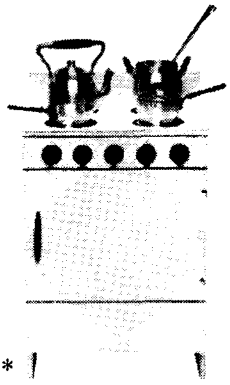

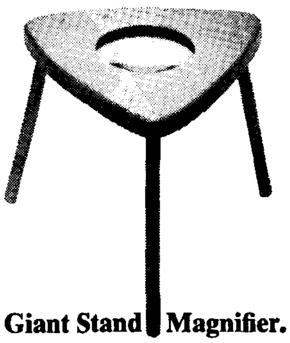

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of Wappingers Falls; "Oil Refinery," a welded-metal sculpture by Carl Baumann, of Rensselaer; and a painting, "Ferromagnetic Domains in a Nickel Crystal," by Ken Staley, of Latham, which for all its intimidating title has the solidity and strength of a Léger) it is of very high quality indeed.

On the side of science, the sources are again widespread, crisscrossing the country from the great Western research laboratories to the Midwestern and Eastern ones, and the examples are almost equally varied. To be sure, the show leans heavily on photomicrographs to support its "art-in-science" theme—most particularly on that marvellous new instrument the electron microscope, which, using electron rays instead of light and offering enlargements of up to five thousand diameters, is *principally responsible for bringing to* view the until recently deeply hidden minuter patterns of organic and mineral structure. But there are other striking examples in the show, especially in the field of electronic oscillograms—photographs of these tubes as they record data relating to objects in motion, taken at high speed—and these, as may be imagined, frequently produce patterns of amazing beauty and geometric symmetry.

As a long-time mathematics buff, I was struck, early in a long-ago course in analytical geometry, by the fact that any algebraic equation, if graphed, forms a geometric figure. To take the simplest example, $x + y = 9$ forms a straight line, and so does $2x - y = 3$, and if both are graphed they will intersect slantingly at the point on the graph where $x = 4$ and $y = 5$, which are the values that would be arrived at if the problem were solved algebraically. I am still overawed by the fact, and for that reason I was much taken by a sort of mathematical totem in cast steel by Rudy Wedow, of Clinton, New York, called "Descartian Graphics," which embodies the major geometric figures—circle, ellipse, hyperbola, and intersection of lines—that can most easily be expressed in algebraic quantities. I was even more taken by a ribbony, rhythmically undulating implement—or a model of one—called "Hydromagnetically Stable Surface for Plasma Containment," devised by D. J. BenDaniel and H. Hurwitz, Jr., of Schenectady, apparently to fulfill some abstruse function in thermonuclear research and, I'm sure, the expression of an equation—no doubt a difficult one. Its purpose is clearly matter-of-fact and functional, at any rate. Again there are echoes in the field of "pure" art in the

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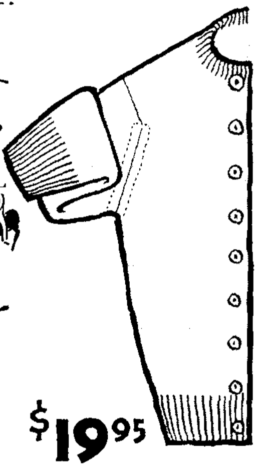

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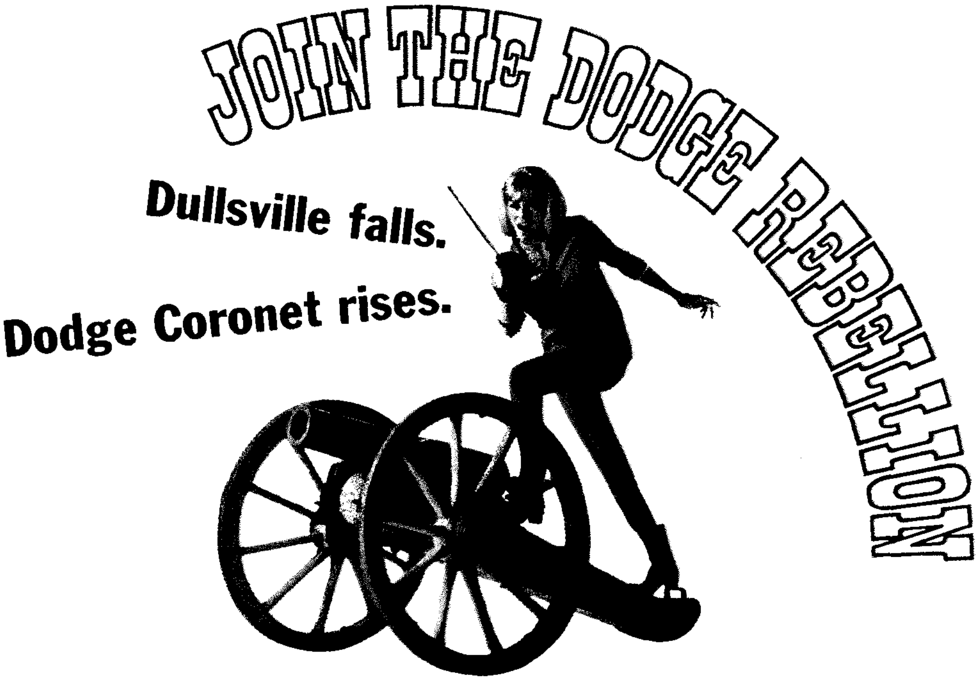
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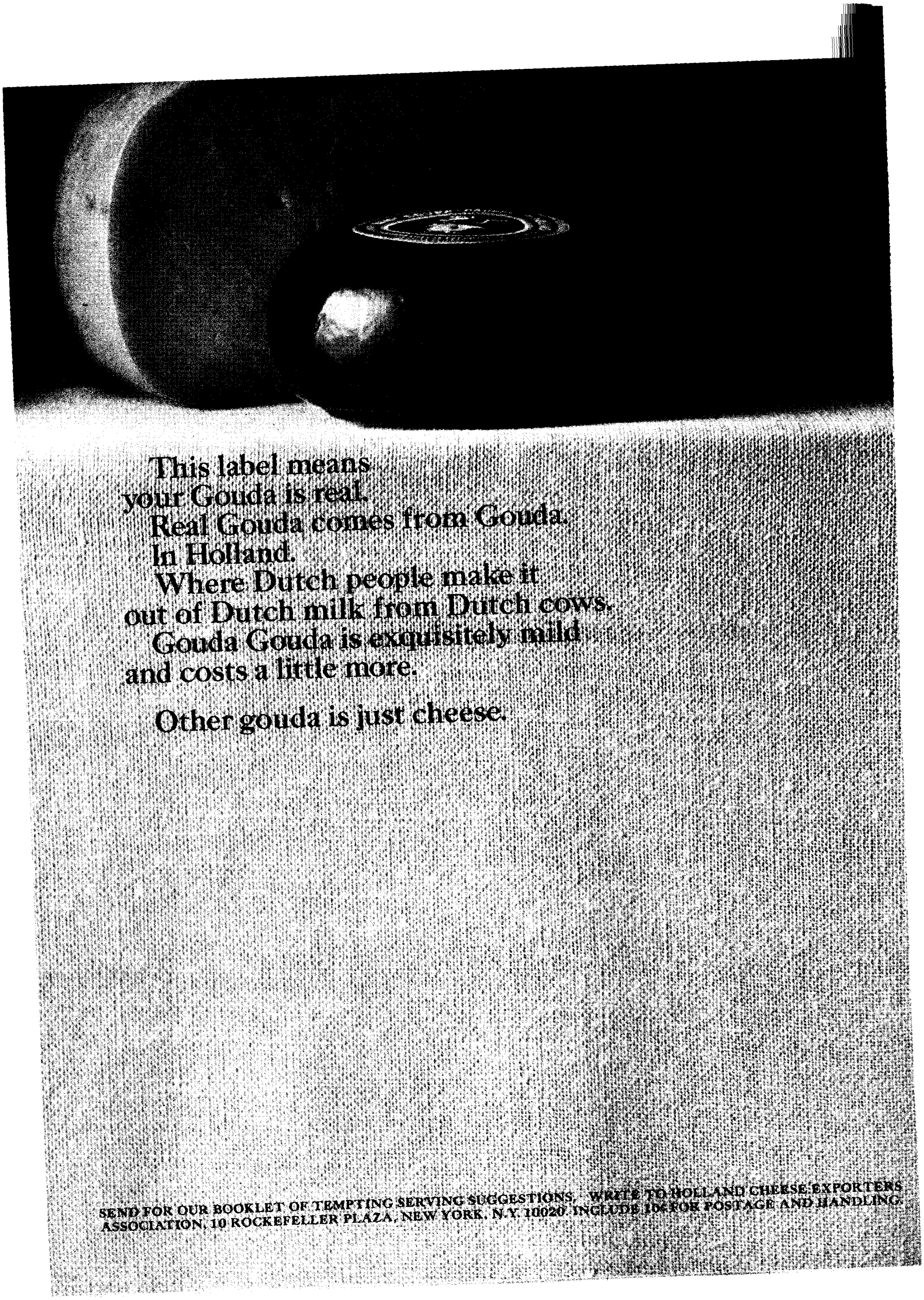This label means
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patterns of John Goodyear's similarly undulating—and plainly non-functional—"Blue and Yellow Motion," in wood and Masonite. For some reason—has it something to do with the old truth-beauty precept, now considered old hat?—I was pleased that here the "functional" design seemed unquestionably the more effective, because the less cluttered, of the two.

There are other aspects of the exhibition that I find myself speculating about, too. They revolve for the most part around the endlessly shifting tug of war between Art and Nature. Should Art imitate Nature, or shouldn't it? Canaletto and David, to name a couple at random, thought it should, and Caravaggio and Corot thought it shouldn't, and at the time of the Victorians, Nature ("Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art," Walter Savage Landor wrote portentously) definitely had the upper hand—at the moment, it must have seemed, forever. But art is always reversing itself, and with the advent of the Cubists and, more specifically, "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," Nature went out the window and Art summarily took over. It was the ritualized forms of African Negro sculpture that provided the launching pad, so to speak, in most instances. Now I find myself wondering if we may not, contrariwise, be facing a return to Nature—this time a sort of inner-space probe, with the microscope as our guide. I doubt it, really; one show, after all, is too little to go on. But there were moments at this exhibition when, faced with its astonishing array of corollaries, I wasn't so sure.

At all events, credit should go to the two men—Dr. David G. Barry and Mort Grant—who compiled the collection, and to Gyorgy Kepes, who was their constant adviser. I understand that the exhibition is presently to move to California. I could wish that it might stop over in New York on the way. —ROBERT M. COATES

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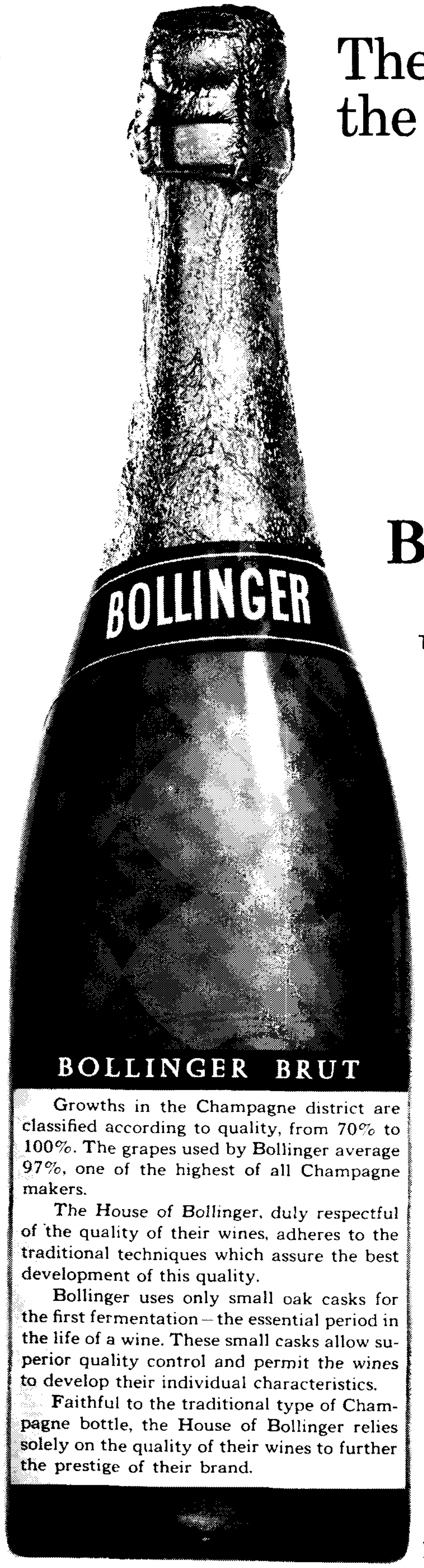

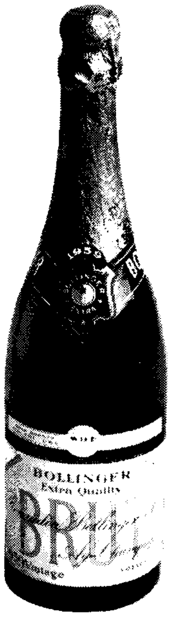

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THE MAKING OF A PASTIME: 1971

NOW that autumn is here, it's time to take a long look at the baseball season just past. To most of us, I suppose, the high point of the summer was the safe return of our five astronauts from the moon and their subsequent report that there was nothing of interest up there. Few federal officials or sports columnists see much sense in astronaut Buck Simpson's suggestion that the place could be used for a pitch-and-putt golf course. After all, who wants to travel 238,000 miles just for the thrill of hitting a 975-yard wedge shot? No one is belittling our space program, of course. *Some* good will come of it; just you wait and see. But this is a sports column, so let's get back to the national pastime and a piping-hot serving of news 'n' gossip right off the old hot stove.

The big story of this 1971 season, of course, was last week's announcement that the Yankees plan to move to Tuscaloosa next year. While a bit of a shocker, this shift has been rumored for some time. It is no secret that the Yanks have long been discontented with fan support in the Big Town. A representative of C.B.S. put it this way: "For the past two or three years, the people of Phoenix have simply not got behind our team. Now the city fathers have flatly turned down our generous offer that would have allowed them to build us a new seventy-million-dollar domed stadium, with soundproof dugouts, bullpen movie theatres, and an exciting artificial-thunderstorm facility. As we all know, fans have indicated a strong wish for the occasional return of old-fashioned, refreshing mid-game showers, and even for a few rainouts. Our dome experts, working with a committee from M.I.T., have now solved this problem, and in a new stadium we could guarantee five-minute showers in the outfield as an extra attraction in the event of a one-sided game. It would provide an oddity for the younger fans and a heartwarming bit of nostalgia for the oldsters. But Phoenix has said no. As a result, we plan to move to Tuscaloosa—subject to league approval."

Similar unrest is supposed to be prevailing among the Stockton Dodgers. (Why does my foolish old heart still want to call them L.A. after all these years?) Unless attendance picks up markedly next year, it is said, the Dodgers are headed for Eureka, California, in 1973. A spokesman for N.B.C., which owns the Dodgers, said

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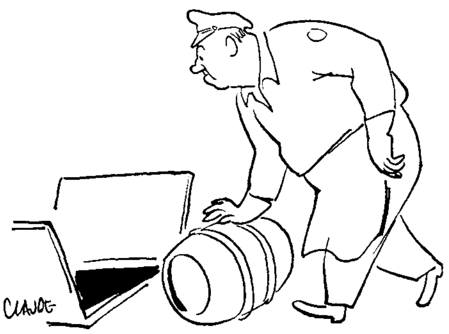
The strangest club in terms of sheer stick-in-the-mud perversity is, of course, the venerable Chicago Cubs, which still maintains its lifelong policy of day games only, even though attendance is down to an average of 9,000 (per year). In the American League, the two unchangeables are Minnesota and California. Of course, the Twins have moved from Minneapolis-St. Paul to Red Wing-Lake City, while the Angels have shifted from Anaheim to Disneyland and then to Needles. But by staying in the same state both teams have managed to keep their names intact, with tremendous savings in uniforms, letterhead stationery, and souvenir hats—all of which has been reflected in burgeoning stockholder dividends for these two junior-circuit clubs.

These intrastate moves remind us, alas, of the pending Lindsay-Woolsey bill—sometimes known as "the little Mann Act." As we all know, or *should* know, this politically motivated piece of legislation, backed by congressional middle-of-the-road crackpots, church softball leagues, and powerful player lobbies, would make it a federal offense to transport an athlete across a state line for the purpose of improper profit—that is, for any purpose except to play a game for a "recognized" existing team. The net result would be that all teams henceforth would be allowed to change cities only within their own states. Particularly incensed by this proposed restriction is the A.B.C. network, owner of the Savannah Phillies, who have been suffering lately at the gate, despite manful attempts to hype attendance with simulated Civil War battles, live possum hunts, and Demolition Derby races. "Now that the 'travel explosion' is a reality," said an A.B.C. spokesman, "and any part of the state is accessible within twenty minutes, this



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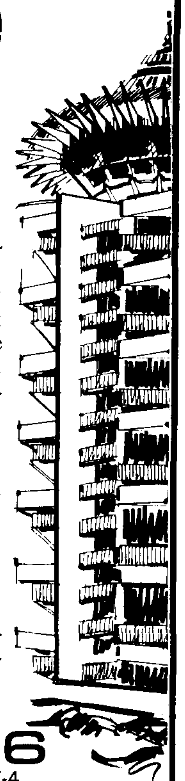

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would mean that if we moved we would only be playing to the same old bored fans."

IN case you lost track somewhere in the middle of the ten-month, 297-game season, here is the final 1971 standing of the clubs:

NATIONAL LEAGUE	AMERICAN LEAGUE
Reno Giants	Phoenix Yankees
Stockton Dodgers	Minnesota Twins
Chicago Cubs	California Angels
Las Vegas Astros	Cleveland Athletics
Savannah Phillies	Baton Rouge White Sox
San Francisco Braves	Chicago Indians
Los Angeles Reds	Indiana Tigers
Johnson City Patriots	Seattle Red Sox
Sioux Falls Mets	Detroit Senators
Colorado Pirates	Mississippi Orioles
Boston Codfish	Miami Blintzes
New York Manhattans	Green Bay Butchers
(will expand to twenty teams by 1974)	(will expand to twenty-four teams by 1976)

Of course, many of the proposed moves and future additions have been prompted by the fabulous success of the New York Manhattans. In this, their first year, led by their popular manager, the former operatic baritone and celebrated after-dinner speaker "Apples" Isavestio, the Manhattans have set new all-time Gotham and league attendance records, while simultaneously establishing a new major-league mark in the all-important games-lost column.

Most intriguing of the year's developments in the ever-changing, heads-up national pastime is the new Wild Card trading rule, whereby a full starting lineup (including manager, coaches, and bat boys) can be traded *intact* to any other team right up to the eve of the World Series! Who will ever forget that Labor Day doubleheader in Reno, for example, when the Giants, led by their veteran Big Three of Mays, McCovey, and Cepeda, hit seventeen home runs with the new cryogenic-center ball and massacred the Las Vegas Astros in a renewal of baseball's oldest new rivalry? That was the first game. In the nightcap, through a quick trade, the top of the Astros' order featured the same Big Three, who proceeded to get revenge by mauling the Giants, 28–7. It is generally felt in top baseball circles that this new trading gimmick will eventually prove to be the undoing of the pernicious Lindsay-Woolsey bill, and thus will guarantee the survival of the grand old game that our forefathers loved so well.

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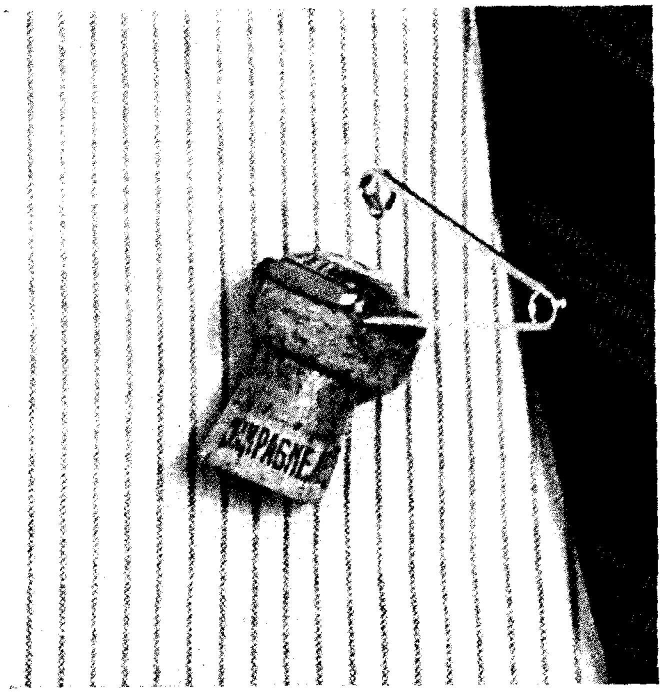

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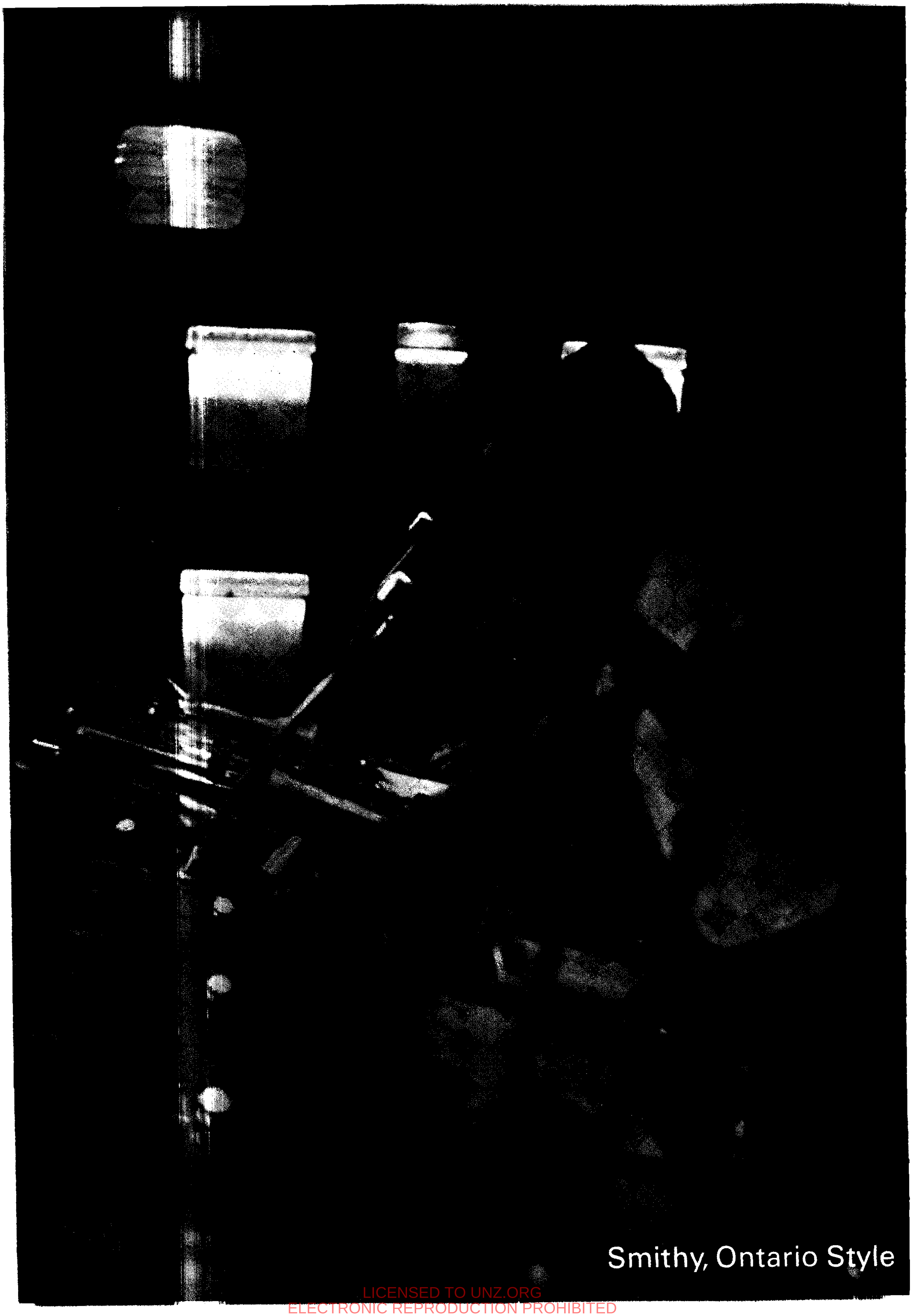

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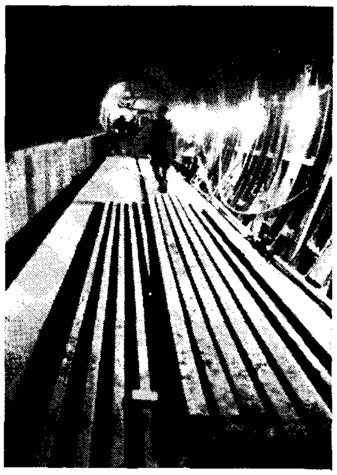
If by chance, you consider Ontario, Canada, to be the last outpost of clanging anvils and quaint iron kettles, forget it. Ontario is a large body of progress bordering New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and Minnesota. The wrought-iron relics of the smithy have long since been laid to rest in our antique shops and museums. We've switched to steel. The photo on the left hand page shows our present day smithies at work in an air-conditioned control room at one of our steel plants. This one, in Hamilton, was the first in the world to use open-coil annealing and the first in North America to speed steel making with oxygen furnaces. Another Ontario steel plant has the most productive open hearth furnace *in the world*. Below, we picture a few other items of interest which help make Ontario a province of steady growth and opportunity.

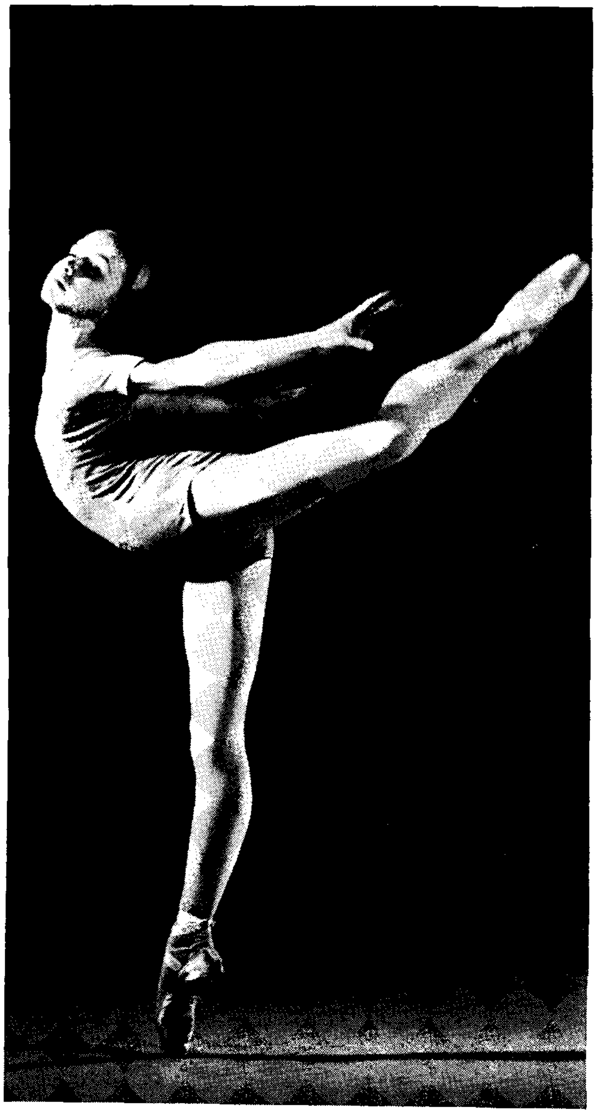


Toronto's subway system is now being extended by 14 miles at a cost of 237 million dollars. By early 1966 passengers will be riding the new line in gleaming aluminum cars—the longest and lightest in the world, designed and built in Fort William, Ontario.

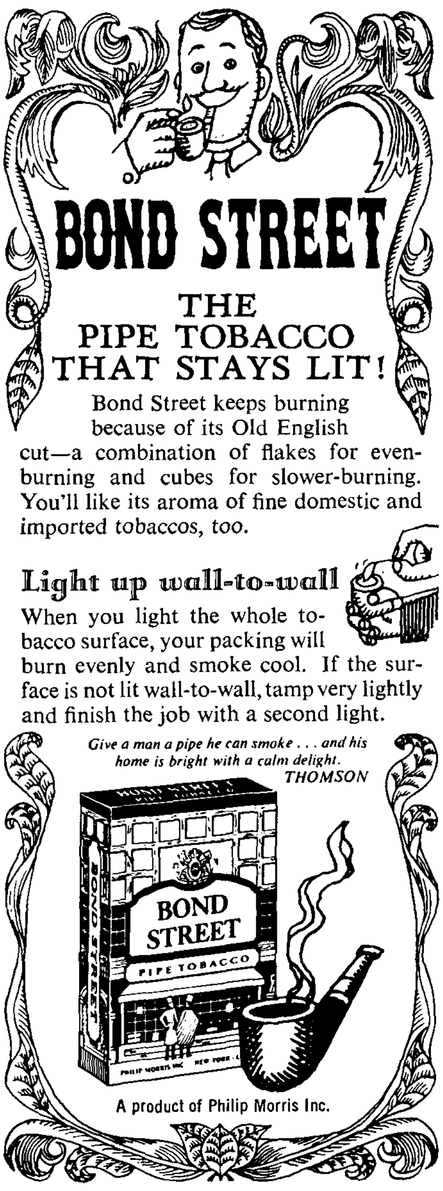
Sophisticated guidance systems for the jet age take shape in the Super-Clean Room of an Ontario electronic production centre. Measurements in millionths of an inch demand rigid control of temperature, humidity and cleanliness.

Dozens of research projects are under way at the Ontario Research Foundation. Jet smelting, pictured here, is one of them. The Foundation is the founding agency of Sheridan Park, a hundred million dollar complex devoted solely to industrial research.

Members of Russia's famed Bolshoi have praised Toronto's National Ballet School as the finest in North America. It was also the first school on the continent to offer full-time academic and ballet training.



Government of Ontario, Department of Economics and Development, 950 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada. Offices in New York, Chicago, London, Düsseldorf, Milan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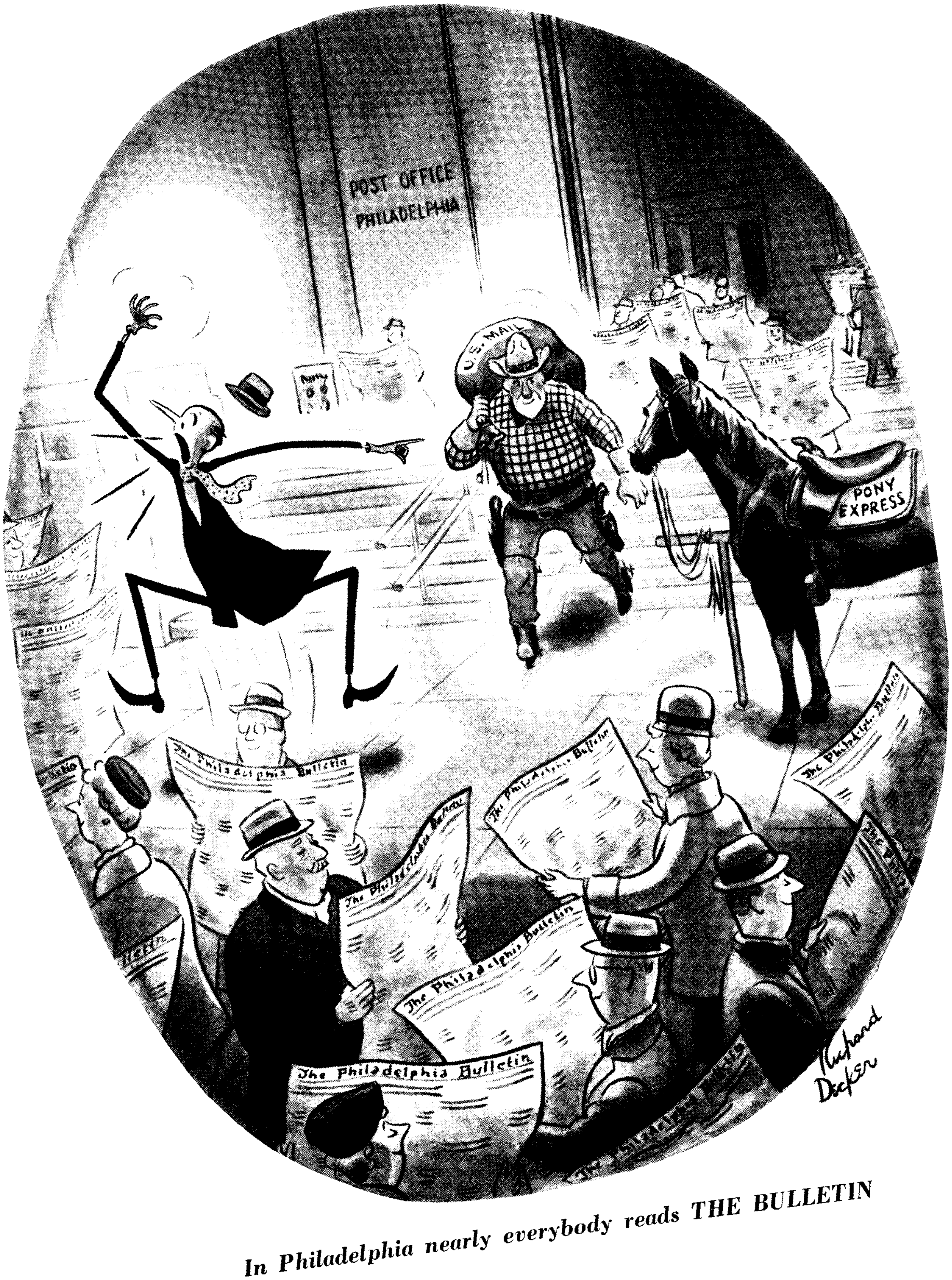
LETTER FROM PARIS

OCTOBER 5

AN exhibition of a hundred and two French paintings that the French may never have laid eyes on, unless they saw them in Russia, has been drawn from the Hermitage State Museum, in Leningrad, and the Pushkin Museum of Fine Arts, in Moscow; was displayed all summer in Bordeaux; and will now be on view in the Louvre until January, constituting the greatest art exchange ever organized between Russia and France. (It is rather a lopsided exchange, since France sent only fifty-two canvases to Russia, or merely half as many, and not all French, at that.) What the Russians sent back here on loan amounts to an aesthetic historic rainbow that stretched for almost a hundred and fifty years from Paris to St. Petersburg—a colored bridge of French art that began under Empress Catherine the Great, when she started buying it in huge quantities and at long distance in the early seventeen-seventies, and that ended in 1917 under Lenin, when the Russian Revolution prevented the bourgeois industrialist collector Sergei Shchukin from making his annual trip to Paris to buy further alarming modern art by Matisse and Picasso. One of the Empress's chief art advisers in Paris was the encyclopedist Diderot. (A true philosopher, in 1773 he undertook the rigorous trip to St. Petersburg to visit her, "arriving more dead than alive," he complained, and said of her, "She has the soul of Brutus and the charms of Cleopatra.") On his say-so, the Empress bought at one fell swoop the famous four-hundred-item collection of Pierre Crozat, one of Louis XIV's tax collectors. It was mainly from this hoard that there came this exhibition's sixteenth- and seventeenth-century treasures—Louis Le Nain's "Visit to the Grandmother," and the sumptuous Poussin "Tancrède et Herminie," who are in company with the most beautiful white horse of European art. Then comes a weaker selection from the eighteenth century—an exquisite, uncharacteristic Boucher landscape with figures, illustrating La Fontaine's fable "The Hermit;" one of Lancret's several versions of "La Camargo," the Belgian dancer, which hung in Catherine's apartment in the Winter Palace; Chardin's flawless canvas "The Washerwoman" (an odd art property for an empress); and Hubert Robert's "Terrace of Marly," depicting one of the two famed "Horses of the Sun" (now decorating the Place de la Concorde) and painted with such superb light that the Empress invited him to visit her. (He declined.) Among the Watteaus is one so small as to rank as a Crozat gem—"The Coquettes Returning from the Ball" in company with a little blackamoor.

The subsequent Czars not being collectors, the mid-nineteenth French century in this exhibition is nearly empty. But toward its end come the masterpieces that then spread into our modern time—almost forty of those shown having been collected by Shchukin or, on a lesser scale, by the Morozov brothers, Mikhail and Ivan. They start with Impressionism and elegant Renoirs, and move into Expressionism, including one great Gauguin of sunflowers on a chair—but where are Shchukin's thirteen other Gauguins? He owned seven Rousseaus, of which only one is shown—"Walk in the Luxembourg Garden." There are four of the same collector's Cézannes, painted at the height of his genius and including the celebrated portrait of, presumably, his wife in a pale-blue tailor-made suit with a flowered hat and a masterpiece bouquet of rumpled flowers. There are also Shchukin's unequalled Fauve and Cubist masterpieces—the early Matisse "Dancers Among the Nasturtiums," his "Nymph and Satyr," which is like a dream of motion, and his superb "Riffian," or native chief. There are seven Picassos painted around 1908, all famed and rare, such as the proto-Cubist "Woman with Fan" and, even more strange, like a female from a newly composed race, "The Nude Woman in the Forest," with closed eyes. These early Matisse and Picasso canvases are at the height of each painter's creative invention, are high-tide canvases of modern art. Shchukin had been frightened by "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon" but later purchased their significant art elements and the style of their bodies in these canvases. Miss Alice Toklas said that he always bought his Picassos somewhat stale—a year or so after he got used to their fresh, terrifying novelty. Picasso's early mistress, Fernande Olivier, said in her memoirs that the Russian looked like a pale pig and stammered so horribly that it made art conversation with Picasso difficult when the foreigner came to make his welcome purchases. Shchukin was buying Picassos when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even the Spaniard's Paris painter friends thought he was crazy—so mad, Derain said, that "one day we will find him hanged behind one of his own canvases." The Russian bought Matisse and Picasso when the French considered them untouchable, anarchistic, and decadent. And when his vast, invaluable collection of modern art, then the greatest in the world, was nationalized (or seized) by the Revolution, the Communists thought the Matisse and Picasso paintings servile, bourgeois, and thus, again, decadent, and stowed them away out of sight. It was not until 1954 that the world knew where they were—in The Hermitage attic, the unframed canvases hung on racks like laundry stretched to dry. By that time, Shchukin had long since died in straitened circumstances in Paris, to which he had somehow successfully fled.

A strange, mixed aura hangs over the Russian loan show at the Louvre. There is the surface glamour that anything from Russia (even if it was originally from France) has for people here in the West. Then, there is the notorious personality of the great sensuous, adulterous Catherine, intelligently importing civilizing art into her foreign wintry fastness to show to her court and her lovers—art that we now also can see, as if our sight mingled with hers and theirs. There is also a retrospective sense of alarm in looking at the Fauve and Cubist pictures, which were like dangerous, cursed fetishes to those who had aesthetic faith in them when their government still did not believe.

THE Paris theatre season has reopened with its first autumnal offerings, which are typically normal for the Paris stage now. That is to say, it has opened featuring a great many plays by Italians, two or three by Englishmen (including Shakespeare), one by a Pole, one by a Walloon, several hoary ones by Americans, and one—the best of all—an imitation of a New York-style show adapted by a Parisian from an Italian farce, with semi-Italian jazz, with choreography by a Broadway professional, and starring an intelligent French comedienne who has never before descended to the level of wearing tights. It is playing at the Marigny Theatre and is called "Le Jour de la Tortue." There is actually a turtle in the cast (perhaps only a mock turtle of celluloid), usually sitting on a table, and we gathered that, possibly owing to some Italian proverb, the creature represents the longest day in a person's life—in two persons'

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lives, husband and wife, in the case of this delightful, refreshing, ersatz American musical comedy. For two or three years, the French have obstinately, unsuccessfully tried to do it the way we do, and two other shows just opened here are still trying, in vain. Nor can it be said that "The Day of the Tortoise" will really remind you of Times Square. But if it is a miss, it is also a hit. It stars the well-known comedienne Annie Girardot. She has played in Marcel Achard's comedies, and even in one of Arthur Miller's tragedies. This is a new type of theatrical adventure for her. She is a born performer, with a truculent comic sense, is shapely, brainy, and blond, and is endowed with lovely legs, on which she now dances like a whiz. Her support, Philippe Nicaud, does the best he can, rather too loudly. But it is the intelligent, witty, and economical mixture with which her show has been put on that gives it its perfectly rehearsed satiric vigor and style. The chorus girls and Mme. Girardot wear brown tops over their flesh-colored tights, with Girardot frequently buttoning on a short, pleated colored skirt, like a costume gag; the men in the chorus wear brown sweaters and tight brown slacks. The chorus dancing is as smooth as if the dancers were constantly being photographed. There is an orchestra of sorts, mostly an organ with a trumpet or so. The plot is handled as if it were important. The young married couple, at the end of their first year, are still quarrelling as to who is domestically boss, and each time she wins, which is every time, he takes his turtle and suitcase and leaves home. When she starts playing her trump card, which is that she is going to have a baby, he has already slammed the door on the way out and never hears the news. When finally he does, in pantomime and alone with her on the stage, he gently traces around her in the air her future full pregnant silhouette; then they both kneel, pretending to look at the baby in its crib. As it starts growing, and as their hands rise higher and higher to make that clear, they finally embrace each other, as the happy ending. We warned you that this makeshift, Frenchified musical comedy is nothing like Broadway, but it is something charming, odd, well done, and delightful. Do not miss it if you come over this winter, for it will certainly still be playing.

The Marigny Theatre, formerly the repertory home of Madeleine Renaud and Jean-Louis Barrault, has been empty for six years and is now reopened

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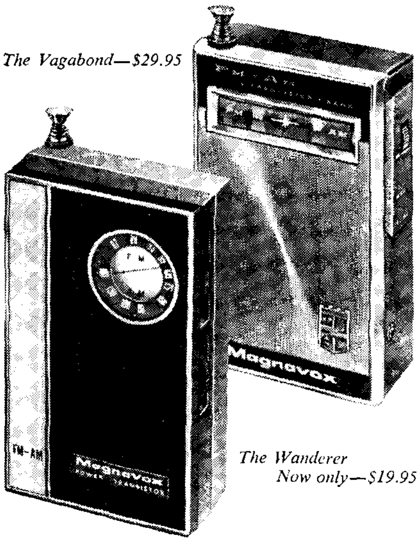
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The magazine of The Affluents

and repainted as the prettiest theatre in town. Built under Napoleon III and one of the rare European theatres that are round in shape, it has been painted duck-egg green inside, with the Second Empire decorations on the fine domed ceiling picked out in gold, and with the old semicircular *promenoir* bar painted to match. The theatre takes its name from the short Avenue de Marigny, which was named to begin with for the Marquis de Marigny, brother of Mme. de Pompadour, favorite of Louis XV, when she was living in what is now the Élysée Palace, at present occupied by General de Gaulle. The Marquis had the good sense to open what was called the Clairière de Marigny behind the palace, for sunlight and a smart real-estate venture combined, draining and planting the land, which has today become part of the Champs-Élysées gardens. It is certainly a rare pleasure to come out of such an exquisite rejuvenated old theatre after a good evening's entertainment and walk among the elderly chestnut trees, their leaves now turned as gold as the unclouded harvest moon with which Paris has been exceptionally favored this week.

The other popular theatrical success is "Le Goûter des Généraux" ("The Generals' Tea Party"), by the late Boris Vian, which the French have found as comic, they say, as Alfred Jarry's harsh satire "Ubu Roi," still a standard here for black, disrespectful humor. Vian, who was a radical spirit around St.-Germain des Prés, was a close friend of Sartre and Mlle. de Beauvoir and a member of the ironic metaphysical intellectuals who called themselves (in memory of Jarry himself) "Le Collège de 'Pataphysique." He died in 1959, not quite forty years old, having started his career here as a trumpet player and *jazz-hot* fan before he turned to writing. He is still best known for his extravagantly titled small volume of supposed black humor "J'Irai Cracher sur Vos Tombes" ("I Shall Spit on Your Graves"), which appeared just after the war, signed with the name of an imaginary Anglo-Saxon writer he called Vernon Sullivan. It was described at the time as "a short, nervous, lively *récit*, stuffed with eroticism and sadism, without (it must be admitted) any real theme." He was then loosely compared to Henry Miller and Faulkner, and was principally appreciated as an extravagant, bitter *farceur*, an intellectual joker animated by humors and angers, of which "Le Goûter des Généraux" is certainly a perfect example. It is nightly packed by

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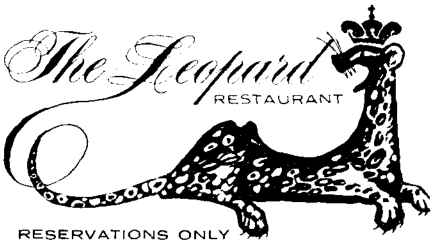
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French audiences, who go to laugh at it with delight. It is a ferocious, irreverent caricature, and before the war would doubtless have been forbidden by Army censorship. Its plot is simple indeed. A celibate middle-aged general, first seen in his underdrawers before breakfast in his doting mother's shabby flat, is visited by a high government official, who tells him as a state secret that France will have to go to war to maintain her prosperity. So the general calls in high-ranking friends and a churchly, cynical monseigneur to have a worried chat over cookies about the news, since none of them wants to have to be a hero on any battlefield. The so-called humor in their characterizations is that all these warriors act like kiddies. After it is noticed that the government official forgot to mention what country France was going to go to war with, they decide that it will have to be Algeria (still a French colony at the time, and a brilliant stroke on Vian's part). In the last act, this foolish military crew begins playing Russian roulette, and they all shoot themselves—accidental suicides—as the final joke.

This is certainly no farce for foreigners to smile at. It is part of the anti-Army legacy that dates from the Dreyfus case and was not eased in the recent unpopular eight-year Algerian war. The awesome respect that French Army officers still partly enjoyed until their defeat and loss of caste in 1940 even today has sufficient echo for J.-J. Gautier, the most influential theatre critic of Paris, writing for *Figaro*, the breakfast-table morning paper of the powerful, well-to-do Paris bourgeoisie, to warn his readers, "If you do not have a father, brother, or son in the Army as a career, you may hope to be amused by Boris Vian's play. But if mockery or sarcasm about the Army makes you indignant or pained, you should stay away."

THE great question here in all the newspapers and private conversations, whatever the class or qualification, is "*Oui ou non?*" Will the General run again for President or will he not? This sums up the entire national curiosity of France. He is due to give his official answer within the fortnight, on October 15th. Even in anticipation, it is a historic date. —GENÊT

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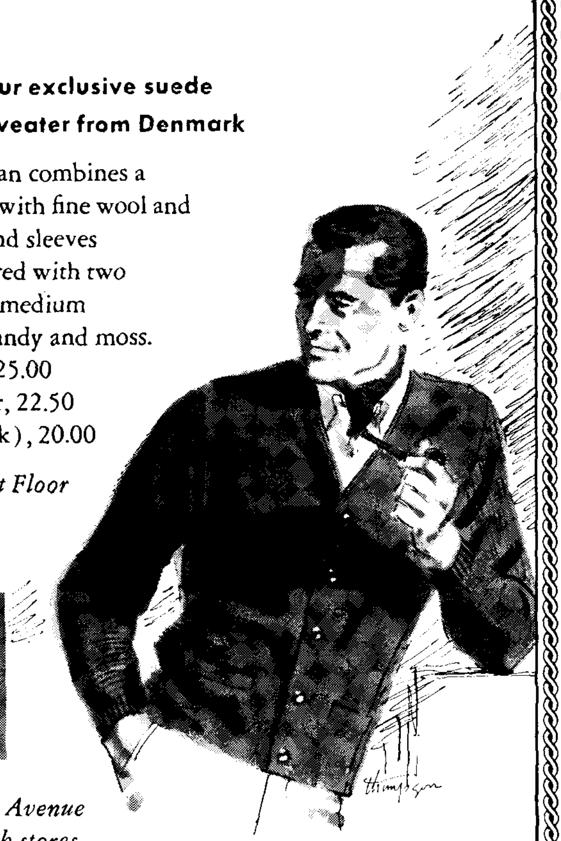
Dr. Lowell is married to the Boston and Ipswich. They have three sons.
—*Boston Herald.*

Yes, but are they happy?



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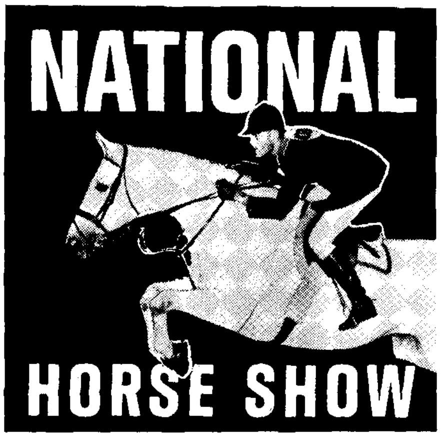

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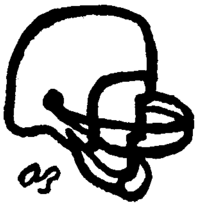
FOOTBALL

Steady State, Big Bang



FOOTBALL'S split personality kept exerting itself last Saturday night while, as was to be expected, Notre Dame austerely took the measure of Army, 17–0. The most recent codicils added to the regulations by the rules committee have, by eliminating the bookkeeping required of the officials during a match, reduced the *running* time of the game by a good quarter of an hour, but the rules of the Big Eye of television, which studies, lackadaisically, events of the importance of Notre Dame and Army, insist upon periods of idleness, leaving the paying customers to sit wondering, while the nonpaying customers can bask in the commercials. So it was at Shea Stadium on Saturday. During the intervals of activity permitted by the Big Eye, things went at a jollier pace. Twice Army became insurgent, but both times Notre Dame picked off an Army pass, and thereafter matters pursued their inexorable course. Afterward, Dietzel, the Army managing director, implied that the camera can lie; Notre Dame, he said, is even bigger and faster than it looked on the films he had perused in advance. Its Rassas is perhaps the finest runner we will see in the East this fall, and its Conjar, a junior hitherto unfamiliar to all of us, lugged the ball with terrible determination—once for eight times in a row. The age of electronics now impinges upon football to the extent of video tapes, which, covering the whole first half, are shown to the players in their locker rooms at intermission as part of an errors-of-their-ways session. Parseghian, Notre Dame's spiritual adviser, has been doing this with his team for some time now; Dietzel was, for the first time, doing it on Saturday. Soon, I imagine, there will be no such thing as a football player who is simply a natural phenomenon.

THE announcement by Fred Hoyle, the London astronomer, that he was abandoning the Steady State theory about the evolution of the universe and inclining slightly toward the Big Bang theory merely corroborated the findings of those who got to Ithaca last Saturday (it's a town you can hardly get to from here anymore) to watch what could be the most dazzling Ivy League spectacle of the

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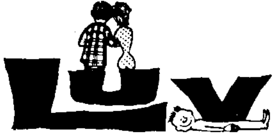

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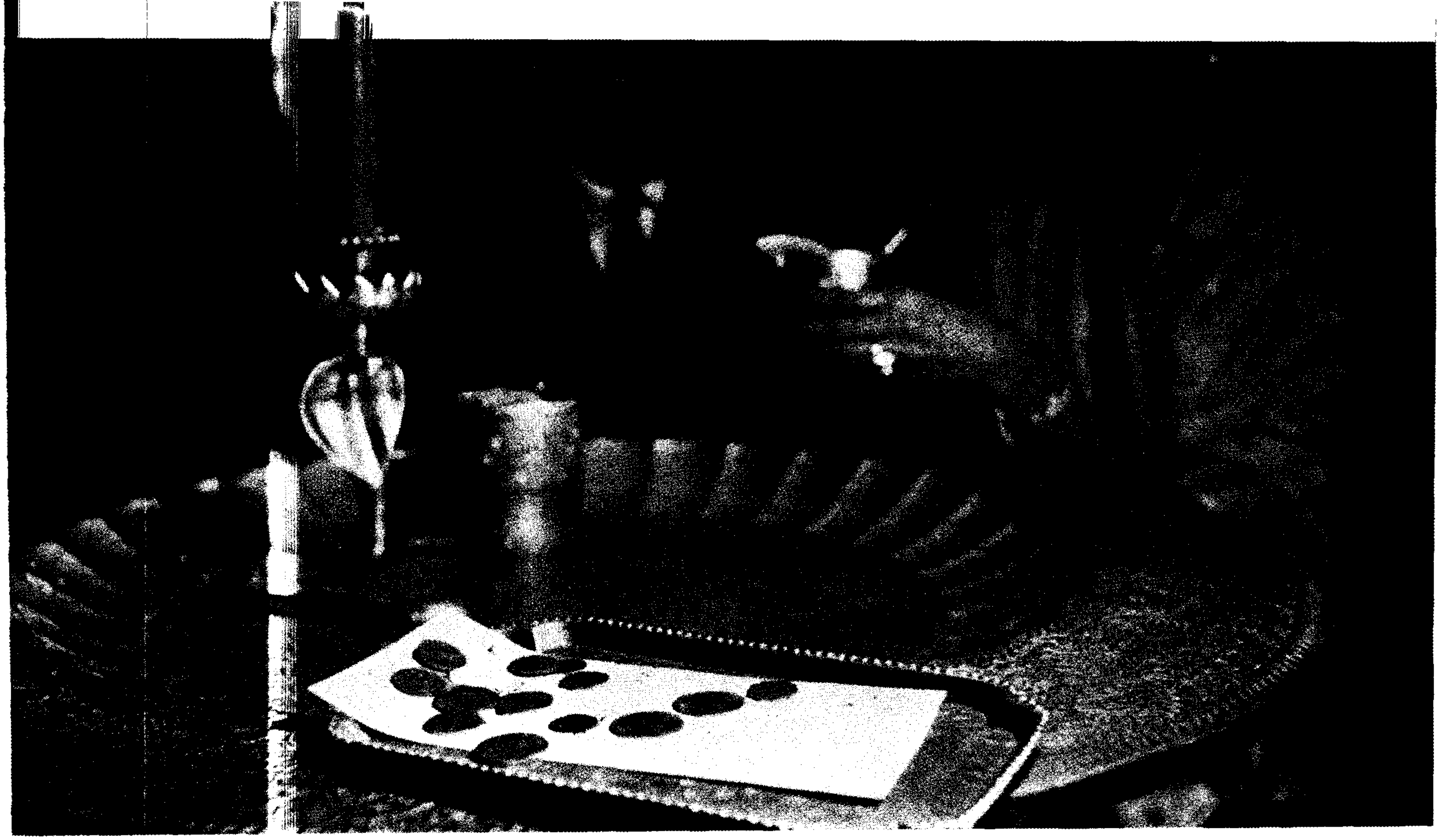
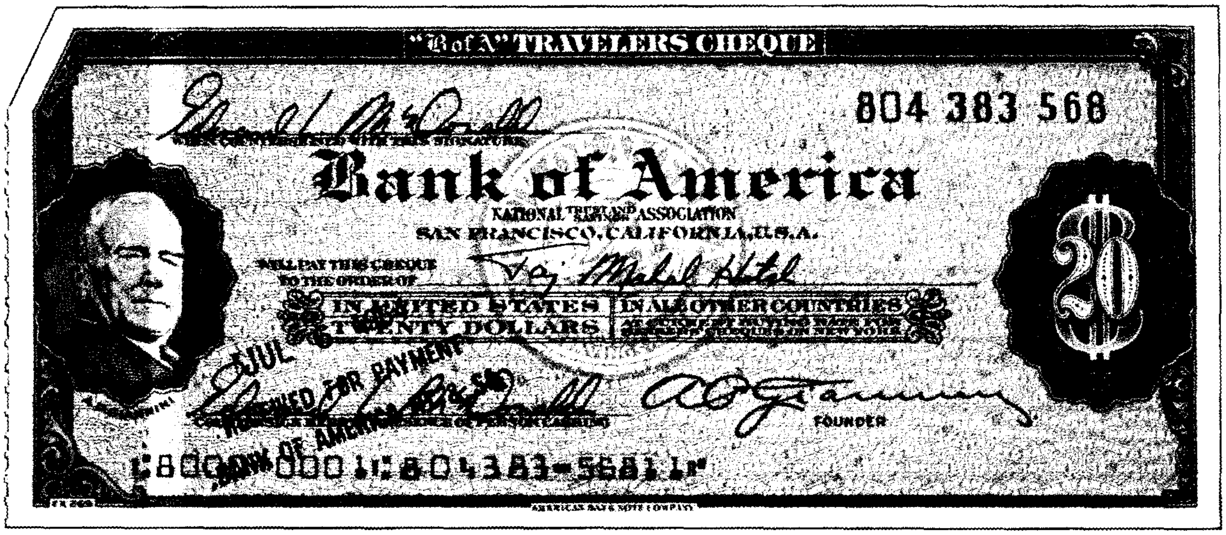


The rupee is local currency in Bombay.

So is this.



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year—Princeton 36, Cornell 27. Boys named Sponaugle traditionally go to Pennsylvania (which, by the way, using no Sponaugles at all, put up a most worthy fight against Dartmouth on Saturday before losing out, 24–19), but the current one, Martin, opted for Cornell. He plays it cool at quarterback, never doing anything foolish with the ball, and taking his losses (Princeton caught him behind his line eight times) like a man. Running the ball, or lofting it to bulldozers like Wilson and to sprinters like Larson and Gervase and to ends like Fullerton, he is invincible. Not all of his teammates were on Saturday, though. A few bobbles by them, and ferocious work by the Princeton demolition squad (Savidge and Maliszewski), and the ceaseless running and passing of Princeton's Landeck (his relief man, Martin, was among the walking wounded that day) maintained a steady rebuttal of Sponaugle, though matters were not definitely settled until the final minutes of the match. For the record, or new record: Gogolak, the Princeton kicker, broke his two-week-old mark of fifty-two yards with a fifty-four-yard field goal. Tomorrow the world, for it seems unlikely that the professional leagues will let him get away with his wish to study law after he graduates next spring. —J. W. L.

•

Facts

When decimal coinage comes, the easy way to convert pounds, shillings and pence to decimals is to remember that a shilling is £0.05 and a farthing is nearly £0.001. So HALVE the number of shillings and put them straight after the decimal point, then CONVERT the pennies to farthings and put them one place further back. But add one farthing if it's over 3d., and two if it's over 9d., to make 12d. equal £0.05 equal 1s.

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Better just take the six pounds and beat it.

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—*Adv. in the Dallas Times-Herald.*

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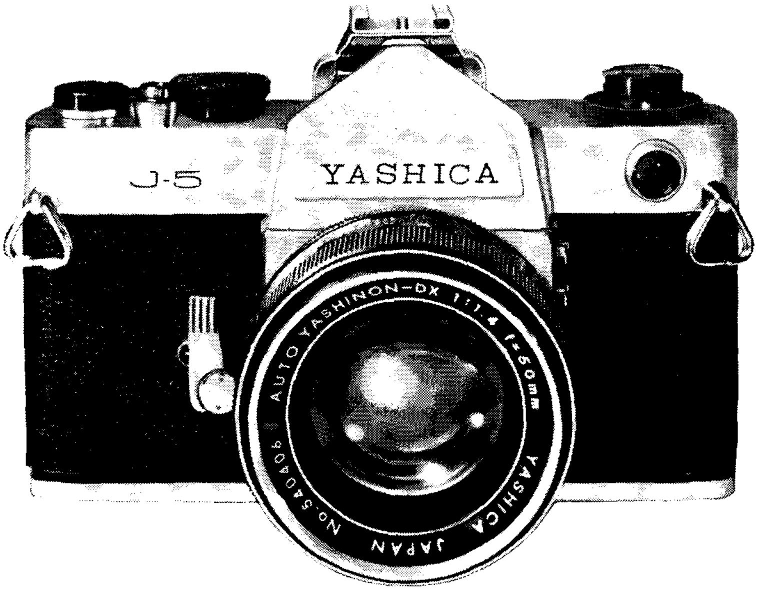

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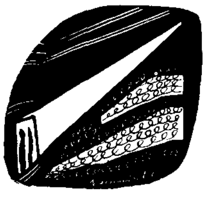

To my mind, the writing of historical novels is a thoroughly second-rate activity. No historical novelist has yet convinced me that, from a point in time hundreds and perhaps thousands of years later than the one he is writing about, he has been able, by some sort of bold and delicate cultural lobotomy, to cut away enough of his own importunate contemporary sensibility to assume the sensibility of, say, a poor wretch of an Albigensian heretic or a kohl-bedaubed princess of the Middle Kingdom. I feel the same antipathy to historical novels, especially to the terribly long ones that try to make the jingle-jangle of authentic trappings take the place of insight, that many people feel to detective stories; nevertheless, in preparing to see the movie version of Irving Stone's historical novel "The Agony and the Ecstasy," I took the trouble to drive my astonished eyes over the seven hundred and fifty-five closely printed pages of the paperback edition of the famous best-seller. The book purports to be a life of Michelangelo, recounting not only what one of the mightiest geniuses in history is known to have done but what he actually thought, and again and again I was reminded of the notorious discrepancy between the words of a great man on earth and the halting twaddle he speaks when a medium manages to tune in on him in Heaven. Here, through the mediumistic Mr. Stone, is Michelangelo musing on the difficulties caused by his not being allowed to dissect cadavers: "How can I establish a figure, even the crudest outline, if I don't know what I'm doing? How can I achieve anything but surface skin sculpture, exterior curves, outlines of bones, a few muscles brought into play? Effects. What do I know of the causes?" Several decades later, on his deathbed, he is still musing, and one notes with regret that the prose quality of his interior monologues has not improved: "Life has been good. God did not create me to abandon me. I have loved marble, yes, and paint too. I have loved architecture, and poetry too. I have loved my family and my friends. I have loved God, the forms of the earth and the heavens, and people too. I have

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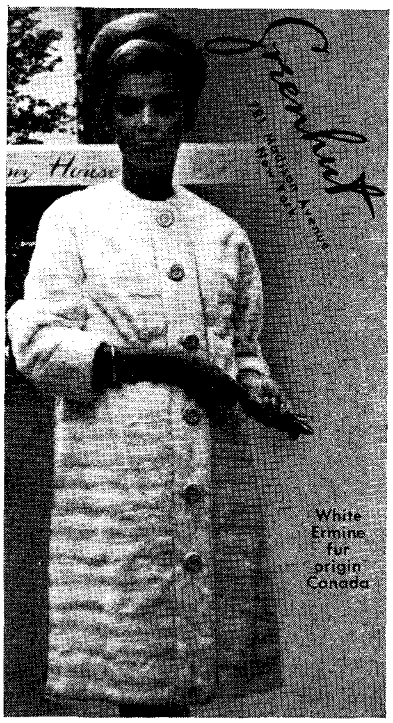
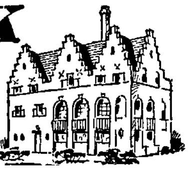


KNIFE & FORK INN...



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loved life to the full, and now I love death as its natural termination. *Il Magnifico* would be happy: for me, the forces of destruction never overcame creativity."

I carry on at this length over the novel because the movie that has been made from it is equally juvenile and presumptuous, and even less rewarding. Like a conscientious schoolboy, Mr. Stone has taken care to research and embed in the impasto of his text a thousand helpful hints about how to split stone, grind paints, build scaffolds, and cook noodles with hare sauce, but the screenplay, by Philip Dunne, has no room for the merely curious. After a brief introductory section on Michelangelo's works and the country and period in which he lived (ten points for the correct answers to "country" and "period"), we plunge into the sculptor's life, which, for Mr. Dunne's dramatic purpose, consists largely of a prolonged and nonsensical wrangle between Michelangelo and Pope Julius II over the painting of the Sistine Chapel. The lines given to these formidable adversaries could as readily have been given to Henny Penny; while Michelangelo works away, year after year, on the fantastic ceiling, Julius keeps sweeping into the chapel and barking, "When will you make an end of it?," to which Michelangelo keeps replying tartly, "When I'm finished." *Il Magnifico* would not have been happy for him.

The part of Michelangelo is taken by Charlton Heston, who is, of course, very tall and broad and handsome, as Michelangelo was not. To me, Mr. Heston has the misfortune of seeming just the fellow to head a drive for a new hospital in some nice Westchester suburb, so it's not to be wondered at that I found his impersonation of an anguished Renaissance artist unbelievable. Julius is played by Rex Harrison, who, whether in battle armor or full canonicals, displays a Higgins-like urbanity that he must have been far from feeling, and the negligible love interest is supplied by Diane Cilento, in the role of the Contessina de' Medici. Miss Cilento is usually a sexy baggage, but the weight of the Medici name appears to have crushed her livelier instincts. The picture, directed by Carol Reed, is long enough to require an intermission, during which sleeping patrons can be roused with little or no inconvenience to the rest of the audience.

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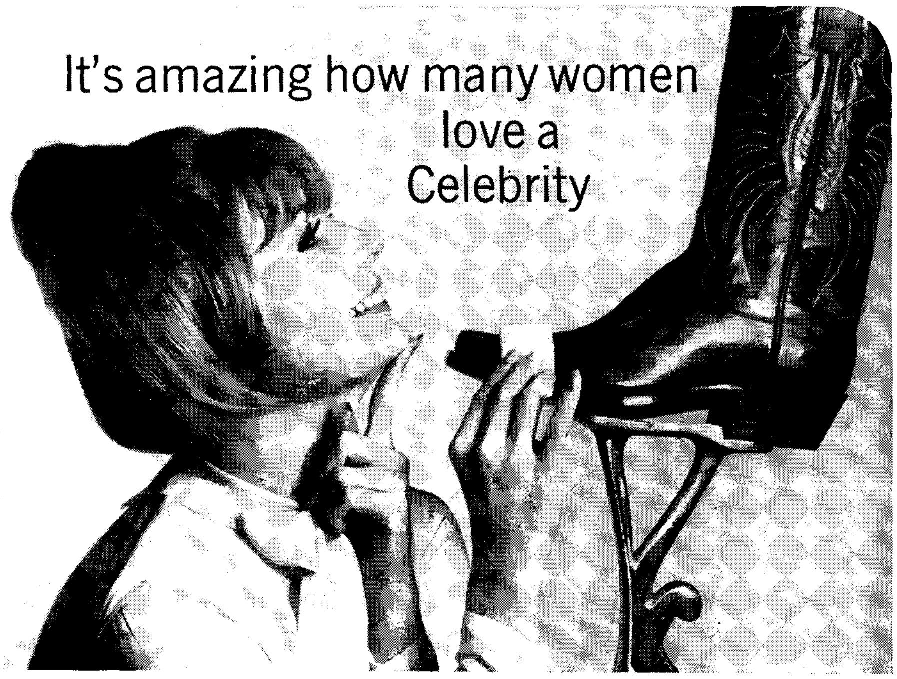

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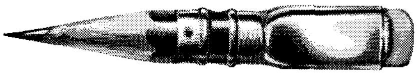

door stop?

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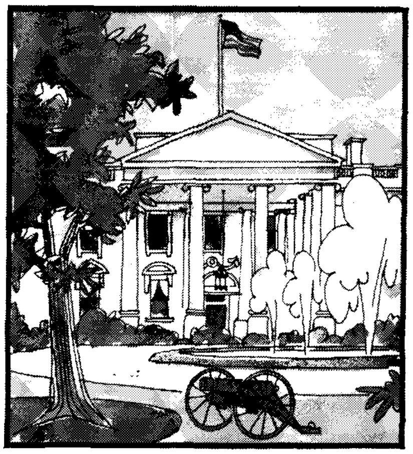

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exceptionally well-written screenplay by John and Penelope Mortimer. The picture was shot on location in London, and how well that incomparable city—rainy, rheumy, many-windowed—lends itself to mystification! Mr. Preminger is an old hand at giving us a scare, and I think we will do well to forgive him for the fact that, his picture having begun to come apart at its too numerous seams, he stitches it together in a climax that leaves a number of fortuitous confrontations completely unexplained. The details of the plot of "Bunny Lake Is Missing" are for you to discover; let me simply note that the story concerns a young American mother who, having enrolled her little girl (if, indeed, she has a little girl) in a school in London, returns to pick her up on the afternoon of the first day and learns that the child has disappeared. The distraught mother (if, indeed, she is a mother) is played by Carol Lynley, and her rather feverish brother is played by Keir Dullea. Also in the cast are Laurence Olivier, as a Scotland Yard inspector; Martita Hunt, as a retired schoolteacher; and Noël Coward, as an alcoholic disciple of de Sade employed by the B.B.C. on what can only be its Third Programme. Sir Laurence steals the picture so easily and so openly that it can scarcely be called a theft—let's say he makes the picture his by a seemingly effortless *droit de seigneur.* I hope the Mortimers will invent another thriller for him to play his charming Inspector Newhouse in; the role as he embodies it is too delightful to begin and end inside a single picture. —BRENDAN GILL

•

Q: I have been told that when buttering a baked potato on one's plate that it should be buttered with the fork and not at any time with the knife. Is this true? If so, how is the butter transferred from the plate to the potato? Does one use the fork or the knife to take the butter from the butter plate to put on the potato?

A: You take the butter from your butter plate with the fork and put it on your potato.—*Emily Post in the Shreveport Times.*

And don't let the conversation lag, either.

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From "Television Today and Tomorrow," by Lee De Forest, 1942*]

In television the criterions of merit will inevitably be placed high. One may dare a blind song, venture a wisecrack, a banality—the artist well knows this could not be tolerated if he were beheld by his listeners. I foresee that self-censorship in television programs will be severe.

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THE RACE TRACK

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WATCHING Priceless Gem sweep irresistibly home in the Frizette Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday, I thought I'd never seen this distinguished race for two-year-old fillies won so easily and impressively. Later, looking over the old charts, I found that Bowl of Flowers rolled home by three lengths in 1960, and Idun by half that margin in 1957, though their opposition was first-rate; on the other hand, Tosmah had to go all out to beat Beautiful Day in 1963, and so did Cicada to beat Firm Policy in 1961. I don't suppose any of the trainers of the half-dozen other starters last Saturday really believed they could win, barring a small miracle. In fact, one of them confided, "I'm just running for fourth money. I might make it, too; I've only two horses to beat." As had been expected, Priceless Gem simply sailed along in front all the way, stepping the quarter in 0:22⅘, the half in 0:46⅕, and six furlongs in 1:10⅗, and finishing out the mile in hand with her ears pricking in 1:36 over footing that was still damp from rain the night before. Prides Profile was closest to her for nearly five furlongs, and then yielded to Lady Pitt and Swift Lady, who went on to finish second and third. Curiously, ten days before the Frizette, Lady Pitt and Prides Profile ran a dead heat in one division of the Astarita, and Swift Lady won the other.

Although Priceless Gem looked in faultless condition at saddling time for the Frizette, she was more fidgety than she had been before the Futurity, and Hirsch Jacobs, who trains her, ordered her out of the walking ring, leaving the others to parade before the big crowd in the paddock. Well, she'll take on the colts once more—Buckpasser among them—in the Champagne Stakes this weekend. Of course, the Frizette would have been more interesting if Moccasin had run in it instead of shuffling off to Kentucky. She had a warm-up at Keeneland last Saturday for the Alcibiades Stakes there this weekend. Then, no doubt, Bull Hancock, her owner, will announce his further plans for her. Moccasin and Priceless Gem

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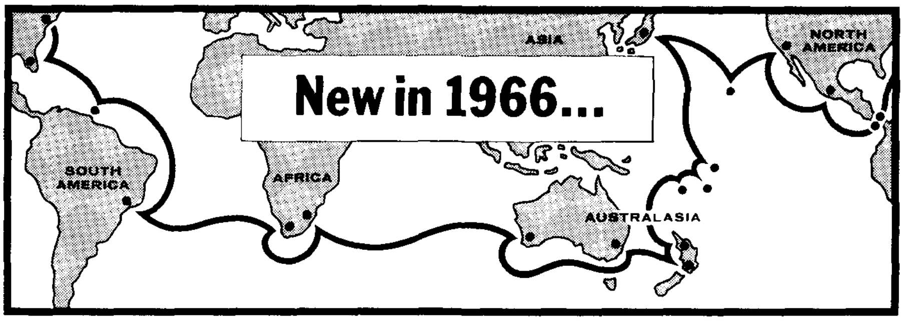

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might meet in the Gardenia at Garden State Park—but I doubt it.

By winning the Long Island Handicap at Aqueduct last week right after his victory in the United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City, Parka added a good deal of weight to the argument that he's just about our best racer over turf courses. Carrying 125 pounds and conceding from five to nineteen pounds to the nine other starters, he dominated the scene throughout the mile and three-sixteenths, passing the post a length ahead of Or et Argent, with Polar Sea third. Parka, a seven-year-old gelding, is one of the few horses who have ever returned to top form after fracturing a sesamoid bone. Bill Croll, his trainer, deserves full marks. Also at Aqueduct last week, Advocator, who was disqualified for crowding after finishing third in the Futurity, won the Cowdin Stakes. Thanks to the efforts of Nelson, who rode him, he didn't lug toward the rail, as is his habit, but ran straight and beat Fathers Image by a head. Our Michael was third. Nine other two-year-olds also ran. Beginning slowly, Advocator made his run on the stretch turn, where Nelson popped him through a narrow opening into the front rank. From there on, it was nip and tuck to keep out of the way of Fathers Image, who swerved badly through the last furlong. Advocator, who paid $54.40 in the mutuels, is owned by Mrs. Ada L. Rice, whose Pia Star won the Suburban and the Brooklyn, and whose Lucky Debonair won the Kentucky Derby.

It was whispered around the backstretch after Tosmah ran last in the Beldame that she had come out of the race so badly cut on the legs she might never run again. Well, she must have had a perfectly amazing recovery in the past fortnight, for she started in the Parkway Handicap at Atlantic City last Saturday, giving lumps of weight to ten runners of her sex. Maybe the recovery wasn't rapid enough, though, because she wasn't in the first three. Juanita won, Mighty Happy was second, and Lovejoy was third. . . . As for Kelso, he had a touch of colic last week, from which he recovered quickly, but that eye trouble hasn't cleared up. If it does, he'll run for the Laurel Turf Cup at John Schapiro's racecourse in Maryland this weekend; after that, the Man o' War at Aqueduct on the twenty-third. This, however, is subject to change without notice. —Audax Minor

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

OCTOBER 10

PRESIDENT JOHNSON was hospitalized, as President Eisenhower was almost exactly a decade earlier, at a time when no major foreign crises existed or impended and when political life in this city was somewhat more than usually routine. With President Eisenhower, of course, this was almost wholly a matter of luck, while with President Johnson it was partly luck and partly management. As the White House tells it, he became aware of his illness on the morning of September 7th; he was at his Johnson City ranch at the time, and he was shortly advised that while surgery at an early date seemed called for, he could think in terms of weeks rather than days or hours. Had immediate hospitalization and surgery been ordered, there would have been a good deal more alarm here than there has been this past week. Indian troops were moving on Lahore, and Pakistani paratroopers were dropping on the Punjab. China seemed likely to join the war. U Thant's mission to the belligerents was then only a plan—and not a very promising one. President Sukarno seemed about to yield to the Indonesian Communists. In the Dominican Republic, General Wessin y Wessin's followers had launched a fierce propaganda attack on the new provisional government, and it was feared that a coup might be in the making. In this country, the President was for the first time meeting with heavy resistance in Congress. His farm bill had suffered considerable mutilation in the House, and there was doubt whether the Senate would pass it. There was also fear of racial disturbances accompanying the opening of public schools all over the country.

Not all anxieties have been dissipated in the period between the diagnosis and treatment of his illness, but they are far fewer and milder. The cease-fire in Kashmir seems to be holding, and Peking does nothing but talk. Developments in Indonesia seem on the whole rather favorable from this government's point of view, and in Santo Domingo the provisional government is said to have a fairly firm purchase. Congress has done almost everything the President wanted it to do, and there have been no racial troubles on the scale of the riots in Los Angeles. The President was able to have his visit with the Pope and to give his party for Congress—a somewhat sour affair, unfortunately, since he would not allow the festivities to begin until the House had passed the bill to "beautify" (or, at any rate, make less hideous) highways paved with federal funds. He was incapacitated so briefly that no one gave much thought to what the Vice-President was up to—a matter that was of immense concern ten years ago. (Once, in those agitated days, there were rumors here to the effect that a junta was being formed by the Secretary of the Treasury, George Humphrey. The talk grew out of the fact that the Vice-President had gone to the Secretary's office—rather than vice versa—for a meeting with Humphrey and other officials.) Still, the Constitutional question involving the Vice-President's role at times like these remains unresolved. Only eight states have thus far ratified the Twenty-fifth Amendment, which settles the matter, though not to everyone's satisfaction.

THE long session of Congress now drawing to a close has been notable for several things, but not for the spirit or the quality of debate or for the resolution of any particularly subtle or complex questions. As it was expected to do from the moment the election returns were in last November, it has written into law almost the entire program that the President advocated during the campaign, but it has done so largely without discussion, controversy, or prolonged investigation. This is in part because, given the size of the administration majorities, discussion and investigation could have had little effect on the legislative products, and in part because for nearly two decades there had been a stupefying amount of discussion on most of the proposals to which the House and the Senate addressed themselves this year. In the House, though, there was one matter that was shot through with controversy and conflict—one issue, involving attitudes toward American society and concepts of democracy and representative government, over which informed and reasonable men could, and did, differ. It was known hereabouts as "the Mississippi challenge," or simply "the challenge," and it turned on the question of whether Mississippi's five congressmen were Constitutionally entitled to occupy the seats for which they had presented, last January 4th, certificates of election issued by the governor of the state. The matter was dealt with twice. The first time was on that same day in January, when, after failing to adopt a resolution that would have vacated the five seats at least until its Committee on Administration had investigated the election, the House, by a majority of a hundred and twenty-seven votes, authorized the Speaker to administer the prescribed oath of office. The authorizing resolution—the first resolution taken up by the House this year—noted that "any question involving the Members in question is one which should be dealt with under the laws governing elections." The matter came before the House again on September 17th, when, by a majority of eighty-five, a challenge to the Mississippi delegation's right to its seats, brought by seven citizens of Mississippi, was dismissed. It cannot be said that there was any very stimulating "debate" over this—the partisans had only an hour in which to air their views on the floor of the House—or that the central question was resolved; in fact, the House, in dismissing the challenge, struck from the motion of dismissal a clause saying that the Mississippi members were "entitled to their seats as Representatives of said districts and State." But there was much debate and controversy off the floor, and the reverberations are likely to be heard for the next several years.

The seven citizens who brought the challenge were all members of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, an organization that first came to national attention when it issued a similar challenge to the Mississippi delegation to the National Democratic Convention in Atlantic City in August, 1964. The grounds for the Atlantic City challenge were essentially the same as those for this year's challenge. The most important was the systematic and almost total disenfranchisement of Mississippi Negroes. In 1964, only one Negro was registered for every seventeen whites. Less than seven per cent of Negroes over twenty-one were registered—compared with, for example, more than

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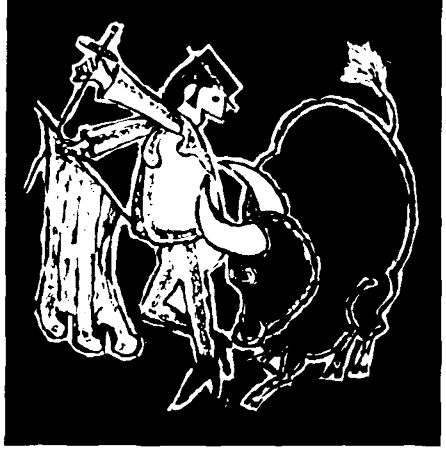

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fifty per cent in Florida and Texas, and forty per cent in Georgia. Even in Alabama, the percentage was three times greater than in Mississippi. But there were other grounds. Mississippi is, and since the end of Reconstruction has been, a one-party state. In 1964, of a hundred and seventy-one members of its legislature only one was not a Democrat. (One member of the challenged delegation, Prentiss Walker, is a Republican, elected in last year's landslide vote for Senator Goldwater by Mississippi's "regular" Democrats.) The established state party—or what the Freedom Democrats call the "traditional" party—is independent of the national party, whose program and candidates it rarely endorses. (When Governor Paul Johnson was elected to his present term, he told his supporters that they had defeated "the Kennedys, the Adlai Stevensons, and the Northern Democratic overlords who would . . . like to destroy our way of life.") The established state party is as explicitly committed to segregation as the national party is committed to integration. In its 1960 platform, the state party said, "We believe in the segregation of the races. . . . We condemn integration." At its state convention last year, it resolved: "We believe in separation of the races in all phases of our society." There is no evidence of any connection between the party as an organization and the violence and terror that have met Negro efforts to participate in Mississippi politics. But in a one-party state political responsibility is indivisible, and it is a simple matter of fact that a number of those Mississippians who have committed and encouraged acts of violence owe their livelihood to the Mississippi Democratic Party, which, as Governor Johnson said at its 1964 convention, "is the framework, or the structure, through which Mississippians maintain political unity and operate self-government."

The Freedom Democratic Party was largely the idea of the militant students who have been spending summers in the South attempting to break down segregation in several fields. In conception and execution, it was brilliant. The established party had scarcely any more claim to be seated at a National Democratic Convention than a delegation of Republicans, Communists, or Prohibitionists. Its delegates—as they freely acknowledged at the time—had no intention of supporting the nominees of the Convention or the platform it adopted. On the other hand, the Freedom Democrats, when they organized at a convention in Jackson in April,

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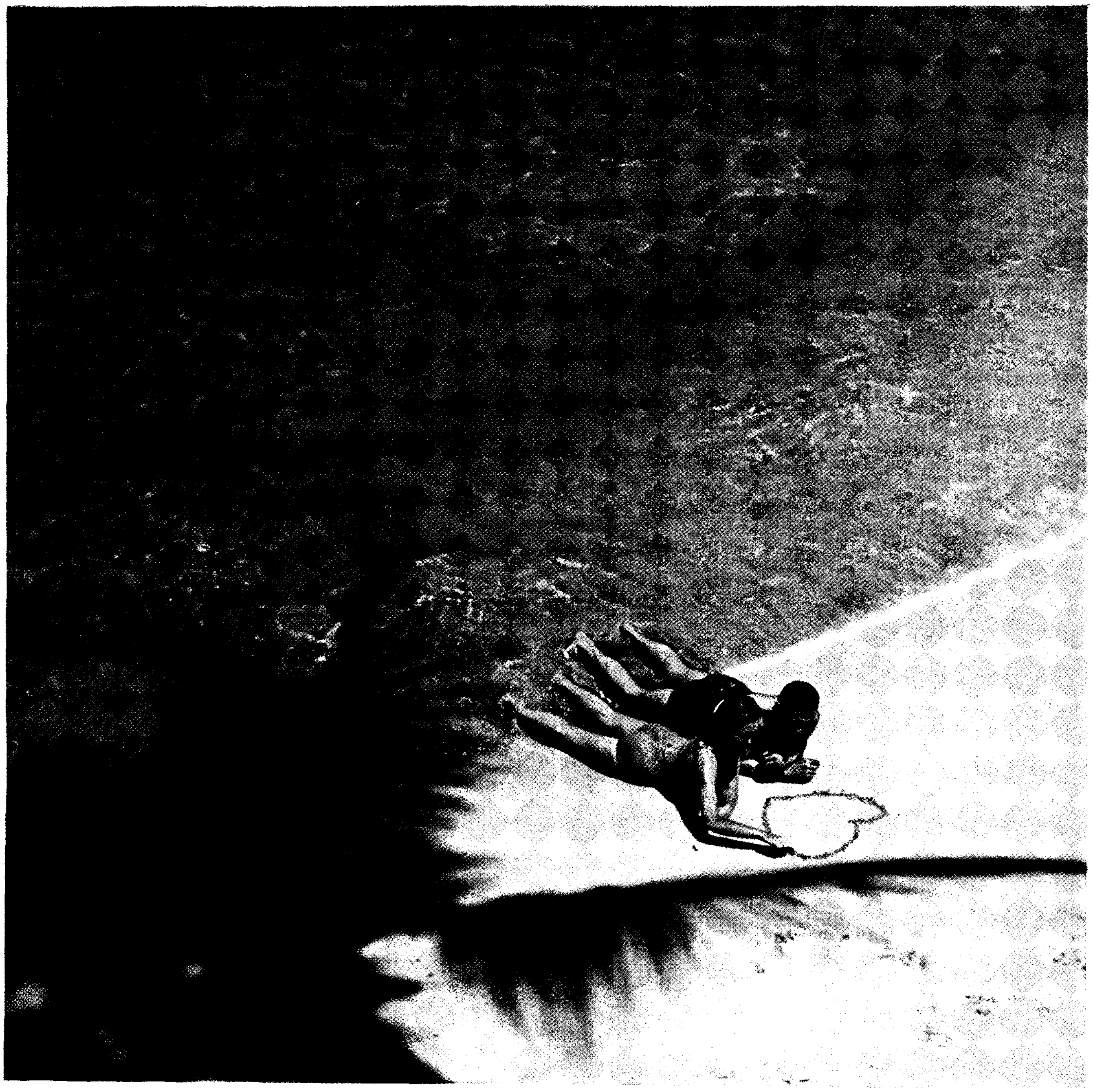

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1964, pledged themselves to stand with the national party on all matters of policy and to support the national ticket. (This was at the beginning; as things turned out, they later became almost as hostile to the national leadership as their adversaries were.) They sent to Atlantic City an integrated delegation (sixty-four Negroes, four whites) and as their legal representative before the Credentials Committee appointed Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., possibly the most effective, and certainly the most indefatigable, civil-rights lawyer in the country, and also the leader of the Democratic Party in the District of Columbia. It was, of course, unlikely in the extreme that the Convention would do what Rauh and the Freedom Democrats were asking it to do—replace the delegation of the established party with that of the Freedom Democratic Party. Insurrection can crop up anywhere, for good reasons or bad, and men of power tend always to oppose it, not because they lack understanding of its causes or sympathy with its purposes but because they have a vested interest in procedural regularity. Nevertheless, Rauh's brief against seating the representatives of the established party was unassailable, and it was dramatically supported by the televised testimony of the Freedom Democrats on the brutality visited upon them when they sought no more than a voice in the determination of their own fate as human beings in Mississippi. The Convention agreed that the established party had forfeited its claim to representation. It further declared that it would never again seat delegates from states in which minorities were denied a voice in Party affairs. And while it did not concede that the Freedom Democrats had established an acceptable claim to be seated as a delegation, it at least acknowledged that their claim was stronger than that of the departed delegation and offered them two seats, with full voting privileges. It was a famous victory.

The Freedom Democrats, however, could not be persuaded that it was a victory. They called it a compromise—which, of course, it was—and would have no more to do with Rauh or with Aaron Henry, the only one of their leaders who was willing to accept it. At the time, most of their sympathizers within the national party put this down partly to the blindness of idealism, partly to the novice's failure to understand that politics is never anything but an organized system of compromise, and partly to the bitterness and alienation that are as much a native product of Mississippi as cotton. In time, though,

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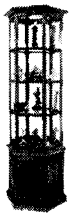

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some of their sympathizers began to wonder whether, as a consequence of alienation or for some other reason, they were not more interested in pursuing defeat, or the appearance of defeat, than in pursuing victory. The Convention had disestablished the established party and had recognized the Freedom Democrats' organization as one that had gone a long way toward establishing its legitimacy. The Freedom Democrats were in a position to contend against Governor Johnson's party in Mississippi as they had in Atlantic City. To be sure, the opportunities for doing so were anything but numerous. With Negro registration still below seven per cent, they could not hope even to make a respectable showing in any contest they might be permitted to enter. They could sue for recognition in the courts or bring suit against their rivals, but they could not expect justice from the local courts, which were all creatures of the one-party state, and strenuous and assertive political behavior would in all likelihood lead to more violence and terror. But they had risked violence before, and they were unprepared to disband after what they regarded as their betrayal and defeat in Atlantic City. A number of their supporters here—mainly in the House of Representatives but also from other parts of the government and from civil-rights organizations—began exploring the problem of getting the best legal advice they could find. In the end, the Freedom Democrats, who had persisted in saying that they wished to affiliate with the national party, were encouraged by party leaders here to take, or at least attempt, the legal steps necessary for recognition in Mississippi. It was certain that they would meet with rebuff by election officials—though, in fact, some of their candidates had succeeded in getting on the ballot in the June primaries—and defeat in the local courts. But this would open the way for an appeal in the federal courts. If they sought and failed to get places on the November ballot, they would be in a position to present themselves before the federal courts and the appropriate committees of Congress not merely as aggrieved citizens objecting to the way things were done in Mississippi but as bona-fide claimants to political recognition and as challengers of the legitimacy of the established party. They would also be in a position to go to Federal District Court and seek to have it enjoin Governor Johnson from issuing his certificates of election to the delegation that would be returned by the established party. Though the Vot-

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ing Rights Act of 1965 had not yet been drafted, a powerful case could be made that Mississippi elections had been held in violation of the Fifteenth Amendment, which forbids disenfranchisement "on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude," and several civil-rights laws already on the books.

These steps the Freedom Democrats chose not to take. They made no serious effort to get candidates on the November ballot and filed no protest against the Governor's issuance of election certificates. Up to a point, their reluctance to proceed as advised was understandable. The federal courts, though they have done a great deal to protect and extend civil rights and liberties, have not been of much assistance to the Negroes in their quest for political equality and power. Moreover, the Freedom Democratic Party had grown out of what was essentially a youth movement, which, like most youth movements, preferred political action to litigation. Yet what had been proposed was a combination of the two, with litigation being employed to facilitate political action. Moreover, the course that the Freedom Democrats eventually took involved them with lawyers by the score and in legalistic wrangles that went on until the middle of last month. They chose three of their leaders (Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer, Mrs. Annie Devine, and Mrs. Victoria Gray) to run against three incumbent congressmen (Jamie L. Whitten, of the Second District; Prentiss Walker, of the Fourth District; and William M. Colmer, of the Fifth District) in an extra-legal election held not on November 3rd but over the four preceding days. The party "registered" its own voters, polled them, counted the ballots, and declared that the three candidates were entitled to the seats of those whose election Governor Johnson was shortly to certify. The registering and polling places had been sidewalks, shops, churches, and private homes. A rather touching aspect of this affair was that despite the abundant possibilities for what in another setting might have been called fraud, the tallying seems to have been uncommonly scrupulous. (In each of the three "contests," the Freedom Democrats claimed for their candidate a total significantly lower than that recorded for the incumbent in the regular election.) The argument, as it was to be presented here early this year, was that the election conducted on the streets by the Freedom Democrats—and recognized by them and by them alone—was more democratic, more Constitutional, and more worthy of respect than the one managed by the

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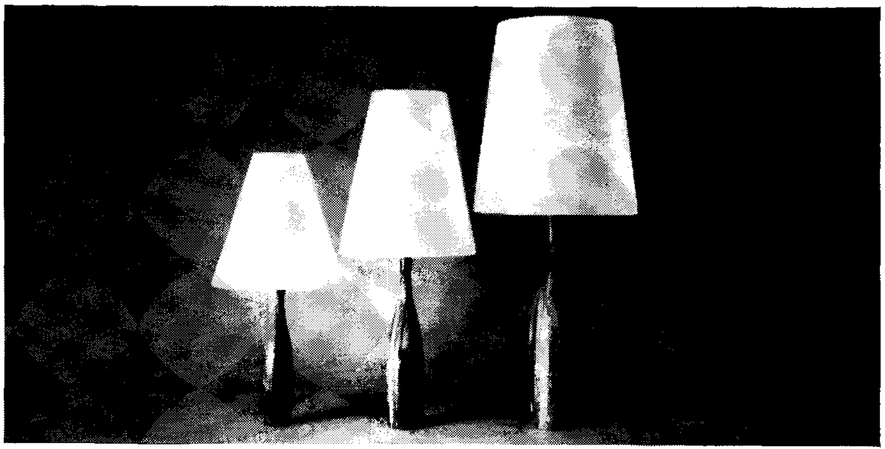

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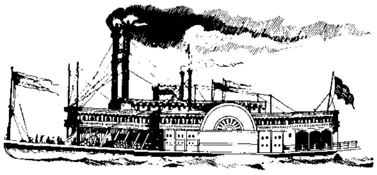

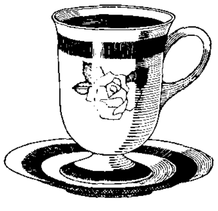

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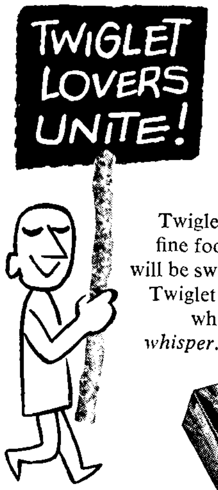
one-party state and recognized as "regular" and "official" by the authorities here. If the Freedom Democrats had run a mock election, the established party had run an election that was a mockery—one that had been corrupted long before it took place, not simply by systematic exclusion but by terror and murder.

At the outset, then, the Mississippi challenge was a movement by the Freedom Democrats and their attorneys not merely to unseat the Mississippi incumbents but to award three of their seats to persons who had been chosen in a canvass that was no more than a straw vote. In the first briefs filed, lengthy arguments were made in defense of such awards. The closing section of Mrs. Hamer's brief, for example, is headed "The undersigned Fannie Lou Hamer is the only lawfully elected representative to the Congress from the Second Congressional District of Mississippi," and this is followed by the argument that the election she won (in which no exclusion was practiced—Representative Whitten got 59 votes, against her 33,009) was the only fair and democratic one held in Mississippi in 1964. The danger of accepting any such reasoning was, of course, apparent to most members of Congress and to most civil-rights leaders. As Rauh, the original counsel to the Freedom Democrats, wrote in a memorandum, "The contention is without legal support because the Mrs. Hamer, Devine, and Gray were not elected in any regularly constituted state election. They were selected in a mock election, and there is no plausible legal basis on which the winners of a mock election can be deemed to have been elected to Congress under the Constitution and laws of the United States. Their illegal exclusion from the ballot is not a substitute for their election on the ballot." It was one thing, he pointed out, for the Party Convention to have seated Freedom Democrats. Conventions are pretty much a law unto themselves; their rules are loose and can be stretched. But if Congress were to accept the results of a mock election conducted by the Freedom Democrats, there could be beer-hall elections all over the country and extra-legal attempts by minorities of all sorts to blast their way into Congress. In time, the petitioners and their legal counsel yielded to this logic, but reluctantly and incompletely. They never formally withdrew their claims to be seated; they simply muted them. In the brief filed with the House on June 29th of this year, their counsel said, "While the Notices of Contest in the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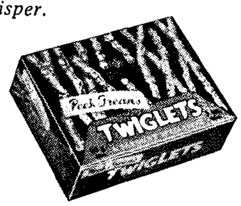

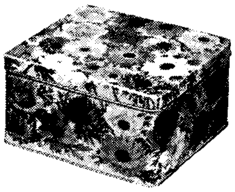

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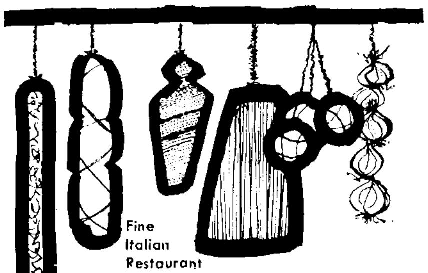

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2nd, 4th, and 5th Congressional Districts request the seating of the contestants as a possible form of relief, the contestants suggest in this Brief that the most appropriate form of relief in these cases under all the circumstances would be the vacating of the elections and the ordering of new Congressional elections under circumstances which would guarantee the full, fair, and free participation of Negro citizens in such elections."

The "candidates" did not press their claims as contestants, but it was in their names—and in the names of four other Freedom Democrats—that the challenge was made. The brief was headed "Brief of Contestants Urging the Vacating of the Contested Seats and the Holding of New Elections." Thus, three persons who had run in an extralegal election and four who had run in no elections presented themselves as "contestants" in the Mississippi elections. Under the procedure the challengers had chosen, the word "contestant" has been given rather a narrow and literal meaning. In most, but not all, previous cases of this sort, the House of Representatives, which under the Constitution is empowered to be "the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members," has held that no one can "contest" an election unless he has himself been a candidate in the election he is contesting. It was with this in mind that the Freedom Democrats had, in the summer of 1964, been urged to take every step they could to qualify as regular candidates. On the first day of the session—the day the Speaker administered the oath to the representatives of the established party—the House received a challenge to the seating of Representative Richard L. Ottinger, of New York; on January 19th, it was dismissed on the ground that the man who had brought it (he had accused the Congressman-elect of having violated statutes that govern campaign expenditures) had not been himself a candidate for the seat. There are, to be sure, ways other than "contest" to unseat a congressman. Any member of Congress may submit a resolution protesting the seating of any other member. Private citizens in large or small numbers may file a "memorial" asking investigation or reconsideration of a particular member's right to the seat he occupies, or is about to occupy. But the general rule is that no one can contest an election after it has taken place who did not contest it at the time it took place.

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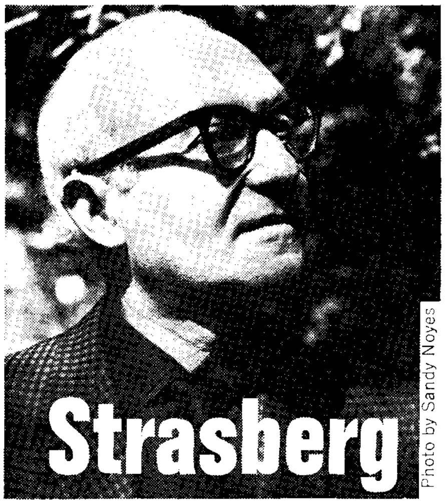

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the outset widespread sympathy in the House for the movement to unseat the seated delegation and hold a new election. Even on September 17th, when the challenge was dismissed, there were a hundred and forty-three votes against dismissal. Congressmen on both sides of the question were uneasy about relying strictly on precedent and about fussing over the failure of the Freedom Democrats to satisfy all the legal requirements. Whatever might be said of the mock election, it was not a moral outrage, as the regular election had been. On Negro disenfranchisement and the intimidation and terror employed to enforce it the House did not need evidence from the Freedom Democrats; in May the United States Commission on Civil Rights, which had been established by Congress in 1957 and had been studying the situation in Mississippi since 1960, submitted findings confirming everything that the Freedom Democrats and other civil-rights organizations had said. While the House is always disposed, other things being roughly equal, to decide in favor of its own members, there seemed a good chance early in the year that it would find it impossible to dismiss the Freedom Democrats' challenge. As time went on, though, the case of the Mississippi delegation was strengthened by the activities of the Freedom Democrats themselves—or, in most cases, actually by their counsel, which consisted mainly of Northern lawyers recruited by the National Lawyers Guild, an organization that has in the past been less notable for the aid it has rendered civil-rights causes than for its identification with Communist causes. For one thing, the lawyers, many of them men of enormous skill and varied experience, did their legal work atrociously. The "contest" procedure requires the assembling of a great deal of paper in the form of testimony and depositions. This is to be submitted to the clerk of the House, who, if he finds it all in order, has it printed for distribution in the House. After many delays, almost three thousand printed pages of documents were submitted, but with so many procedural oversights that the clerk was able to say that their failure to conform to established standards made it impossible for him to order their printing. In time, members of the Administration Committee prevailed upon him to forget the established standards and print them anyway, which he did—in three volumes, under the curious title "Papers Omitted in Printing Pursuant to Provisions of the Statutes Involving the Five Con-

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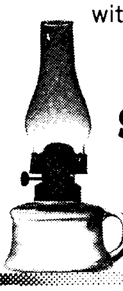

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gressional Districts in the State of Mississippi." Meanwhile, the Washington spokesmen for the Freedom Democrats were subjecting congressmen—those who were sympathetic to them as well as those who were not—to the kind of pressure that invariably erodes support. There was a sit-in demonstration by students. There was an effort to have the challenge recognized as the only really important bit of business before the House. To this end, supporters of the Freedom Democrats attempted to disparage the voting-rights legislation that the rest of the civil-rights movement was demanding. "At this time," a February paper on "Voting Legislation" issued by the Freedom Democrats said, "we see it as the duty and responsibility of the Civil Rights Movement to militate against any maneuver that would dissipate this pressure [i.e., for the challenge] by the tokenism of still another fraudulently ineffectual piece of legislation." The suspicion grew that some of the challengers were less interested in winning a solid political victory than in demonstrating the futility of legal procedures in this society and the corruption of such of its established institutions as the Congress and its committees.

The House Administration Committee, which had been instructed to file a report on the challenge, is, by and large, a liberal committee. Many of its members belong to the Democratic Study Group, which has worked closely for several years with all civil-rights groups, and most of its members were sympathetic toward the challenge, even when they were being addressed as "finks" by some of its proponents. But the majority could find no way to report favorably on it without, as it seemed to them, abandoning due process and their Constitutional responsibilities. Neither, for that matter, could those who signed a minority report, which went no further than to urge continued study. It was not simply a matter of the precedents' being overwhelmingly against the challenge. New precedents could have been established. The basic fact, the majority found, was that an election had taken place in Mississippi on November 3, 1964, and that it had been conducted in accordance with federal laws and with Mississippi laws, none of which could be regarded by Congress as un-Constitutional, "inasmuch as they have not been set aside by the decision of any court of competent jurisdiction." That citizens in large numbers had been disenfranchised was altogether clear, but this did not in itself constitute evidence that the particular incumbents were improperly sworn in. The Committee ma-

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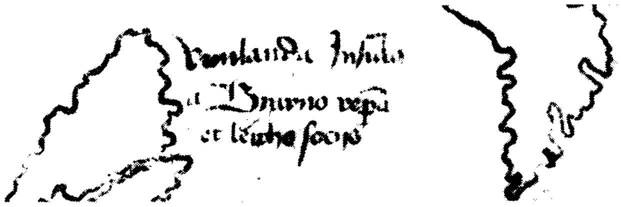

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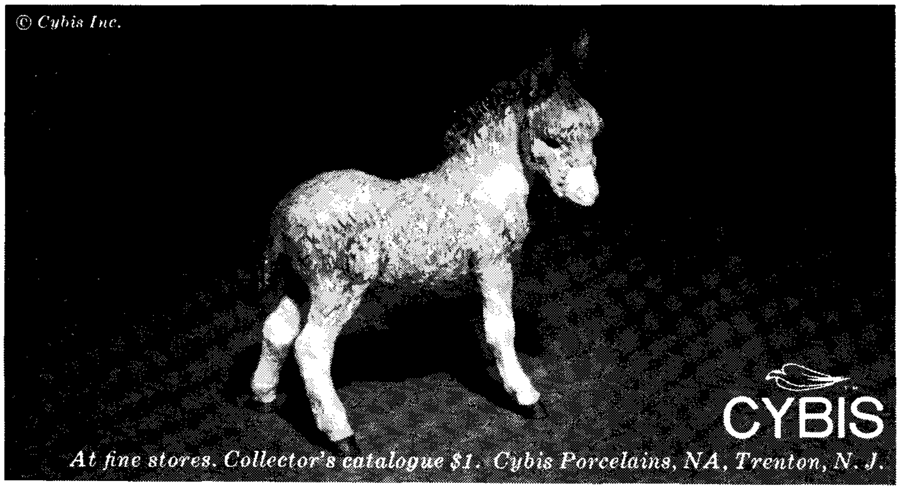
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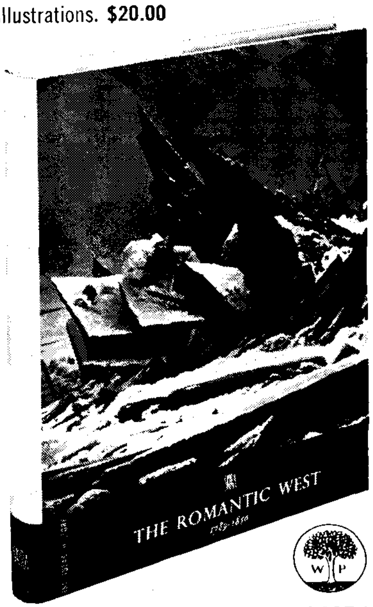

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jority recommended dismissal of the challenge, but its report put Southern congressmen on notice that this might be the last time any such recommendation could be made. "The Voting Rights Act of 1965 is now the law of the land, in full force and effect," it said. "The committee is cognizant of the fact that the alleged practices complained of . . . in the 1964 Mississippi elections would constitute violations of the new act if occurring subsequent to its enactment. There is now clear and adequate legal authority for the Federal Government to protect the rights of voters and to assure the rights of all citizens to become registered voters."

When the motion to dismiss came to the House floor on September 17th, it was amended so that it contained no implication that the Mississippi delegation was "entitled" to its seats. Even so, enormous pressure was exerted against dismissal by the civil-rights movement. Martin Luther King wired Representative John Conyers, Jr., of Michigan, that he regarded the majority report as a "testament of shame." Under the circumstances, it was exceedingly difficult for a congressman with any number of Negro constituents or any personal standing in the civil-rights movement to favor dismissal, and, in fact, most such congressmen voted against it—some because they agreed with Dr. King and some because, in spite of disagreement, they found the political risks too heavy. But some, who were no less committed to civil rights, stuck with the majority and exposed themselves to obloquy and reprisal. Among these was Frank Thompson, of New Jersey, chairman of the Democratic Study Group and a member of the Administration Committee, who had a large hand in drafting the report. Others on the majority side were Representatives John Blatnik, of Minnesota; Richard Bolling, of Missouri; John Moss, of California; James O'Hara, of Michigan; and Morris Udall, of Arizona. "I voted for the challenge, and I'm sure I'll get plenty of credit for it," one New York City congressman said. "But it was no act of courage. The courageous ones were those who will now be called rats and finks on every side."

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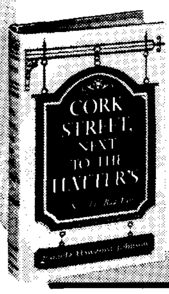
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Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
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Medaglia d'Oro is one of two great coffees in all the world

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MEDAGLIA D'ORO
Espresso
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MEDAGLIA D'ORO
Espresso
COFFEE
12 OZ. NET WT.

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